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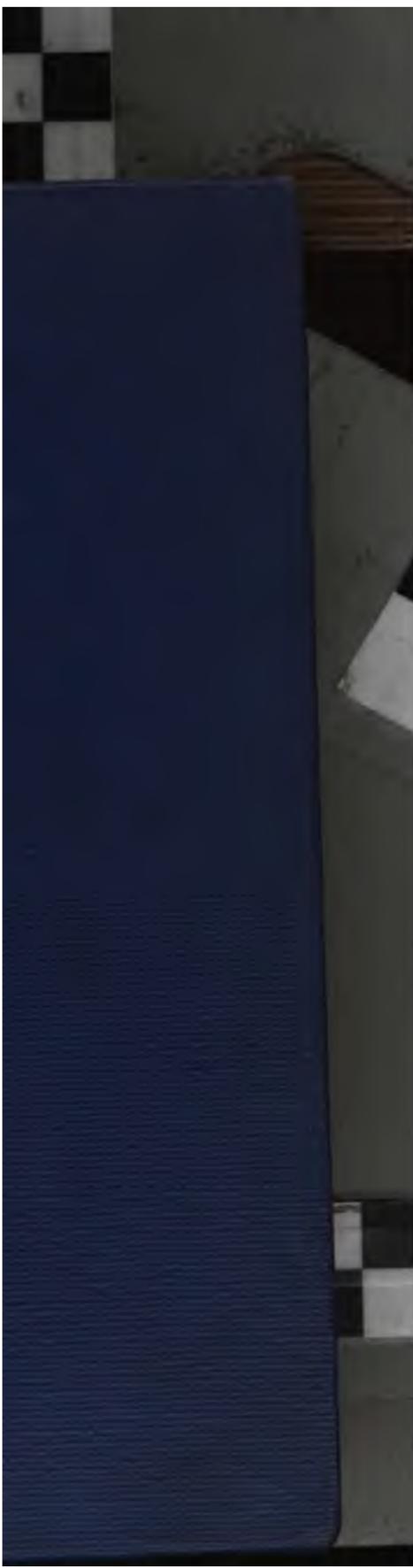
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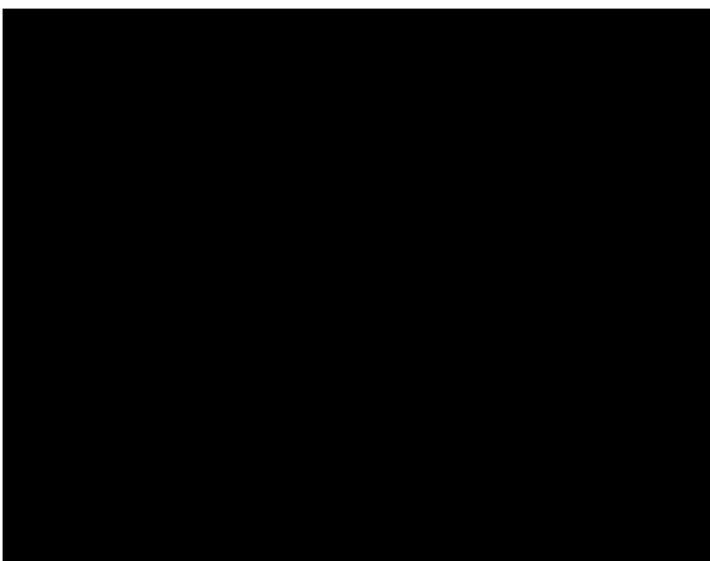
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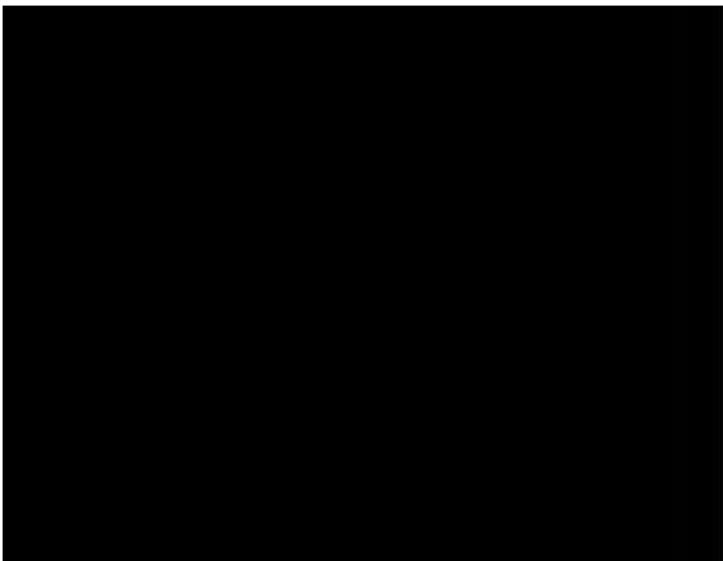
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U.S. a/c.

THE
COLLECTED WORKS
OF
THEODORE PARKER,

MINISTER OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGREGATIONAL
SOCIETY AT BOSTON, U.S.

CONTAINING HIS
THEOLOGICAL, POLEMICAL, AND CRITICAL WRITINGS,
SERMONS, SPEECHES, AND ADDRESSES,
AND LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

EDITED BY
FRANCES POWER COBBE.

VOL. XI.

SERMONS OF THEISM, ATHEISM, AND THE POPULAR
THEOLOGY.

LONDON:
TRÜBNER & CO., 60, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1865.



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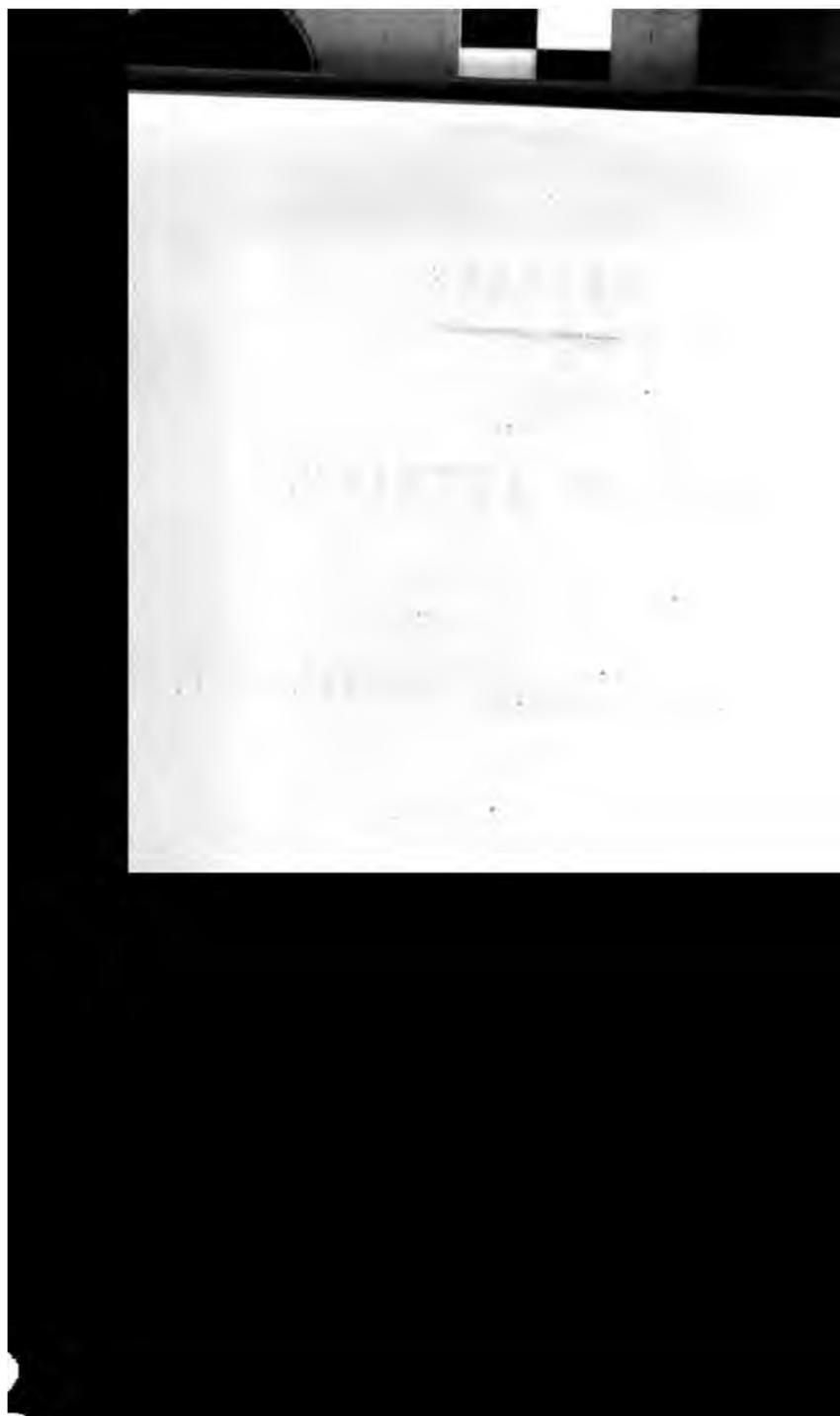
BY

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1865.



TO THE

REV. WILLIAM H. WHITE

AND THE

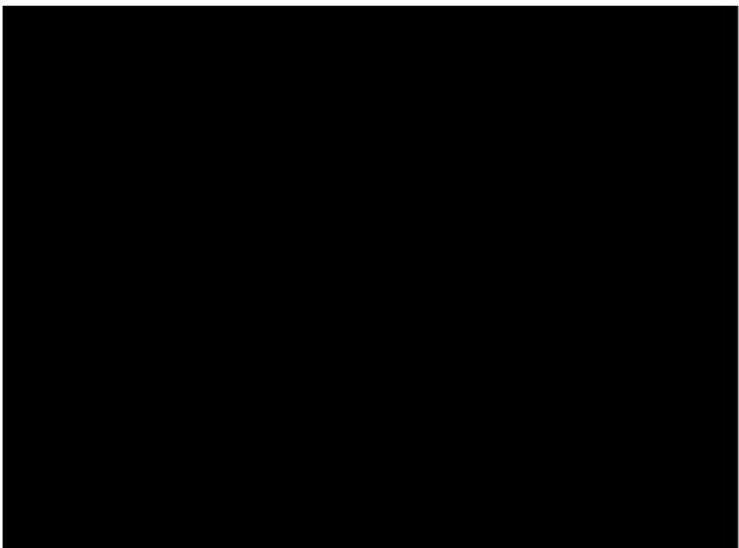
REV. GEORGE FISKE,

WITH GRATITUDE FOR EARLY INSTRUCTION RECEIVED AT THEIR HANDS,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED.

BY

THE AUTHOR.



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INTRODUCTION.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE CONDITION OF CHRISTENDOM.

AT Rome, eighteen centuries ago this very year, Nero was married to a maiden called Octavia. He was the son of Ahenobarbus and Agrippina; the son of a father so abandoned and a mother so profligate that when congratulated by his friends on the birth of his first child, and that child a son, the father said, what is born of such a father as I, and such a mother as my wife, can only be for the ruin of the State. Octavia was yet worse born. She was the daughter of Claudius and Messalina. Claudius was the Emperor of Rome, stupid by nature, licentious and drunken by long habit, and infamous for cruelty in that age never surpassed for its oppressiveness, before or since. Messalina, his third wife, was a monster of wickedness, who had every vice that can disgrace the human kind, except avarice and hypocrisy: her boundless prodigality saved her from avarice, and her matchless impudence kept her clean from hypocrisy. Too intemperate even of money to hoard it, she was so careless of the opinions of others that she made no secret of any vice. Her name is still the catchword for the most loathsome acts that can be conceived of. She was put to death for attempting to destroy her husband's life; he was drunk when he signed the warrant, and when he heard that his wife had been assassinated at his command he went to drinking again.

Agrippina, the mother of Nero, and the bitterest enemy of Messalina, took her place in a short time, and became the fourth wife of her uncle Claudius, who succeeded to the last and deceased husband of Agrippina only as he succeeded to the first Roman king—a whole commonwealth of predecessors intervening. Octavia, aged eleven, was already espoused to another, who took his life when his bride's father married the

mother of Nero, well knowing the fate that else awaited him. Claudius, repudiating his own son, adopted Nero as his child and imperial heir. In less than two years Agrippina poisoned her husband, and by a *coup d' état* put Nero on the throne, who, ere long, procured the murder of his own mother, Seneca the philosopher helping him in the plot, but also in due time to fall by the hand of the tyrant.

Eighteen centuries ago this very year, Nero, expecting to be emperor, married Octavia,—he sixteen years old, yet debauched already by premature licentiousness,—she but eleven, espoused to another who had already fallen by his own hand, bringing calculated odium on the imperial family; a yet sadder fate awaited the miserable maid thus bartered away in infancy.

This marriage of the Emperor's adopted son with his only daughter was doubtless thought a great event. Everybody knew of it: among the millions that swarmed in Rome, probably there was not a female slave but knew the deed. Historians in their gravity paused to record it; poets, doubtless, with the customary flattery of that inconstant tribe, wrote odes on the occasion of this shameless marriage of a dissolute boy and an unfortunate girl.

an influence as never before, or since. He was apparently an unlettered man, or had only the rough, narrow culture which a Hebrew scholar got at Tarsus and Jerusalem. He had little eloquence ; " his bodily presence was weak, and his speech contemptible." He came to the most populous city in the world, the richest and the wickedest. Nero and Agrippina were types of wealthy and patrician Rome ; for that reason it is that I began by telling their story, and, though aware of the true chronology, have connected this atrocious wedlock with the coming of the apostle.

The city was full of soldiers ; men from Parthia and Britain, who had fought terrible battles, bared their scars in the Forum and the Palace of the Cæsars. Learned men were there. Political Greece had died ; but Grecian genius long outlived the shock which overturned the state. Of science Greece was full, and her learned men and men well-born with genius fled to Rome. The noble minds from that classic land went there, full of thought, full of eloquence and song, running over with beauty. Rough, mountainous streams of young talent from Spain and Africa flowed thither, finding their home in that great oceanic city. The Syrian Orontes had emptied itself into the Tiber. There were temples of wondrous splendour and richness, priests celebrated for their culture and famed for their long descent. All these were hostile to the new form of religion taught by Paul.

But the popular theology was only mythology. It was separate from science, alienated from the life of the people. The temple did not represent philosophy, nor morality, nor piety. The priests of the popular religion had no belief in the truth of its doctrines, no faith in the efficacy of its forms. Religion was tradition with the priest ; it was police with the magistrate. The Roman augurs did not dare look each other in the face on solemn days, lest they should laugh outright and betray to the people what was the open secret of the priest.

Everywhere, as a man turned his eye in Rome, there was riches, everywhere power, everywhere vice. Did I say everywhere ? No ;—the shadow of riches is poverty, and there was such poverty as only St Giles's Parish in London can now equal. The shadow of power is slavery ; and there was such slavery in Rome as American New Orleans and Charleston cannot boast. Did I say there was vice everywhere ?

No: in the shadow of vice there always burns the still, calm flame of piety, justice, philanthropy; that is the light which goeth not out by day, which is never wholly quenched. But slavery and poverty and sin were at home in that city,—such slavery, such poverty, and such sin as savage lands know nothing of. If we put together the crime, the gluttony, the licentiousness of New Orleans, New York, Paris, London, Vienna, and add the military power of St Petersburg, we may have an approximate idea of the condition of ancient Rome in the year fifty-three after Christ. Let none deny the manly virtue, the womanly nobleness, which also found a home therein; still it was a city going to destruction, and the causes of its ruin were swiftly at work.

Christianity came to Rome with Paul of Tarsus. The tidings thereof went before him. Nobody knows who brought them first. It was a new "superstition," not much known as yet. It was the religion of a "blasphemer" who had got crucified between "two others, malefactors." Christianity was then "the latest form of infidelity." Paul himself came there a prisoner, but so obscure that nobody knows what year he came, how long he remained, or what his fate was. "He lived two years in his own hired house,"—that is the last historic word which comes down to us of the great

But it told of a to-morrow after to-day ; of a law higher than the statutes of Nero ; of one God, the Father of all men ; of a kingdom of Heaven, where all is sunlight and peace and beauty and triumph. Paul himself had got turned out of the whole Eastern world, and the founder of this scheme of religion had just been hanged as a blasphemer. Christianity was treason to the Hebrew State ; to the Roman Church the latest form of infidelity.

Doubtless there were great errors connected with the Christian doctrine. One need only read the epistles of Paul to know that. But there were great truths. The oneness of God, the brotherhood of men, the soul's immortality, the need of a virtuous, blameless, brave life on earth,—these were the great truths of Christianity ; and they were set off by a life as great as the truths, a life of brave work and manly self-denial and self-sacrifice.

The early, nay, the earliest Christians had many an error. How does wheat grow ? With manifold straw ; and there are whole cart-loads of straw for a single sack of wheat corn. The straw is needful ; not a grain of corn could 'grow' without it ; by and by, it litters the horses, and presently rots and fertilizes the ground whence it came. But the grain lives on ; and is seed-corn for future generations, or bread-corn to feed the living.

Christianity as an idea was far in advance of Judaism and Hebraism. As a life it transcended everything which the highest man had dreamed of in days before. Men tried to put it down, crucified Jesus, stoned his disciples, put them in jail, scourged them, slew them with all manner of torture. But the more they blew the fire, the more swiftly it burned. Water the ground with valiant blood, the young blade of heroism springs up and blossoms red : the maiden blooms white out of the martyr blood which her mother had shed on the ground ; and there is a great crop of hairy men full of valour. Christians smiled when they looked the rack in the face ; laughed at martyrdom, and said to the tormentors, " Do you want necks for your block ? Here are ours. Betwixt us and Heaven there is only a red sea, and any axe makes a bridge wide enough for a soul to go over. Exodus out of Egypt is entrance to the promised land. Fire is a good chariot for a Christian Elias."

In a few hundred years that sail-maker had swept Rome of

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b

Heathenism : not a temple remained Pagan. Even the statues got converted to Christianity, and Minerva became the Virgin Mary ; Venus took the vow and was a Magdalene ; Olympian Jove was christened Simon Peter : everybody sees at Rome a bronze statue of Jupiter, older than Paul's time, which is now put in the great cathedral and baptized Simon Peter ; and thousands of Catholics kiss the foot of what was once " Heathen Jove." The gods of Rome gave way to the carpenter of Nazareth ; he was called God. The Christian ideas and great Christian life of Paul of Tarsus put all Olympus to rout.

Then in thirteen or fourteen hundred years more there slowly got builded up the most remarkable scheme of theology that the world ever saw. Hebraism went slowly down ; Heathenism went slowly down. Barbarism, a great storm from the North, beat on the roof of the Christian house, and it fell not ;—No, barbarism ran off from the eaves of the Christian Church to water the garden of Italy, Spain, France, Germany, England ; they were blessed by that river of God which fell from the eaves.

But Hebraism, Heathenism, Barbarism—as forms of religion—did not die all at once, they are not yet wholly dead. No one of them was altogether a mistake. Each of them had some truth, some beauty, which mankind needed, and there

beauty of literary art from Homer and Horace and Sophocles and *Æschylus*, and that mighty army of genius whose trumpets stir the world. From many a clime, for many an age, do "pilgrims pensive, but unwearied, throng" to Athens and Rome, to study the remains of ancient art; remnants of temples are brought over the sea to every Christian land, to bless the Christian heart with Pagan beauty. Patient mankind never loses a useful truth.

It is curious to look and see how little notice was taken of Christianity coming to Rome. The men of pleasure knew nothing of the strife betwixt the old and new in Paul's time; the political economists of that day, as it seems, foresaw no productive power in Christianity; the politicians took little notice thereof, till Nero sought to cut off the neck of Christendom at one blow. A historian—Roman all through, in his hard powerful nature, but furnished with masterly Greek culture,—spoke of Christianity as "that detestable superstition," which, with other mischiefs, had flowed down into Rome, the common sink of all abominations. Sour Juvenal gave the new religion a wipe with his swift lash, dipping it first in bitter ink. Pliny the younger wrote a line to the emperor, asking how he should treat these pestilent fellows, the Christians, who are not afraid to die. This is all the notice literary Rome took of Christianity for a century or so. Men knew not the force which was going to baptize Pagan Rome with the Christian name. Yet in their time, while the voluptuous were seeking for a new pleasure, while the Stoicks and Epicureans were doubting which was the chief good, while politicians were busy with troops and battles,—there came silently into Rome a power which shook Heathenism down to the dust; and the great battle betwixt new and old took place, and they knew it not. So an old story tells that when Rome and *Africa* crossed swords in great battle on Italian soil, they fought with such violence and ardour, that while an earthquake came and shook down a neighbouring city they kept fighting on, and knew only their own convulsion. So in the fray of pain and pleasure, the great earthquake which threw down the Hebrew and Pagan Theology "reeled unheededly away."

Now old Rome is buried twenty feet thick with modern Rome; the civilization of Europe is Christian,—all but a corner of it where the Crescent eclipses the Cross. Nay, in London and Boston and New York is a society of "unsocial

Britons divided from all the world," which spreads abroad the words of Paul and of Jesus, and in twenty years has translated the gospel of Christ and the epistles of Paul into one hundred and forty-seven different tongues, and spread them amongst men from the Thames to the "fabulous Hydaspes;" yea, from one end of the world to the other. In countries alike unknown to the science of Strabo and Plato's dream, the words of these two Hebrews have found a home: and now two hundred and sixty millions of men worship the Crucified as God. Not a great city all Europe through, but has a great church dedicated to that sail-maker of Tarsus, whose journey to Rome was so significant and so unchronicled.

What power there must have been in the ideas and the life of those men, to effect such a conquest in such a time! It is no wonder that many ordinary men, who know Christianity by rote and heroism by hearsay, and who think that to join a fashionable church is "to renounce the world,"—it is no wonder that they think Christianity spread miraculously, that God wrote a truth and sowed Christianity broadcast, and, if men would not take it without, He harrowed it into them by miracle. Judging from their consciousness, what is there that they know which could explain the spread of Christianity, and the heroism of a man laying his head and his wife's and

fresh thought of mankind ; from new Morality, the fresh practical life of mankind ; from new Justice ; from new Philanthropy ; from new Piety. It looks back for its inspiration. Its God is a dead God. Its Christ is a crucified Christ ; all its saints are dead men : its theology is a dead science, its vaunted miracles only of old time, not new. Paul asked for these three things,—liberty, equality, brotherhood. Does the Christian Church ask for any one of the three ? It does not trust Human Nature in its normal action ; does not look to the Human Mind for truth, nor the Human Conscience for justice, nor the Human Heart and Soul for love and faith. It does not trust the living God, now revealing Himself in the fresh flowers of to-day and the fresh consciousness of man. It looks back to some alleged action in the history of mankind, counting the History of man better than man's Nature. It looks back to some alleged facts in the history of God, counting those fictitious miracles as greater than the nature of God ; He has done His best, spoken for the last time !

In all this the whole Christian Church agrees, and is unitary, and there is no discord betwixt Catholic and Protestant. But they differ in respect to the things to which they pay supreme and sovereign homage. The Catholic worships the Church : that is infallible, with its biblical and extra-biblical tradition, and its inspiration. The Roman Church is the religion of the Catholic. He must necessarily be intolerant. Two writers prominent in the Catholic Church of America within the last few months have declared that the Catholic Church is just as intolerant as she always was, and as soon as she gets power there shall be no more freedom of thought and speech in the new continent ; she only waits for a hand to clutch the sword and put Protestantism to death. This comes unavoidably from her position. She must be sure that everybody else is wrong.

The Protestants worship the Bible, with its Old Testament and New ; that is infallible. The Bible is the religion of the Protestants, as the Church is the religion of the Catholics, and the Koran of the Mahometans. This is the ultimate source of religious doctrine, the ultimate standard of religious practice. Here the Protestant sects are unitary ; even the Universalists and Unitarians agree in this same thing, or profess to do so.

Then the Protestants differ about the doctrines of that infallible word; and so while one hand of Protestantism is clenched on the Bible, the other is divided into a great many fingers, each pointing to its own creed as the infallible interpretation of the infallible word: the one pencil of white Protestant sunshine, drawn from the Bible, is broken by the historic prism into manifold rays of antithetic colour.

It is a great mistake for the Christians, as a whole, to maintain that they have nothing to learn from the Hebrews, the Heathen, the Buddhists, and the Mahometans;—though the Christians are in many respects superior to these other sects of the world, yet they have much to teach us. It is a mistake for the Protestant to say he has nothing to learn from the Catholic: the Catholic—though far behind the Protestant—has many things to impart to us. And it is a mistake for the Unitarian, or Universalist, to declare that he has nothing to learn from the Trinitarian and Partialist. As yet no one of these great world sects, Christian, Heathen, Hebrew, Buddhist, Mahometan, has the whole Human truth; and in Christianity no one sect has the whole of Christian truth.

But the Christian Churches have broken with Science, and

to cut off those who have newer life than theirs, newer blossoms.

In the Christian Church there are many churches. But there is not one that bears the same relation to the civilization of the world which Paul bore eighteen hundred years ago. He looked forward; they look back. He asked liberty of thought and speech; they are afraid of both. There is not a Christian government which has not some statute forbidding freedom of thought and speech. Even on the statute-books of Massachusetts, there slumbers a law prohibiting a man to speak lightly of any of the doctrines in this blessed Bible; and it is not twenty years since a magistrate of this State asked the grand-jury of a county to find a true bill against a learned Doctor of Divinity, who had written an article proving there was no prophecy in the Old Testament which pointed a plain finger to the person of Jesus of Nazareth.

All over Europe religion is supported by the State, by the arm of the law. The clergy wish it to be so, and they say Christianity would fail if it were not. Hence come the costly national Churches of Europe, wherein the priest sits on the cartridge-box, supported by bayonets, a drum for his sounding-board, and preaches in the name of the Prince of Peace, having cannon-balls to enforce his argument. What a contrast between the national Churches of Russia, Austria, Prussia, England, and the first Church which Paul gathered in his prison-house, where he preached with his left hand chained to a soldier's right hand, "his bodily presence weak, and his speech contemptible."

But there has been a great and rapid development of humanity since Paul first came to Italy. What a change in agriculture, mechanic art, commerce, war, in education, politics! What new science, new art, new literature, has sprung up! How the world's geography has changed, from Eratosthenes to Ritter! But the interior geography of man has altered yet more. The ancient poles are now in the modern equator. Compare the governments then and now; the wars of that period; the condition of the people. The Peasant was everywhere a slave at that time. Now slavery has fled to America—she alone, of all Christendom, fosters in her bosom that odious snake which has stung and poisoned so many a departed State. Compare the condition of Woman.

The change has been immense. The compass gave mankind America; gunpowder made a republic possible ;—it could not have been without that ;—the printing-press made education accessible to everybody. Steam makes it easy for a nation to secure the material riches which are indispensable to civilization, and yet leave time for culture in the great mass of men. How have the humanities gone forward,—freedom, education, temperance, chastity; concern for the poor, the weak, the abandoned, the blind, the deaf, the dumb! Once the Christian Church fostered the actual humanities of the times. There was not a temperance society in the world; the Church was the temperance society. There was not a peace society; the Church was the peace society : not an education society; the Church opened her motherly arms to many a poor man's son who had talent, and gave him culture; and he walked through the cathedral door into the college, thence to the great mountain of the world, and climbed as high as he could get. Now as the Church is in the process of decay, we need special missionary societies, societies for preventing drunkenness and every vice. The function of the ancient Church has passed to other hands. She teaches only from memory of times long past. The national Churches apologize for the national sins, and defend them. In Europe the established clergy are seldom friendly to any movement for the benefit of mankind. In America it is they who are eminent supporters of every public enormity which the nation loves, willing to send their mother into slavery, pressing the Bible into the ranks of American sin.

The Christian Church early denigrated from the piety and

would a stranger suppose was the great sin of America at this day? He might read them all through and scarcely conjecture that there was a drunkard in the land; he would never think there was any political corruption in the country; he would suppose we had most of all to fear from "doubt of theological doctrines;" he would not ever dream that there were as many slaves in America to-day as there are church-members. Why is this? Because the Churches have concluded that it is the function of religion to save the soul from the wrath of God; not to put down great sins here on earth, and make mankind better and men better off. These mistakes are the reason why the Christian Church is in this process of decay.

It does not appear that Jesus of Nazareth separated his thought from the new Science of the age, and said, "Do not think;" or that he separated his religion from the new Morality of the age, and said, "Never reform a vice, oh! ye children of the Kingdom!" He laid his axe at the root of the sinful tree and sought to hew it down. With him the problem was to separate religious ideas and life from organizations that would not admit of a new growth; to put his new wine into new bottles. With Luther there was the same problem. He endeavoured to make new ecclesiastical raiment for mankind, tired of attempts to mend and wear the old and ill-fitting clothes of the Church which became only worse for the botching. In the present time there is the same problem: to gather from the past, from the Bible, from the Catholic and Protestant Churches, from Jew and Gentile, Buddhist, Brahman, and Mahometan, every old truth which they have got embalmed in their precious treasures; and then to reach out and upwards towards God, and get every new truth that we can, and join all these together into a whole of theological truth—then to deepen the consciousness of God in our own soul, and make the Absolute Religion the daily life of men.

Let the word Philosophy stand for the whole sum of human knowledge, and be divided into five great departments, or sciences, namely: Mathematics, treating of quantity and the relations thereof; Physics, including a knowledge of the statical, dynamical, and vital forces of matter,—mechanics, chemistry, and physiology in its various departments, as it relates to the structure and action of the material world as a whole, or to any of its several parts, mineral, vegetable, or

animal; History, embracing the actions of man in all his internal complexity of nature and in all his external complications of movement, individual or collective; Psychology, which includes all that belongs to human consciousness, instinctive, reflective, and volitive—intellectual, moral, affectional, and religious; and Theology, which treats of God and His relations to matter and man.

The progressive welfare of man demands a free development in all these five departments of activity. All these sciences are equally the productions of the human spirit and equally amenable to the mind of man, which collects, classifies, and studies both facts of observation and of consciousness.

To make a special application of this doctrine—the religious welfare of man requires, as its condition, freedom to study the facts of observation and consciousness, and to form such a scheme of Mathematics and Physics, of History, Psychology, and Theology, as will correspond to his general spiritual development and his special religious development. If a man, a nation, or mankind, lacks this freedom and accepts such a scheme of these sciences as does not fit his spiritual or religious condition, then there is a contradiction in his consciousness; and there is no peace until he has cast out

—even the Mathematics so far as that treats of the relation of quantities, as the Earth and Sun for example—by prohibiting freedom of thought and speech; this Church has established its own artificial norm, the standard measure of all science.

In Protestant countries, it is commonly thought, or at least alleged, that Theology is an exception to the general rule which controls the other sciences; that it is not progressive, not amenable to perpetual revision; therein the human mind is not the final umpire; that it is a divine science, the facts not derived from human observation and consciousness, but miraculously communicated to man. Accordingly, the men who control the Popular Theology and occupy most of the pulpits of these countries, accept an old system of opinions which does not correspond to the general consciousness of enlightened men at this day. This obsolete Theology is set up either as religion itself, or else as the indispensable condition of religion. Thus the religious, the moral, and indeed the general spiritual development of mankind, is much retarded. Nay, the theologians often claim eminent domain over the other sciences, insisting that the naturalist, the historian, and the metaphysician shall conform to their artificial standard, and interpret facts of observation and of consciousness so as to correspond with their whimsical dreams; so that now the greatest obstacle which lies in the way of human progress is the Popular Theology.

In the time of Jesus and Paul the spiritual progress of mankind was hindered by the theological conclusions and ritual forms of previous generations. What was the result of hard thinking and manifold effort on the father's part was accepted by the sons as a foregone conclusion, as a Finality in religion. So the sons inherited their father's thought, but not his thinking, and made his religious form the substitute for religious life on their own part. If we sum up the theologies and rituals of ante-Christian antiquity in two words, we may say that at the time of Jesus and Paul Heathenism and Hebraism hindered the spiritual development of mankind. The wheels of the human chariot, deep in a rut, had reached the spot where the road ended; the wheels must be lifted out, and a new highway made ready, reaching further on. The religious problem of the human race then was to separate the human spirit from the Mistakes and Errors and Sins

of the past, and furnishing itself with all the good of old times, to press forward to new triumph. The old bottles were empty, there must be new wine, and that put into new bottles. The attempt to solve this problem was the greatest revolution which the world ever saw. What destruction was there of the old ! The flame of old mythologies, burning to ashes, licked at the stars of heaven. What construction was there also ! The "Christian Theology" and the "Christian Church" are the most remarkable organization of thoughts and men which the world has ever seen.

At this day the civilized world is divided into five great world-sects having each a special Form of Religion, all of Caucasian origin, coming either from the Sanscrit or the Hebrew stock,—the Brahmans, the Buddhists, the Jews, the Mahometans, and the Christians. They are now in a state of territorial equilibrium, neither gains much upon the other by means of theological conversion. Soon after the death of Buddha, Jesus, and Mahomet, their respective Forms of Religion spread with great rapidity. For many centuries there has been no national conversion. In three hundred years Christendom probably has not converted as many thousand Heathen to its own mode of belief. The Christians conquer, they do not convert, the barbarians in

religious, or intellectual, advance of Christendom. Genius flees from nations in their dotage and decay. At present the Greeks seem to find no contradiction in their consciousness between the theological doctrines of their Church and the religious instincts, or intellectual convictions, of the individual Christian. They are unproductive, generating no new religious sentiments, no new theological ideas. Too far gone to be conservative, they do not even reproduce the works of the ancient masters of Christian thought or Christian feeling. Athanasius would be more a stranger in his own Alexandria than in any city of the west. Chrysostom is better known at Berlin than Byzantium. The churches which once boasted that they had "the chairs of the Apostles" are now indebted to the charity of London and Boston for the Epistles of Paul and James, even for common benches to sit on. Even the manuscripts of the Bible and of the Fathers have followed the Star of Empire which stands still in the west. Superstition takes the place of genius; and doting Greece seems as incapable of intellectual and religious originality as of political freedom. There is an old age of nations as of men. Most intellectual of nations, the golden mouths of Homer and Chrysostom were fed at her bosom; Socrates and Aristotle, Origen and Athanasius, are her children. She has rocked the classic and Christian civilization in her cradle. Let the world's benediction fall on that aged head.

The Slavonic population is not yet far enough advanced in civilization to have any influence on the Theology of Christendom. Some of this stock are members of the Latin Church; the vast majority are of the Greek communion. To these sixty or eighty million men the Czar is an incarnate God. He is their living Law, their living Gospel too, superior to all constitutions of the State; to all traditions, written, or only remembered, of the Church; to all aspirations and intuitions of the individual man; amenable only to the dagger of the assassin. In theological and military affairs he commands with equal audacity; and with the same submissiveness his slaves obey. His will is alike the standard for the length of the priest's beard, the fusee of the cannon, and the doctrines of the catechism. He is the universal norm of faith and practice, the great fugleman of the Slavonic family, sixty or eighty millions strong. Oriental

fatalism preponderates in the immovable Russian Church. There is a mechanical adherence to the Byzantine forms of worship. The old ritual is retained, the old symbol respected. But the nation has not philosophical curiosity enough to study and comprehend the old, nor historical interest sufficient to republish, or read, the ancient masters of its own Church; still less instinctive religious life enough to produce new sentiments in the form of mysticism, new ideas in the shape of dissentient Theology, or new actions in the guise of fresh, original morality. With the people, the ceremonies of the Church and obedience to the Czar, pass for religion; with the small class of educated men the cold negations of the French mind in the eighteenth century, are taken for philosophy. The nation is still sunk in semi-barbarism. Here and there a few great minds, like the rivers of the empire, emerge from this swamp and sweep on in grand majestic course. There is probably but little contradiction between the religious instinct of the people and the ecclesiastical forms imposed thereon. There is no new, normal Russian Science—Mathematics, Physics, History, Psychology—to conflict with the abnormal Theology inherited from Byzantium. The chief characteristics of the Russian Church are Czarism and Immobility—it is so steadfast that it never seems to stir. But let no man mistake, there is no stillness to a young

other disciples of the Latin Church are scattered up and down the world, but they may be neglected in a sketch so brief as this.

The Slavonic, Celtic, and Hispano-Romanic members of the Latin Church, at present, exercise no considerable spiritual influence on the world. They affect Christendom chiefly by their brute numbers and brute work. The Celtic and Spanish populations are plainly in a state of decay; they can only look back with pride to the days when Ireland and Spain were the intellectual gardens of Europe; or forward to the time when the remnants of those once famous tribes shall mingle their blood with the fresh life of other families still vigorous with new fire, and so shall add their tribute to the great stream of humanity now spreading so rapidly over the western continent and the islands of the sea. The impotence of the Hispano-Romanic population has been demonstrated by the experience of the last three hundred years. Both Europe and America are witnesses to the sad fact. When Germany invented the printing-press, Spain set up the Inquisition. Dr Faustus and Torquemada are types of the two nations. Spain has not added a thought to the world's consciousness since Ferdinand and Isabella, by the butchery of their subjects, won from the Pope the title of "Catholic." In America the Spanish families have spread only as the simoom in Africa, bringing storm and desolation. The Theology of the Latin Church is a curse in South America and Mexico. Loving the Inquisition, it hates the printer and the schoolmaster: but like the ruins of Persepolis, it retains the great sculpture of ancient times.

Italy is Catholic in name and form. But the Italians and the Greeks present us the same spectacle, with a difference only in the degree of national decay; a Tartar troop has subjugated Greece; Romanic Turks rule Italy in her decline, the dissolution not so complete as yet. Four great Italian navigators made America known to the world. But the continent slipped through the fingers of Italy. Genoa, Florence, Venice own not an inch of American soil. The tongue of Columbus and Cabot is not the language of a town in the new world. There is no Italian Church in the western hemisphere: yet New York has better Italian newspapers than Rome or Naples, Florence or Venice. Italy has added little to the world's thought since a Roman Pope forced Galileo to

crouch and deny the movement of the world ; "and yet it moves," leaving Pope and Rome and Italy behind. Martin Luther fled out of the "Christian Capital," disgusted with the heathenism he saw. Italy affects the world by her past history, by her ancient art, and her literature of beauty. The prestige of the proud city has still a charm for Christian and for cultured men. The works of Leonardo, Angelo, Raphael, Domenichino, Titian,—when will they die ? The laurels of Dante, Petrarch, and Tasso lose not a leaf ; what thunder shall scorch the crown on the brows of Lucretius and Virgil, or blast the beauty of the Horatian muse ? Rome, the widow of two civilizations, sits there on the shore of the Tiber, sad, yet magnificently beautiful ; she bears in her bosom the relics of heathen and Christian martyrs, but with atheistic feet tramples the ashes of her own victims, martyrs not less noble. The dust of Arnaldo da Brescia, and of many a noble soul, yet cries out of the Tiber against her. Ignoble sons, a populace of priests, at her feet consume their bread. Austria and France court and insult her by turns. The Queen-Mother, she has lost her power.

Yet piety still treads the aisles of the Italian Church ; but, alas, it is the mediæval piety which tolls bells, fasts, sings antique psalms with a half-manly voice, prays, and gives

the Teutonic race spread over Italy, as the Slavonic over Greece; the "Barbarian" possess those crops of ancient art? Who can say what shall succeed an effete race of men?

In the ecclesiastical condition of France, there is the same wavering to and fro, which has long distinguished all the action of this Gallo-Romanic people. Since the Reformation, her course has been fearfully inconsistent. The Protestant Theology came to France in the form of Calvinism. The political character of that form of religion, so inimical to royalty and all centralization of power, made it hateful to the monarchic politicians, even Francis I. regarding it as hostile "to all monarchy, divine or human;" its severe morality, its devout earnestness and simplicity, were detestable to the wealthy nobles. But it was welcomed by the manufacturing and mercantile classes, and gained for a time such privileges as even Catholicism did not possess. But the Protestant star set in a sea of blood. Now France is more ultramontane in its character than ever since the days of Chancellor Gerson. In all things the nation fluctuates; now with loud acclaim the public declare the unalienable Rights of Man, and seek to build thereon a Human State; then, with acclamations yet louder, they welcome a despotism. One day they deify a courtesan as Goddess of Reason, then turn and worship the Pope, and then enthrone Louis Napoleon as Emperor.

At this day France seems to reproduce the phenomena of the Lower Empire. Paris is a modern Byzantium—the period of decadence appears to have begun. But there is intellectual activity, profound, various, and versatile; no nation had ever such talent for clearness of sight, accuracy of discrimination, and attractive nicety of statement. Not bewildered as the Germans by the refinement of subtlety, the French mind sees and reports the real distinctions however nice. But no nation has a more divided consciousness. Catholicism is the religion of the State; with the wealthy and educated classes of men it seems to be only a state-religion, a mere spectacle, as remote from their convictions as the heathenism of Rome from the mind of Cicero and Cæsar. The priests forget the lessons of Bossuet, and are Roman rather than Gallic, so mediæval in their tendencies. But the philosophers—the historians, naturalists, metaphysicians, economists,—what is their religion? The two extremes of

speculation are united in the consciousness of the nation, which accepts alike Helvetius and Thomas à Kempis. France does nothing to remove the contradiction from the mind of Christendom ; nay, she increases the trouble by developing each extreme. The "Eclectic Philosophy" of modern France does not appear as yet in the Theology of this most elastic nation.

Yet at this time France has a great influence on the mind of Christendom. The powerful Catholic party reprints the old masters of thought, expounds the history of times gone by, not forgetful that scholasticism—which sought to reconcile the history of the Church with the nature of man—was borne in her bosom. Catholic France has more intellectual life than all the other Romanic races, and does great service to mankind. Abelard and Descartes were her children. But, alas, her theological function is only conservative, not creative, not even critical. The clean and the unclean are equally taken into her ark, and equally honoured while there.

The philosophical party influence the world by their science, history, and letters ; the rich wine of Germany is here clarified, decanted, and made ready for popular use. But enlightened France does not study Theology. Few important works in that science have got printed there since the "Great

by the priests who teach it more than by the philosophers who will not smile at it,—why, the religious development of the nation is attended with the greatest difficulties.

The Latin Church has disciples in the Teutonic family—among Scandinavians, Germans, and Anglo-Saxons. But they are chiefly found in those countries where the government is most despotic, or where the intellectual activity of the people, even of the learned, is the feeblest. The cruel persecution of the Irish Catholics, so long and so systematically carried on by the British government, converted men and women of Protestant families to the faith of the patient and heroic sufferers. Of late years some of the most pious and most learned men of England—so it seems to one at this distance—have gone back to the bosom of the Latin Church. Doubtless there is much in that Church which the English Establishment has unwisely left behind. The relapse of English Churchmen to Catholicism shows at least that there is some life and a real desire for piety and religious tranquillity in that least Protestant of the new Churches. Within twenty years past the Catholic Theology has had considerable influence on the English mind.

The Scandinavian, Dutch, and Belgic Catholics have little appreciable influence on the mind of Europe at this day. The intellectual activity of these nations does not appear in a Catholic form. Perhaps it would not be possible to mention a Catholic book published in these countries during the present century, which has had any appreciable influence on the thought or feeling of Europe. Yet in Belgium there is considerable religious life; at this distance it appears the most religiously Catholic country of Europe.

Amongst other Catholics of the Teutonic family there is more intellectual activity. Valuable books relating to Catholic Theology are published in the German tongue. Hebrew and Christian antiquity is carefully studied; much thought goes to the exposition of the Scriptures, to the study of ecclesiastical history. An attempt is made by able and learned men to reconcile the Catholic Theology of the Middle Ages with the most advanced speculations of Kant and Hegel. Among the German Catholics of the present century there are the honourable names of Jahn, Hug, Wessenberg, Möhler, Movers, Staudenmaier, and others of perhaps equal merit, who

would be an honour to any nation. Books full of religious life also come up from the fresh consciousness of men,—both mystical and practical. The Latin Church seems to have more intellectual and religious life in the country of Martin Luther than elsewhere in the world. But still the new thought, the new feeling which controls the Teutonic population is far from Catholic. The new religious life—mystical or practical—is not Roman. The German Catholic movement of Ronge only weakens the Latin Church. Of the six eminent Catholics just named, half are obviously heretical; two of them have been put in the Index. Intellectual activity is the deadliest foe of the Roman Church and its mediæval divinity. Any attempt to reconcile her Theology with the Science of the nineteenth century must needs end, as the Scholoasticism of the Middle Ages, in the conviction that the two are natural opposites.

It is idle to suppose the Latin Church can accept anything new and good from the science of these times. Her only strength is to stand still; if she moves she must perish: “infallible,” Immobility and Intolerance are the indispensable conditions of her existence. The Protestants may learn from the Catholics as the Christians from the Jews and the Heathen, but it is not well for the Catholics to

voice. He has no teeth, no claws; is not a dangerous beast. He loved European Slavery; he loves also American Slavery; and equally hates a negro and a scholar.

A great tide of immigration sets continually to America. It is chiefly Catholics who come, many pious and holy men among them with whom their Theology is the result of conviction, at least of satisfied experience; many are ignorant, low, and unfortunate men, who are Catholics from position, they cannot yet go alone in religion, and wish a priest with assumed authority to guide, or push, or drive them. Fear of the priest and of hell is the hangman's knot to hold them in order. But many are Catholics in Europe from indifference or from fear. In America they cease to be Catholics. If the immigrants from Catholic countries in the present century, with their descendants, amount to four millions—a moderate estimate—then it appears that out of thirteen persons who were reputed Catholics in Europe, or are actually born of such, not four remain in the communion of the Catholic Church of America.

In the Latin Church, as a whole, little is done to reconcile the actual consciousness of men with the traditional Theology. Scotus Erigena taught that "all authority which is not confirmed by right reason seems to be weak;" "accordingly we must resort to reason first and authority afterwards." The Scholastic movement may be dated from these words, whereon Erigena stood well nigh alone in his time. Now the aim of the Latin Church—nay, it always has been—is to subordinate Man to the Church, reason to the tradition of the past, or the caprice of the present: accordingly she does not allow her disciples to study any one of the sciences in the normal manner, with perfectly free individuality of spirit. Hence she aims to control the intellectual convictions of mankind, making her mediæval catechism the norm of all science. To this end she endeavours to keep the mass of her people uneducated, for "ignorance is the mother of devotion" such as she requires; so she hates the free school and the free pulpit and the free press. She hampers the learned class of men and prohibits them from publishing their individual opinions; and hinders them from reading the books which contain the new sentiments and ideas of the times. The bosom of this Church feeds the most odious tyrannies of the age. Her clergy—with honourable exceptions—are the allies,

with the traditional Theology of the Christian Church. In some Universities Theology is studied with the same freedom as the other sciences. Germany is the only country of Christendom where this Queen-mother of Science is treated with such respect. Paul and Jesus are regarded as men, not as babies. The mind of the Germans has some qualities well fitted to solve the theological problems of the age. Intuitive to a great degree, as their originality in many departments abundantly proves; deeply religious by nature, as the anti-Christian modes of worship made plain to Roman Tacitus, and as the mysticism of the nation has shown ever since the days of Saint Bonifacius; creative and imaginative as no other nation has ever been,—a fact proved by the wide-spread and characteristic national music, by the rich and various literature of the educated, and still more by the legends and songs, the wild flowers of imagination, which have sprung up from the bosom of the people, as the Forget-me-not, the Violet, the Daisy, and manifold Heaths from their meadows and mountains, for the creative imagination seems as universal in the people as the plastic forms of vegetation in Nature; laborious and patient, so that their scholars are the most numerous and learned that the human race ever bore; cosmopolitan and universal to a degree not deemed possible to the ancient

Indulgences." Germany broke with Rome. The nation which invented Gunpowder and the Printing-Press demanded free individuality of spirit in matters of religion.

Since Luther's time, and long before it, the German mind has studied Theology devoutly and manfully. The interference of government has indeed checked both religious feeling and theological speculation ; it has prevented neither. Free thought, however, has not found any general expression in the pulpit, but in the colleges ; it speaks by the iron lips of the press, not the living tongue of the preacher ; it is addressed to the learned, not the people. So while the shepherd has revelled in intellectual plenty with all the corn of whole Egypt at his command, the flock has grazed in scanty parish-commons, waterless and brown, or browsed on Theology, on dry and leafless catechisms. The learned philosopher must preach what the unlearned kings command ; he may think, and print for the army of scholars, what heresy he will. The result has been a sad one for the shepherd and the flock, the philosopher and the kings.

The great army of theological scholars in Germany may be divided into two grand divisions, namely : the Biblicists, who make the Scriptures the norm and standard measure of Religion, Theology, and all which pertains thereto ; and the Philosophers, who make the human Spirit the standard measure in Theology as in all science, in religious, as in æsthetic, ethical, or affectional affairs.

Each of these parties, the Biblicists and the Philosophers, may be again divided into two brigades : namely, the Supernaturalists who believe in miracles, and the Naturalists who reject miracles ; and each brigade into its Right Wing and its Left Wing ; each of these into an Extreme Right and Extreme Left. So in this theological host there are the Biblicists and Philosophers, made up of biblical Naturalists and biblical Supernaturalists, and of philosophical Naturalists and philosophical Supernaturalists ; with their Extreme Right and Extreme Left. In the line of Christians, for mastery of the world battling face to face against the great antagonistic sects—Brahmans and Buddhists, Jews, Mahometans, and Heathens,—the Biblicists stand next to the Catholics, the Extreme Right of the Biblical Supernaturalists touching the Left Wing of the Latin Church. The Philosophical Naturalists are at the opposite end of this German army, their Ex-

to the mind of man. And it has now come to such a pass that there is a plain and painful contradiction between the Popular Theology and the consciousness of enlightened men.

In England the majority of the people are doubtless open dissenters from the Established Church. It is not easy to estimate the amount of secret dissent in that Church itself, or of private disgust at the Popular Theology in the ranks of professing dissenters. But to judge from the scientific, the historical, and the aesthetic literature of England for the past twenty years, and from the avidity with which profound treatises that show the insufficiency of this Theology have been received, it is plain that the mind of that country no longer accepts the Theology of the churches. The negations of both the biblical and philosophical Naturalists of Germany, have had a rather silent, but apparently a profound, influence on the theological opinions of the nation. Eminent talent seldom appears in her churches—established, or dissenting. They are not the centres of religious life. Valuable institutions, as a whole, to keep the average men from falling back; valuable to urge some of the hindmost men forward, they yet do not lead the nation in philanthropic and religious feeling, in theological thought, or in moral action; and accordingly fail of the threefold function of the Church.

In America no form of religion is established by law; all the world-sects, as well as all the Christian sects, are theoretically free and equal, subject to the same economical and ethical supervision of the civil power. This circumstance has been eminently advantageous to the spiritual growth of the people. No clergymen can appeal to the bayonet to enforce his feeble argument, or to bring hearers to his meeting-house. A few laws depriving men of certain civil rights if they lack the legal minimum of religious belief, or punishing them for the utterance of antichristian opinions, still live on the statute-book, but they are eminently exceptional in this country, and fast becoming obsolete. All is left to the voluntary activity of the people. The immediate practical consequence has been a multiplication of churches, of preachers, and of hearers. No Christian country of large extent is so well furnished with meeting-houses and with clergymen; in no country is so large a proportion of the population found in the churches on Sunday; nowhere is the Bible, with religious books and periodicals, so common, and universally diffused. Theological Semi-

naries are erected by each denomination, and the means provided for educating, up to the level of the nation, such talent as moves towards the pulpit. Each denomination takes great pains with the ecclesiastical training of the children. Competition has the same effect in the churches as the market.

The Americans have applied the first principles of the Cartesian method in philosophy to everything except what concerns Theology and Religion. There they have mainly consented to walk by the old traditions. But the difference between the old and the new, between the intellectual principles of the accomplished and philosophic lyceum-lecturer, and those of the theological preacher holding forth on the same theme, from the same desk, to the same audience, springs in the eyes of all. The contradiction between Theology and the other Sciences is seen and understood by a large class of intelligent men; it is felt, but not understood, by a much larger class, men of genuine piety who reproach themselves because they doubt the miracles of the Bible and fail to relish the eternal damnation of men, or because they take so little interest in the dull routine of what in the churches is called religion. With the wide spread of a very superficial intellectual culture, and with the immense intellectual activity brought out by the political institutions and the industrial movements of the country, a great amount of doubt on theological matters has also been developed. Sometimes it is public, oftener it is secret. But it is plain that the contradiction between the Theology of the churches and the Science, the Literature, the Philanthropy, and the Piety of the age, is very widely felt and pretty widely understood.

Clergymen endeavour to solve this contradiction in two ways. Men of one party attempt to put man down and bring him back to the old Theology. They deride new Piety; they rail at new Philanthropy; they decry Science; and at each new-comer in Theology who puts his yeasty wine into the old bottles of the Church, or, still worse, into others of a newer make and pattern, they call out "Infidel! Atheist! Away with him!" But they have no physical force at their command as in continental Europe. It is almost three hundred years since Calvin burnt Unitarian Servetus alive at the stake, where now a Unitarian college teaches the obnoxious opinion. Quakers and Baptists are never disturbed in Boston which

once shed the blood of the founders of these earnest and important sects.

The other party, scanty in numbers, endeavours to bring Theology up to the level of the science of the times, and to engage the churches in new piety and new philanthropy.

The retrogressive and the progressive party are both needed; and have valuable functions to perform. There is always danger that some good things should be left behind; and not only feeble and timid persons, but war-worn veterans also, are therefore properly put in the rear of the human army marching to the promised land; else baggage might be abandoned, and even stragglers lost. The Christians left good things behind in the Hebrew and Heathen cities they marched out of, or passed through; they must send back and bring away all those things. The Protestants rejected much that was excellent, perhaps indispensable to the welfare of mankind; so pious men and women must go over to the Latin Church and reclaim it.

How is the Anglo-Saxon Church, with its many denominations, performing its theological and religious function? Certainly not very well. As a whole it rebukes no great popular Sins; it corrects no great popular Mistakes and Errors. The Churches of England and America do not rebuke the actual evils of these two nations; they preach mainly against small vices which the controlling classes of the people have little temptation to commit. In England and America the strong often exploiter the weak, consciously, or ignorantly. The Anglo-Saxon—whether Briton or American—has a most inordinate love of wealth, and a contempt for the happiness of his countrymen.

have cast off with scorn and loathing. The English and American Churches do not oppose the Sins, but encourage them.

In the ante-Christian governments the State and the Church were identical, the national religion was prescribed by the national law and enforced by the sword of the magistrate. The function of official priests was to appease the wrath of God, or purchase his favour ; it was not to develope the spirit of the people. In Rome, such was the eclectic spirit of the nation, all forms of devotion were allowed to exist along with the national religion, so long as they did not disturb the peace of the city. But when Christianity came, affirming the unity of God and the falseness of all antecedent, or other, forms of religion, the Roman State, in preserving its own form of worship, must of necessity attempt to suppress the Christian religion. Christianity grew up in opposition to the magistrate. So there were at the beginning two powers in the nation,—the State, the carnal temporal power ; and the Church,—the spiritual power whose kingdom was “not of this world.” When Christianity became a “lawful religion,” and when it became the national religion, there still continued this division between the State and Church ; two distinct organizations were established, the “carnal” and the “spiritual.” This separation of the civil and religious authorities has been of great value to the world. In the Middle Ages, the Church was one established power, and the State another, each independent. The Church was a critic and check upon the State, the State upon the Church. Ecclesiastical conformity was often political dissent. The government of Christendom was monarchic ; but the monarchy was two-headed. The practical effect of this was important, in many respects, to mankind. But in the Roman States, and in all countries which owed exclusive civil obedience to the Pope, the Church swallowed up the State ; the “spiritual” became also the “carnal” power, and the people were ruled with terrible oppression. The same result took place when the “carnal” became the “religious” power, as it sometimes did. In both of these cases the monarchy became single-headed ; the State and the Church were merged into one ; there was no city of refuge for the victim of the magistrate, or of the priest, to fly to. If he ran from the king’s axe, he fell over the Pope’s fagot. Thus was he overtaken by one or the other horn of the tyrannical dilemma, and if he escaped beheading, he was sure to be

burned. In countries where this division of powers was recognized, the man fled from the court-house to the temple, or from the temple to the court-house, and humanity had a fairer opportunity to obtain justice.

But when the scholastic philosophers, after struggling for centuries, had failed to reconcile the consciousness of mankind with the dogmas of the Church; when the Church itself became corrupt in head and members, and the priests of Christendom were more tyrannical and shameless than the magistrates of Heathendom, then human consciousness broke with the Roman Church. But the people, long accustomed to passive submission under the State and Church, gained apparently little by the change. The kings, or other civil magistrates, took possession of the spiritual power which in Protestant countries had been wrested from the hands of the Pope. Thus as the Church grew weak the State again grew strong, and assumed the same authority in matters of religion which had formerly been claimed by the Pope in Christian, or by the king in Heathen countries. This was not effected without a struggle. In some countries the spiritual power, in carnal hands, became absolute; in others it was conditioned by a constitution; but in all the countries of Protestant Europe, the State still claims eminent domain over the Church

countries, takes special care not to rebuke any popular Error or Sin. So the Established Church in Protestant countries is commonly found siding with Government and not with the People: it attends to the Form—the ritual and the creed—not to the Substance of Religion. It does not demand a free mind, free conscience, free affection, and a free soul, all in their normal mode of activity.

In America there is no State-religion and no national Church. Each denomination determines its creed for itself, and manages its own affairs. But such is the dependence of the preacher on his parish for pecuniary support, and so much is that thought to depend on servility to the controlling and wealthy classes of society, that any popular wickedness is pretty sure of the support of the greater part of the American clergy. This is eminently the case in the great towns—the seat of riches, of commercial and political power. The minister may forget his God, his Conscience, his Self-respect; he must not attempt to correct “the hand that feeds him.” Slavery, the great sin of America, has long found its most effectual support in the American Church. The powerful denominations are on its side; the Tract Society says nothing against it; the leaders of the sects, with the rarest exception, are in favour of this wickedness. When prominent political men deny that there is any law of God to overrule the most wicked enactment of corrupt politicians, the wealthy Churches say “Amen!”

In England the Churches seem no better; they can rebuke American, but not British Sins, as the American British and not their own. In the military age the spiritual and carnal powers were independent of each other, and mutual checks; in the commercial age the spiritual depends on the carnal power for daily bread, and dares not offend the hand that feeds it; forgetting the Eye which “seeth not as man seeth.” The great theological movement of the Anglo-Saxons, the great religious movement, is not carried on by the Churches, but in spite of them.

To sum up the theological and religious condition of the Protestant countries as a whole, it must be confessed that there is a great contradiction in the consciousness of the people; that the Popular Theology is at variance with the other sciences, and is fading from the respect of the people. A great intellectual movement goes on, a great moral, philan-

thropic, and religious movement, but the preachers in the Churches do little directly either to diffuse new truths, or to kindle a deeper sentiment of piety, or philanthropy. The Protestant Church counts this its chief function—to appease the wrath of God and to administer the Scriptures to men, not to promote piety and morality.

Take the whole Christian Church at this day—where is the vigour, the energy, the faith in God, the love for man, which marked the lives of those persons who built churches with their lives? Taken as a whole, the clergy of Christendom oppose the foremost science, justice, philanthropy, and piety of the age. The ecclesiastical institutions seem to bear the same relation to mankind now as the ecclesiastical institutions of the Hebrews and Heathens two thousand years ago. Every year the Science of the scholar separates him further and further from the Theology of the Churches. The once united Church is rent into three. The infallibility of the Roman Church—who believes it? the Pope, the superior Catholic clergy? The Infallibility of the Bible,—its divine origin, its miraculous inspiration,—do the Scholars of Christendom believe that in defiance of Mathematics, Physics, History, and Psychology? They leave it to the clergy. The Trinity is shaken: men lose their faith in the efficacy of water-baptism.

lieve it not. Even the protests against "Christianity" are oftenest made by men full of the religious spirit. Many of the "Unbelievers" of this age are eminent for their religion; atheists are often made such by circumstances. Even M. Comte must have a New Supreme—*Nouveau Grand Etre*,—and recommends daily prayer to his composite and progressive deity! There was never a time when Christendom was so pious—in love of God; so philanthropic—in love of man; so moral—in obedience to the law of God; so intellectual—knowing it so well; so rich—possessing such power over the material world. Yet through lack of a true Idea of God, from want of institutions to teach and apply the Absolute Religion—there is not that conscious and total religious activity which is indispensable for the healthy and harmonious development of mankind.

What need there is of a new religious life! The three great public forces of the leading nations of Christendom,—Business, Politics, and the Press, excite a great intellectual activity. Christendom was never so thoughtful as now. Shall this great movement of mind be unreligious, without consciousness of God? It will not be controlled by the Theology of the Christian Church. But it is not a wicked age. What philanthropies are there new-born in our time? Catholic France is rich in the literature of charity, shaming the haughtiness of the Anglo-Saxon Church. Yet within not many years at what great cost has England set free almost a million men "owned" as slaves! Nay, Russian Nicholas emancipates his serfs. Socialists seek to abolish poverty, and all the curses it brings on the body and the spirit of man. Wise men begin to see that the majority of criminals are the victims of society more than its foes, and seek to abolish the causes of crime; what pains are taken with the poor, the crazy, the lame, the blind, the deaf, the dumb; nay, with a fool! Great men look at the condition of woman—and generous-hearted women rise up to emancipate their sex. The Churches are busy with their Theology and their ritual, and cannot attend much to these great humane movements; they must appease the "wrath of God," or baptize men's bodies with water and their minds with wind. Still the work goes on, but without a corresponding consciousness of God, and connection with the religious emotions. No wonder Christendom seems tending to anarchy. But it is only the anarchy which comes of the breaking up of darkness.

There must be a better form of Religion. It must be free, and welcome the highest, the proudest, and the widest thought. Its organization must not depend on the State ; it must ask no force to bring men to meeting, to control a man's opinions, to tell him on what day he shall worship, when he shall pray, what he shall believe, what he shall disbelieve, or what he shall denounce.

The Christian world has something to learn, at this day, even from the Atheist ; for he asks entire Freedom for human nature,—freedom to think, freedom to will, freedom to love, freedom to worship if he may, not to worship if he will not. And if the Christian Church had granted this freedom there would have been no atheism. If Theology had not severed itself from Science, Science would have adorned the Church with its magnificent beauty. If the Christian Church had not separated itself from the world's life there would be no need of anti-slavery societies, temperance societies, education societies, and all the thousand other forms of philanthropic action. A new religious life can beautify all these movements into one. There is one great truth which can do it : that God is not finite, as all previous forms of religion have taught, but is Infinite in His Power, in His Wisdom, in His Justice, in His Holiness, and in His Love.

It is for earnest men of this age to protest against the evils of the Christian Church, as Luther against the Catholic Church, as Paul against the Heathen, as Jesus against the Hebrew Church. This can be done only by a Piety deeper, a Philanthropy wider, and a Theology profounder than the Church has ever known ; by a life which, like that of Luther, Paul, Jesus, puts the vulgar life of the Churches all to shame. The new Church must gather to its bosom all the truth, the righteousness, and beauty of the old world, and add other excellence new got from God. Piety must be applied to all daily life, to politics, to literature, to all business : it must be the creed which a man repeats as he delivers goods over his counter, repeats with his hands, which he works into everything that he manufactures. That is a Piety already on its way to success, and sure to triumph.

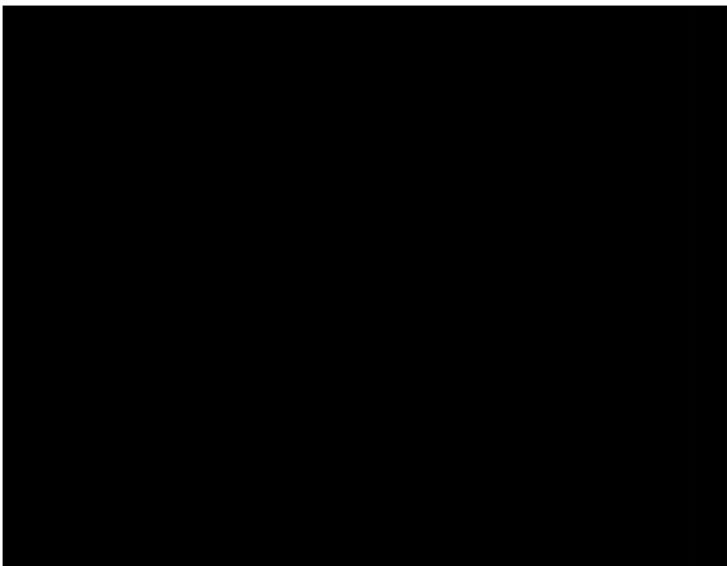
There are evils which demand a religious hand to redress them. The slave is to be freed, the State and Society to be reorganized ; woman is to be elevated to her natural place ; political corruption to be buried in its grave. Pauperism is to end, war to cease, and the insane lust of our times for

gold and pleasure is to be tamed and corrected. This can be done only by a deep religious life in the heart of the people. All great civilizations begin with God.

It is a sad thing to look at the noble and large-minded men who in this century have become disgusted with the Popular Theology, and so have turned off from all Conscious Religion. In a better age they would have been leaders of the world's piety. It is for men who have sought to cut loose from every false tradition, to worship the Infinite Father and Infinite Mother! They may scold, and are then the Church termagant, worth nothing but their criticism. They may toil to remove these evils, their life making a new Church, and then they are the Church beneficent; their influence will go into the world's life, and hasten the development of mankind.

How much does all Christendom need a new Form of Religion, to reconcile the understanding, to bring the conscience, and the heart, and the soul, to the great work of life! Then if men are faithful, when eighteen hundred other years have passed by, they will have produced an influence in the world's history like that of the great Christian apostle, who went to the Gentiles so poor and so obscure that no man knows of his whereabouts, or his whence, or his whither. Now, as of old, "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty," and the true to confound the false. There is no reason to fear. The Infinite God is perfect Cause and perfect Providence; He made the universe from a perfect motive, of perfect materials, for a perfect purpose, and as a perfect means thereto. Shall He fail of his intentions? Man marches forth to fresh triumphs in Religion as in Philosophy and Art. What is gained once is gained for all time, and for eternity. Hebraism, Heathenism, Christianity are places where Man halted in his march towards the Promised Land, encampments on his pilgrimage. He rests awhile; then God says to him, "Long enough hast thou compassed this Mountain; turn and take thy journey forward. Lo! the Land of Promise is still before thee." In the anarchy of this age are we taught to feel,

"That man's heart is a holy thing,
And Nature, through a world of death,
Breathes into him a second breath,
More searching than the breath of spring."



THEISM, ATHEISM,

AND

THE POPULAR THEOLOGY.

I.

OF SPECULATIVE ATHEISM REGARDED AS A THEORY OF THE UNIVERSE.

THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART, THERE IS NO GOD.—
PSALM XIV. 1.

On this and several following Sundays I propose to speak of Atheism, of the Popular Theology, and of pure Theism : of each first as a Theory of the Universe, and then as a Principle of Practical Life ; first as speculative Philosophy, then as practical Ethics.

The idea which a man forms of God is always the most important element in his speculative theory of the universe, and in his particular, practical plan of action for the church, the state, the community, the family, and his own individual life. You see to-day the vast influence of the popular idea of God. All the great historical civilizations of the race have grown out of the national idea which was formed of God, or have been intimately connected with it. The popular theology, which at first is only an abstract idea in the heads of the philosophers, by and by shows itself in the laws, the navies, the forts, and the jails; in the churches, the ceremonies, and the sacraments, the weddings, the baptisms, and the funerals; in the hospitals, the colleges, the schools, in all the social charities; in the relation of a husband and wife, parent and child; in the daily work and the daily prayer of each

man. Thus, what at first is the abstractest of thoughts, by and by becomes the concretest of things. If a man concludes there is no God at all, that conclusion, negative though it is, will have an immense influence ; subjectively on his feelings and opinions, objectively on his outward conduct ; subjectively as the theory of the universe ; objectively as the principle of practical life.

Speculative Theism is the belief in the existence of God, in one form or another ; and I call him a Theist who believes in any God. By Atheism I mean absolute denial of the existence of any God. A man may deny actuality to the Hebrew idea of God, to the Christian idea of God, or to the Mahometan idea of God, and yet be no atheist.

The Hebrews formed a certain conception of a being with many good qualities, and some extraordinarily bad qualities, and called it Jehovah, and said, "That is God : it is the only God." The majority of Christians form a certain conception of a being with more good qualities than are ascribed to Jehovah, but with some most atrociously evil qualities, and call it Trinity, or Unity, and say—"That is God : it is the only God."

Now a man may deny the actuality of either or both these ideas of God, and yet be no atheist. He may do so because he is more of a theist than the majority of Hebrews or Christians ; because he has a higher development of the religious faculty, and has thereby obtained a better idea of God. Thus the Old Testament prophets, with a religious development often far in advance of their Gentile neighbours, declared that Baal was no God. Of course the worshipper of Baal called the Hebrew prophets atheists, for they denied all the God that Gentiles knew. Paul, in the New Testament, more of a theist than the Greeks and Asiatics about him, with a larger religious development than they dreamed of, said—"an Idol is nothing." That is, there is no divine being which corresponds exactly to the qualities ascribed to any material idol. Their idea of God, said Paul, lacked actuality ; it was a personal or national whimsey ; not a perfect subjective representation of the objective fact of the universe ; but only a mistaken notion of that fact.

If a man has outgrown the Hebrew, or common Christian idea of God, he may say what Paul said of the

idol,—“It is nothing.” He will not be an atheist, but a theist all the more. The superior conception of God always nullifies the inferior conception.

Thus as the world grows in its development, it necessarily outgrows its ancient ideas of God, which were only temporary and provisional. As it goes forward, the ancient deities are looked on first as devils; next as a mere mistaken notion which some men had formed about God. For example, a hundred years ago it was the custom of the learned men of the Christian church to speak of the Heathen deities,—Jupiter, Apollo, Venus, and the rest,—as devils. They did not deny the actual existence of those beings, only affirmed them to be not Gods but devils or “fallen angels;” at any rate, evil beings. Some of the heretics among the early Christians said the same of the Hebrew Jehovah, that he was not the true God, but only a devil who misled the Jews. Now-a-days well-educated men who still use the terms, say that Jupiter, Apollo, Venus, and the others, were only mistaken notions which men formed of God. They deny the actuality of the idea, “Jupiter is nothing.” A man who has a higher conception of God than those about him, who denies their conception, is often called an atheist by men who are less theistic than he. Thus the Christians who said the Heathen idols were no gods, were accounted atheists by the people, and accordingly put to death. Thus Jesus of Nazareth was accused of blasphemy, and crucified by men who had not a tithe of the religious development and reverence for God which he possessed. The men who centuries ago denied the actuality of the Trinity were put to death as atheists—Servetus among the rest, John Calvin himself tending the flames.

At this day the Devil is a part of the popular Godhead in the common theology, representing the malignant element which still belongs to the ecclesiastical conception of Deity. If a man says there is no devil, he is thought to be, if not an atheist, at least very closely related to an atheist. He denies a portion of the popular Godhead; is constructively an atheist; an atheist as far as it goes; atheistic in kind, as much as if he denied the whole Godhead, when he would obviously be branded an atheist.

I use the word Atheism in quite a different sense. It

is the absolute denial of any and all forms of God; the denial of the *Genus*; the denial of all possible ideas of God,—highest as well as lowest.

At this day there are some philosophers, quite eminent men too, who call themselves atheists, and in set terms deny the actuality of any possible idea of God. They say the idea of God is a mere whimsey of men, and God is not a fact of the universe. Man has a notion of God, as of a ghost, or devil; but it is a pure subjective fancy—something which he has spun out of his own brain, for there is nothing in the universe to correspond thereto. Man has an idea of God, but the universe has no fact of God.

These men do not mean to scoff at others. They teach their doctrines with the calmness and precision of philosophy, and affirm atheism as their Theory of the Universe. It is a conclusion they have deliberately arrived at. They are not ashamed of it; they do not conceal it; do not ostentatiously set it forth.

I am doing these men no injustice in giving them this name, because they claim the style and title of atheists, and professedly teach atheism. They are not always bigoted atheists, but sometimes philosophical. A few of them are in this country, founding schools and sects of their way of thinking. Some of them are men of quite superior ability, men of very large intellectual culture. They seem to be truth-loving and sincere persons; conscientious, just, humane, philanthropic, and modest men aiming to be faithful to their nature, their whole nature. They are commonly on the side of man, as opposed to the enemies of man; on the side of the people, as against a tyrant; they are, or mean to be, on the side of truth, of justice, and of love. I shall not throw stones at these men; I shall devise no hard names against them: they will get abuse enough without my giving them any at all. I feel great tenderness towards them, and very great compassion—which I suppose they would not thank me for. Some of them I know personally; others by their reputation; some by their writings. I think they are much higher in their moral and religious growth than a great many men who are always saying to God—"I go, sir," and yet never stir. These are men who have made

sacrifices even to be faithful ; and, without knowing it, they have a good deal of practical religiousness of character, both in its subjective form of piety, and in its objective form of a personal and social morality.

I do not believe that such men are real atheists, though they think themselves so ; and I only call them so to distinguish their doctrines, and because they themselves assume the name. I think the philosophical atheist lacks actuality as much as a devil or a ghost.

The Bible says, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." If the fool says so, I shall believe the fool thinks so ; and if the fool holds up his five fingers and says, "There is no hand," I shall believe the fool thinks so. But when a philosopher says there is no God, I do not believe he thinks so, only that he thinks he thinks so. A man may sometimes think he sees a thing when he does not see it ; and so a man may think he thinks a thing when he does not think it. A philosophical and consistent atheist is as much an impossibility, I think, as a mathematician who cannot count two ; or as a round square, or a three-cornered circle. I shall never believe that a sane man who can understand the multiplication table is an atheist, though he may call himself so. But inasmuch as atheism is set up as a theory of the universe, let us look at it and see what real Speculative Atheism is. That is the first thing.

There is a mere formal atheism, which is a denial of God in terms. A man says, There is no God ; no God that is self-originated, who is the Cause of existence, who is the Mind and the Providence of the universe : and so the order, beauty, and harmony of the world of matter or mind does not indicate any plan or purpose of Deity. But, he says, Nature—meaning by that the whole sum total of existence—is powerful, wise, and good ; Nature is self-originated, the Cause of its own existence, the mind of the universe, and the Providence thereof. There is obviously a plan and purpose, says he, whereby order, beauty, and harmony are brought to pass ; but all that is the plan and purpose of Nature.

Very well. In such cases the absolute denial of God is only formal, but not real. The Quality of God is still admitted, and affirmed to be real ; only the representative

of that quality is called Nature, and not called God. That is only a change of name. The question is this,—“Are there such Qualities in existence as we call God ?” It is not, “How shall we name the qualities ?” One man may call the sum total of these qualities Nature, another, Heaven, a third Universe, a fourth Matter, a fifth Spirit, a sixth *Geist*, a seventh God, an eighth *Theos*, a ninth Allah, or what he pleases. Spinoza may call God *Natura naturans*, and the rest of the universe *Natura naturata*; Berosus may call God *El*, and the rest of the Universe *Thebal*. They all admit the existence of the thing so diversely entitled. The name is of the smallest consequence. All those men that I know, who call themselves atheists, really admit the actual existence of the qualities I speak of.

Real Atheism is a denial of the existence of any God; a denial of the *Genus* God, of the actuality of all possible ideas of God. It denies that there is any Mind or Being which is the Cause and Providence of the universe, and which intentionally produces the order, beauty, and harmony thereof with the constant modes of operation therein. To be consistent, it ought to go a step further, and deny that there is any law, order, or harmony in existence, or any constant modes of operation in the world. The real Speculative Atheist denies the existence of the qualities of God; denies that there is any Mind of the universe, any self-conscious Providence, any Providence at all. If he follows out his principle he must deny the actuality of the Infinite, deny that there is any Being or Cause of finite things which is self-consciously powerful, wise, just, loving, and self-faithful. To him there are only finite things,—each self-originated, self-sustained, self-directed,—and no more; the universe, comprising the world of matter, and the world of mind, is a finite whole, made up of finite parts; each part is imperfect, the whole incomplete; the finite has no Infinite to depend on as its Ground and Cause; there is no plan in the universe or any part thereof.

Now see the subjective Effect of this Theory. By subjective, I mean the effect it produces on the sentiments and opinions within me.

I. Look at it first as a Theory of the World of Matter.

In respect to the Origin of matter, both theist and atheist labour under the same difficulty: neither knows anything about that. I know men, chiefly theologians, pretend to understand all about the creation of matter originally; and to hear them talk, you would suppose it was as easy to comprehend how "God made a world out of nothing," as it is to understand how a tailor makes a coat out of broadcloth or velvet. But if a man looks with a philosophical eye he sees this is an extraordinarily difficult thing. The philosophical theist admits the existence of the universe, and the atheist does the same; but in the present state of our knowledge neither atheist nor theist knows the mode of origination. You may go back a good way and study the formation of an egg, a fish, seed, tree, or rock, or the solar system, after the fashion of La Place; but the manner of originating matter, out of which the egg, fish, seed, tree, rock, and solar system are made, is just as far off as ever; and it seems to be beyond the reach of the faculties of man. I will not say that it is so, only in the present stage of man's development and scientific acquirements, it seems so. The origin of Body—of any specific form of matter—may be made out, but the origin of Matter, the primitive, universal substance whence body comes, still eludes our search. I know that ecclesiastical theists often call the philosophical atheist very hard names because he denies that we can understand this process at present; the charge is gratuitous.

But the real speculative atheist must declare that matter, the general substance whereof body is made, is eternal, but without thought or will; and the specific forms of existence—of egg, fish, seed, tree, rock, and solar system, all came with no forethought preceding them; came "by chance;" that is to say, by the "fortuitous concourse of atoms" which has no thought or will, and that they indicate no mind, no plan, no purpose, no providence. That is the atheistic theory of the universe; compare it with facts.

See how this scheme works on a great scale in the material world. The solar system has a sun and numerous planets; they are all distributed in a certain ratio of distance; they move round the sun with a certain velocity,

always exactly proportionate to their distance from the sun ; this holds good with regard to the nearest and the farthest. They move in paths of the same form ; they are ruled by the same laws of motion ; they receive and emit light in the same way. The laws, which are the constant modes of planetary operation, when we come to study them, are found to be exceedingly intricate ; yet they are uniform, and the same for one planet as for another ; the same for a satellite as for a planet. They are perfectly kept, and so uniform in action that if you go back to the time of Thales, five hundred years before Christ, you can calculate the eclipse of the moon, and find that it took place exactly as the historians of that day relate ; or you may go forward five days, or five years, or five thousand years, and calculate with the same precision. So accurate are these laws, that an astronomer studying the perturbations of a remote planet, the phenomena of its economy not accounted for by the attraction of bodies known to be in existence, conjectures the existence of some other planet which causes the phenomena not accounted for. Nay, by mathematical science he determines its place and size, inferring the fact of a new planet outside of the uttermost ring of the solar system ; at a certain minute he turns his telescope to the calculated spot, and, for the first time, the star of Leverrier springs before the eye of conscious man !

Now the atheist must declare that all this order of the solar system was brought about by the fortuitous concourse of atoms, and indicates no mind, plan, or purpose in the universe. This is absurd. A man might as well deny the fact of the law of the solar system, or the existence of the sun, or of himself, as to deny that these facts, thus coördinated, indicate a mind, denote a plan, and serve a purpose calculated beforehand.

See the same thing on a smaller scale. The composition of the air is such that first it helps light and warm the earth ; is a swaddling garment to keep in the specific heat of the earth, and prevent it from radiating off into the cold, void spaces of the universe. Next, by its free circulation as wind, it helps cleanse and purify the earth. Then it promotes vegetation ; carries water from the tropics to the Norwegian pine, furnishes much of the food

of plants, their means of life. Next, it helps animal life, is the vehicle of respiration : all plants which grow, all things that breathe, continually suck the breasts of heaven. Again, it is a most important instrument for the service of man ; through this we communicate by artificial light and artificial sound. Without it all were motionless and dumb ; not a bird could sing or fly, not a cricket creak to his partner at night ; not a man utter a word ; and a voiceless ocean would ebb and flow upon a silent shore. The thought-mill would be as idle as the wind-mill. Man kindles his fire by the air ; it moves his ship, winnows his corn, fans his temples, carries his balloon.

Now the air is capable of these and a great many other functions in virtue of its peculiar composition—so much nitrogen, so much oxygen. No other combination of elements could ever have accomplished this. Vary the composition, have a little more nitrogen or oxygen, and you alter its powers as a vehicle of radiation, evaporation, vegetation, purification, respiration, communication, and combustion. The atheist must believe that this composition is not the result of any mind, that it serves no plan and purpose, and came by the fortuitous concourse of matter ; no more ; that it is all chance.

If I should say that this sermon came by the fortuitous concourse of matter, that last Monday I shut up pen, ink, and paper in a drawer, and to-day went and found there a sermon, which had come by the fortuitous concourse of pen, ink, and paper,—every man would think I was very absurd. And yet I should not commit so great a quantity of absurdity as if I were to say “the composition of air came by the fortuitous concourse of atoms ;” for it takes a much greater mind to bring together and compose the air which fills a thimble than to produce all the sermons, yea, literature, in the world.

If the atheist says there is mind in matter which arranges the planets, controls their distances, their revolutions, their constant modes of operation, that this mind in matter arranges the elements in the air so as to perform all the functions which I have named, and many more,—then he is false to his atheism, and becomes a theist ; for he no longer denies the Qualities of God, but only calls them by a different name.

With atheism as the theory of the universe, the world ought to be a jumble of parts with no contexture; for the moment you admit the existence of order in the very least form, a constant mode of operation on the very smallest scale,—why, you must admit the existence of the mind which devised the order and the mode of operation; and if you call the mind *Geist*, or God, or Nature, or Jehovah, it makes small odds: the question is not about the name, but about the fact.

Now the world is nowhere a jumble. Things are not “huddled and lumped together” in the composition of the eyeball of the emmet, or of the solar system. Every part of the universe is an argument against atheism as a theory thereof.

II. Look next at atheism as the Theory of Individual Human Life. According to the atheistic scheme there is no Conscious Power which is the Cause of me and of my life, which is the Providence thereof; no Mind which arranges the world in reference to me, or me in reference to the world. Does that conclusion satisfy the instinctive desires of human nature, any better than it accounts for the facts of material nature?

Look at human life from this point of view. I can find

conscious mind except the mind of man, and he is only 'darkly wise and meanly great.' Nothing in the world," says our atheist, "knows what a day may bring forth. The universe is drifting in the void inane, and knows nothing of its whence, its whither, or its whereabouts. Man is drifting in the universe, and knows little of his whereabouts, nothing of his whence or whither. There is no mind, no providence, no power, which knows any better; nothing which guides and directs man in his drifting, or the universe in the wide weltering waste of time. Nothing is laid up for to-morrow. My life also tends to nothing."

I am joyful : joy is very well, but nothing comes of it. I am sorrowful, and suffer : this is hard, but it is no part of a plan which is to lead to something further. And when my manhood falls away, and my body dissolves, all that is to lead to nothing better. My baby-teeth fall out, giving way to my man-teeth, but that is all chance, indicating no forethought of a mind which provided for the man before the baby was born !

I serve men, and get their hate and scorn : the Sadducee grumbles because I tell him of his soul and immortality; the Pharisee, because I demand that he devour widows' houses no more, nor for a pretence make long prayers ; and both of these hunkers, the hunker Sadducee and the hunker Pharisee, throw stones at me, and put me to death. It all comes to nothing for me ; I am a dead body, and not a live man : that is all I get for my virtue !

I am a brave man, and my country needs me to repel the Spanish Armada, or to keep imperial Nicholas, or Francis, or papal Pius the Ninth, or the little-hearted President Napoleon, from kidnapping my liberty. I go out to do battle, and I come home scarred all over with heroism, half my limbs hewed off, aching at every pore. Or I die on the spot ; I carry no heroism, no manhood with me ; I am a heap of dust which other dust will soon cover, but the manhood which once enchanted this dust with valiant life, is put out and quenched for ever,—it is all gone ; it is nothing. My brother in that time of peril was a coward ; and when war blew the trumpet and his country called on him, he crept under the oven. When

all is over, and quiet is restored, he comes out with a whole skin, and over my unburied bones he marches into peace and carousing, and says, "A pretty fool was this man to lay down his life for me and get nothing for it!" And the atheist says, "He is right."

The patriot soldier gets his wounds and crutch, the martyr his faggot and flame, Jesus his cup of bitterness and cross of death,—and that is all. Dives has his purple and fine linen, faring sumptuously every day, more heedless than the dogs are of the beggar at his gate. Lazarus has his sores and the medical attendance of the hounds in the street, but death ends all.

The mother, whose self-denial leads her to forget everything but her feeble, crippled child, has nothing but her transient affection and watching; she dies, and all is ended. Another mother abandons her sickly, pestilential child to die of her neglect, and she lives forty years longer in joyous wantonness and riot; and when she also passes away it is to the same end as the other; only she for her falseness has had forty years of animal joy, and the noble mother for her faithfulness has had nothing but an instantaneous death. And my atheist says, "There is no future world to compensate the mothers who died."

I am tormented in that unutterable grief. "A worm," says he, "has eaten up your rose-bud. Get what comfort you can. This is the last spring day, no leaf will be green again for you."

I come myself to die. I have laboured to extend my existence, which every man loves to do; and so I reached back and sought to find out who my fathers and grandfathers were, and trace out my pedigree. I wished to extend myself collaterally, and reached forth toward Nature, and linked myself with that by science and art, and with man by love. The same desire to extend myself urges me to go forward, instinct with immortality, and join myself again to my dear ones, and to mankind, for eternal life. But my atheist stands between me and futurity. "Death is the end," says he. "This is a world without a God; you are a body without a soul; there is a here but no hereafter; an earth without a heaven. Die, and return to your dust!"

"I am a philosopher," says he, "I have been up to the sky, and there is no heaven. Look through my telescope: that which you see afar off there is a little star in the nebula of Orion's belt; so distant that it will take light a thousand million years to come from it to the earth, journeying at the rate of twelve million miles a minute. There is no heaven this side of that; you see all the way through; there is not a speck of heaven. And do you think there is any beyond it?"

"Talk about your soul! I have been into man with my scalpel in my hand, and my microscope, and there is no soul. Man is bones, blood, bowels, and brain. Mind is matter. Do you doubt this? Here is Arnoldis' perfect map of the brain: there is no soul there; nothing but nerves.

"Talk of Providence! There is no such thing. I have been through the universe, and there is no God. God is a whim of men; Nature is a fortuitous concourse of atoms; man is a fortuitous concourse of atoms; thought is a fortuitous function of matter, a fortuitous result of a fortuitous result, a chance-shot from the great wind-gun of the universe,—which itself is also a chance-shot, from a chance-charge of a chance-gun, accidentally loaded, pointed at random, and fired off by chance. Things

happen ; they are not arranged. There is luck and ill-luck ; but there is no providence. Die into dust ! True, you sigh for immortality ; you long for the dear arms of father and mother, that went to the ground before you, and for the rose-bud daughter prematurely nipped. True, you complain of tears that have left a deep and bitter furrow in your cheek ; you complain of virtue not rewarded ; of nobleness that felt for the Infinite ; of a mighty hungering and thirst for everlasting life ; a longing and a yearning after God :—All that is nothing. Die, and be still ! ” Does not that content you ? Does this theory square with the facts of consciousness ?

III. Now look at Atheism as a Theory of the Life of Mankind. Man came by chance ; the family by chance ; society by chance ; nations by chance ; the human race by chance. Man is his own sole guide and guardian. No Mind ever grouped the faculties together and made a cosmic man,—it was all chance. There is no Mind which groups the solitary into families, these into nations, and the nations to a world,—it is all chance. There is no Providence for man, except in human heads ; politicians are the only legislators ; their statutes the only law—“There is no Higher Law.” Kings and presidents are the only rulers : there is no great Father and Mother of all the nations of mankind. There is no Mind that thinks for man, no Conscience to enact eternal laws, no Heart to love me when father and mother forsake me and let me fall ; no Will of the universe to marshal the nations in the way of wisdom, justice, and love. History is the fortuitous concourse of events, as Nature of atoms ; there is no plan nor purpose in it which is to guide our going out and coming in. True, there is a mighty going, but it goes nowhere. True, there has been a progressive development of man’s body and mind, and the functions thereof ; a growth of beauty, wisdom, justice, affection, piety ; but it is an accident, and may end to-morrow, and the next day there may be a decay of mankind, a decay of beauty, intellect, justice, affection ; science, art, literature, civilization, may be all forgot, and the naked savage come and burn up Boston, New York, London, and Paris, and drown the last baby of civilization in the blood of the last mother. You are not sure that any good will

come of it ; there is no reason to think that any good will come of it. Says Atheism, " Everywhere is instability and insecurity."

Look on the aspect of human misery, the outrage, blood, and wrong which the earth groans under. Here is the wife of a drunkard, whose marriage life is a perpetual violation. She married for love a man who once loved her ; but the Mayor and Alderman of the city insisted that he should be made a beast. A beast, did I say ? Ye four-footed and creeping things of the earth, I beg your pardon ! Even the swine is sober in his sty. The Mayor and Aldermen of the city made this man a drunkard ; and the poor wife watches over him, cleanses his garments, wipes off the foulness of his debauch, and stitches her life into the garments which some wealthy tailor will sell,—giving her for wages the tenth part of his own profit,—and which some dandy will wear—thanking the " Gods of dandies " that he is not like that poor woman, so ill-clad and industrious. She will stitch her life into the garments, working at starvation wages, and yet will pay the fines to keep the street drunkard out of the House of Correction, where the city government hides the bodies of the men it slays. She toils till at length the silver cord of life has got loosed, and the golden bowl begins to break. She goes to my atheist, and asks, " What comes of all this ? Am I to have any compensation for my suffering ? " And the Atheist says, " Nothing comes of it ; there is no compensation. You are a fool. You had better have got a license from the Mayor and Aldermen to prey on other men's wives about you ; and then you might have had wealth and ease and respectability. You ought to drink blood, and not shed your own."

" Abel's blood cries out of the ground," continues our Atheist, " but there is no ear of justice to hear it, and Cain, red with slaughter, goes off welcomed to the arms of the daughters of Nod ; the victims of nobleness rot in their blood ; booty and beauty are both for him. The world festers with the wounds of the hero ; but there is no cure for them : the hero is a fool,—his wounds prove it. Saint Catherine has her wheel, Saint Andrew his sword, Saint Sebastian his arrows, Saint Lawrence his fire of green wood ; Paul has his fastings, his watchings,

his scourge, and his jail, his perils of waters, of robbers, of the city and the wilderness, his perils among false brethren, and Jesus his thorny crown, his malefactor's death; Kossuth gets his hard fate, and Francis the Stupid sits on the Hungarian throne; the patriots of France broil in the tropic marshes of Cayenne, and Napoleon, surrounded by cultivated women who make him merchandise of their loveliness, and by able men who make merchandise of their intellect, Napoleon fills his own bosom and the throne of France with his debauchery; Europe is dotted with dungeons,—Austrian, Hungarian, German, French, Italian,—they are crowded with the noblest men of the age, who there do perpetual penance for their self-denial, their wisdom, their justice, their affection for mankind, and their fidelity to God. These die as the fool dieth. There is no hope for any one of them, in a body without a soul, in an earth without a heaven, in a world without a God. Does not that content you?"

"All the Christian world over, Oppression plies its bloody knout; its well-paid metropolitan priest blessing the scourge before it is laid on. The groan of the poor comes up from the bogs of Ireland, and from the rich farms of England, and her crowded manufactories. Men

men,' all the ' citizens of eminent gravity,' all the 'unimpeachable divines,' are on the side of wrong. Cry out, blood of Abel! there is no ear to hear you. Victims of nobleness, rot in your blood! it will enrich the ground. Ye saints,—Catherine, Andrew, Sebastian, Lawrence, Paul, Jesus,—bear your rack and gibbet as best your bodies may! Kossuth, stoop to Francis the Stupid! Ye patriots of France, kneel to Napoleon the Little, and be jolly in the Sodom which he makes. Ye that groan in the dungeons of the world, who starve in its fertile soils, who wear chains in free America,—yield to the Jeffries, the Haynaus, the slave-hunters, and the priests! for there is a body without a soul, an earth without a heaven, a world without a God. Atheism is the Theory of the Universe; and there is no God, no Cause, no Mind, no Providence."

The Atheist looks on the lives of the noble men

"Who in the public breach devoted stood,
And for their country's cause were prodigal of blood,"

and he says, "these men were fools; every man of them might have been as sleek, as comfortable, and as fat as the oiliest priest that Mammon consecrates. They were fools, and only fools, and fools continually. To the individual hero there comes nothing but blood and wounds."

He looks on the nations that failed in their struggle against a tyrant's chain: Poland fell, and Kosciusko went to London, only "Peter Pindar" to welcome the exile; Greece went down in Turkish night; Italy and Spain must bow them to a tyrant's whim,—and the Atheist has no hope. The States which fail read no lesson to mankind, and have no return for their unblest toil. He looks on the nations now in their agony and bloody sweat, sitting in darkness and iron; he sees no Angel strengthening them. What a picture the world presents: Heroism unrequited, paid with misery, vice on a throne, and nobleness in chains. Want, misery, violence, meet him everywhere; and for his comfort he has his creed—a body without a soul, an earth without a heaven, a world without a God!

The Atheist sends out his Intellect to seek for the controlling mind, which is the Cause of the created,

Reason of the conceivable, the ground of the true, and the loveliness of things beautiful. His Intellect comes back, and has brought nothing, has found nothing, but the reflection of its own littleness mirrored on the surfaces of things. He saw matter everywhere; he met no causal and providing Mind.

He sends out his Moral Sense to seek the legislating Conscience which is Justice in what is right, the Ground of Good, and the Altogether Beautiful to the Moral Sense, the Equitable Will which rules the world. But his Moral Sense returns silent, alone, and empty; there is no Equitable Will, no Altogether Beautiful of moral excellence, no Ground of Good, no Conscience which enacts Justice into an unchanging law of right; there is only the finite will of man, often erring and always feeble, man an animated and self-conscious drop of dew in the Sahara of the world, conscious of desire, of will, but of such feebleness that soon he will exhale into thin air, and be no more a drop in all the world,—will evaporate into nothing. Everywhere is material fate, material chance: spiritual order, spiritual providence,—that is a dream.

He sends out his Affections on the same quest, seeking

dream." Still there is a sadness in my eye, whence speaks the unrest and wasting of the heart which longs for the unchangeable lovely. Death comes down to separate me from the best beloved. Beauty forsakes the elemental clod, the lip is cold; the heart is still; the eye—its lovely light all quenched and gone. Where is the mind which once spoke to me in hand and lip; the affection which loved me, finding its delight in loving, serving, and in being loved? It is nothing, all gone—like the rainbow of yesterday, no trace thereof still lingering on the sky. "But what!" say I, "is there nothing for me to love which will not pass away?" "No: love gravitation, if you like, cohesion, the primary qualities of matter; nought else abides." I look up, and an ugly Force is there, alien to my mind, foreign to my conscience, and hurtful to my heart, and wantonly strikes down the One I valued more than self, and sought to defend with my own bosom; then I die, I stiffen into rigid death. So the heathen fable tells that Niobe clung to her children with warding arms, while the envious deities shot child after child, daughters and fair sons, till the twelve were slain, and the mother, all powerless to defend her own, herself became a stone!

Last hope of all, as first not less of all, the atheist sends out his Soul, to seek its rest and bring back tidings of great joy. Throughout the vast inane it flies, feeling the darkness with its wings, seeking the Soul of all, which at once is Reason, Conscience, and the Heart of all that is, which will give satisfaction to the various needs of each. But the soul likewise comes back—empty and alone, to say, "There is no God; the universe is a disorder; man is a confusion; there is no Infinite, no Reason, no Conscience, no Heart, no Soul of things. There is nought to reverence, to esteem, to worship, to love, to trust in, nothing which in turn loves us, with all its universal force. I am but a worm on the hot sand of the world, seeking to fly—but it is only the instinct of wings I feel; striving to walk, but handless and without a foot; essaying then to crawl, so it be only up. But there is not a blade of grass to hold on to and climb up by, not a weed to shelter me in the intolerable heat of life."

Thus left alone I look at the ground, and it seems cruel,

—a mother that devours her young. No voice cries thence to comfort me; it is a force, but nothing more. Its history tells of tumult, confusion, and continual change; it prophesies no future peace, tells of no plan in the confusion. I look up to the sky, there looks not back again a kind Providence, to smile upon me with a thousand starry eyes, and bless me with the sun's ambrosial light. In the storms a vengeful violence, with its lightning sword, stabs into darkness, seeking for murtherable men.

There is no Providence, only capricious, senseless Fate. Here is the marble of human nature, the atheist would pile it up into palace or common dwelling; but there is only the fleeting sand to build upon, which the rains wash away, or the winds blow off; nowhere is there eternal Rock to hold his building up. No, he has not daily bread,—nothing to satisfy the hunger of his mind, his conscience, and his heart, the famine of his soul, only the cold, thin atmosphere of fancy. Does he believe in immortality,—it is an immortality of fear, of doubt, of dread. Experience tells him of the history of mankind, a sad history it seems,—a record of war and want, of oppression and servility. He sees that pride elbows misery into the kennel and is honoured for the merciless act, that tyrants tread the nations underfoot, while some patriot pines to oblivion and death; he sees no prophecy of better things. How can he in an earth without a heaven, in a soul without a body, a world without a God?

Atheism sits down on the shore of Time; the stream of Human History rolls by, bearing successively, as bubbles on its bosom, the Egyptian civilization, and it passes slowly by with its myriads of millions, and that bubble breaks; the Hebrew, Chaldean, Persian, Grecian, Roman, Christian civilization, and they pass by as other bubbles, with their many myriads of millions multiplied by myriads of millions. Their sorrows are all ended; they were sorrows for nothing. The tears which furrowed the cheek, the unrequited heroism, the virtue unrewarded,—they have perished, and there is no compensation; because it is a body without a soul, an earth without a heaven, a world without a God. “Does not that content you?” asks our atheist.

No man can ever be content with that. Few men ever come to it,—

“Thanks to the human heart by which we live !”

Human nature stops a great way this side of that.

I am not a cowardly man ; but if I were convinced there was no God, my courage would drop as water, and be no more. I am not an unhopeful man ; there are few men who hope so much ; I never despair of truth, of justice, of love, and piety ; I know man will triumph over matter, the people over tyrants, right over wrong, truth over falsehood, love over hate ; I always expect defeat to-day, but I am sure of triumph at the last ; and with truth on my side, justice on my side, love on my side, I should not fear to stand in a minority of one, against the whole population of this whole globe of lands : I would bow and say to them,—“I am the stronger ; you may glory now, but I shall conquer you at last.” Such hope have I for man here and hereafter, that the wickedest of sinners, I trust, God will bring face to face with the best of men, his sins wiped clean off, and together they shall sit down at the table of the Lord, in the Kingdom of God. But take away my consciousness of God, and I have no hope ; none for myself, none for you, none for mankind. If no Mind in the universe were greater than Humboldt’s, no ruler wiser than presidents, and kings, and senates, and congresses, if there were no appeal from the statutes of men to the Laws of God, from present misery to future eternal triumph, on earth, or in Heaven,—then I should have no hope. But I know that the universe is insured at the office of the Infinite God, and no particle of matter, no particle of mind shall ever suffer ultimate shipwreck in this vast voyage of mortal and immortal life.

I am not a sad man. Spite of the experience of life, somewhat bitter, I am a cheerful, and a joyous, and a happy man. But take away my consciousness of God ; let me believe there is no Infinite God ; no infinite Mind which thought the world into existence, and thinks it into continuance ; no infinite Conscience which everlastinglty enacts the Eternal Laws of the Universe ; no infinite Affection which loves the world ; loves Abel and Cain,—loves the drunkard’s wife and the drunkard ; the Mayors and

Aldermen who made the drunkard ; which loves the victim of the tyrant, and loves the tyrant ; loves the slave and his master ; loves the murdered and the murderer, the fugitive and the kidnapper,—publicly griping his price of blood, the third part of Iscariot's pay, and then secretly taking his anonymous revenge, stealthily calumniating some friend of humanity ; convince me that there is no God who watches over the nation, but “forsaken Israel wanders lone ;” that the sad people of Europe, Africa, America, have no guardian,—then I should be sadder than Egyptian night ! My life would be only a shadow of a dimple on the bottom of a little brook,—whirling and passing away ; all the joy I have in the daily business of the world, in literature and science and art, in the friendships and wide philanthropies of the time, would perish at once,—borne down in the rush of waters and lost in their headlong noise. Yes, I should die in uncontrollable anguish and despair.

A realizing sense of atheism, a realizing sense of the consequences of atheism,—that would separate our nature, and we should give up the ghost ; and the elements of the body would go back to the elements of the earth. But—God be thanked !—the foundation of religion is too deep within us. There is a great cry through all creation for the Living God. Thanks to Him, the evidence of God has been ploughed into Nature so deeply, and so deeply woven into the texture of the human soul, that very few men call themselves atheists in this sense. No man ever willingly came to this conclusion : no man : no, not one !

God gets written in our soul, complete Beauty drives out partial ugliness, and perfect Love casts out all partial fear.

II.

OF PRACTICAL ATHEISM, REGARDED AS A PRINCIPLE OF ETHICS.

INCREASE OUR FAITH.—LUKE XVII. 5.

LAST Sunday I said something of Speculative Atheism, that is, of atheism considered as a theory of the universe ; with some of the effects on the feelings, and the views of Nature, and individual and general human life, which come thereof. To-day I ask your attention to a sermon of Practical Atheism ; that is to say, of Atheism, considered as the Principle of practical Ethics.

If a man starts with the idea that there is a body and no soul, an earth without a heaven, and a world without a God, that idea needs must become a principle of practice, and as such it will have a quite powerful effect on the man's active character ; it will come at length to be the controlling principle of his life. For as in human nature the religious is the foundation-element of man, as I showed the other day, so any misarrangement in that quarter presently appears at the end of the hands, and affects the whole life of man.

Speculative Atheism will not be fully reduced to practice all at once, but in the long run it will assuredly produce certain peculiar results ; just as certainly as any seed you plant in the ground will bear fruit after its own kind, and not after another kind. You and I are not very consistent, it may be, and we therefore allow something to come between our first principle and the conclusion which would follow from it ; but the Human Race is exceeding logical, and carries out every principle into practice, making its earnest thoughts into very serious things : only the idea is not carried out at once, but in

long ages of time, and by successive generations of men. Every theological idea, positive or negative, that is firmly believed in by mankind or by nations, will ultimately be carried out by them to its legitimate, practical effect, and will appear in their trade, politics, laws, manners,—in all the active life of mankind. We think that the litany which we repeat in the church is our^s confession of faith. Often, that reaches very little ways in; but the real confession of the world's faith is writ in its trade and politics, in its wars and hospitals, in its armies and school-houses, better than in its “pious literature.” The history of America is the publication of our real theology, the confession of our actual creed. Each intentional act comes from a sentiment or idea. It is well to see what our ideas are before the thought becomes a thing.

Last Sunday I showed that there was a mere formal speculative atheism, which was only a denial of God in terms, or the denial of the actuality of a certain special idea of God, but yet contained an affirmation of the quality of God under another name; while real speculative atheism was the denial of the quality of God under all names, a denial of the actuality of any possible idea of God. And I showed also that there were reputed atheists, who denied some specific notion of God, because they had a better one; and because they were really more theistic and more religious than the men about them.

The same distinction is to be made in respect to practical atheism. Real practical atheism is the living of speculative atheism as a practice; that is, the living as if there was no God, who is the Mind, Cause, and Providence of the world; and that is living as if a man had no natural obligation to think and speak true, to do right, to feel kind, and to be holy or faithful to himself; living as if there were no soul, no heaven, no God. That is real, practical atheism.

There is a formal practical atheism, which is merely formal, and is based on formal speculative atheism. As the mere formal speculative atheist denies the name of God, but affirms the quality of God, and ascribes that quality to Nature,—so the mere formal practical atheist denies that man owes any natural absolute obligation to

God, to think true, to do right, to feel kind, and to be holy ; but he affirms that he owes this natural and absolute obligation to Nature ; either to all Nature, represented by the universe, or to partial Nature, represented by mankind, or by the individual man, or some special faculty in man. In this case the atheist really affirms the absolute obligation of man to the quality of God, only he gives that quality of God another name, and is no practical atheist at all ; though he thinks he is so, and calls himself by that hard name. For only the semblance of real practical atheism can be built on the semblance of real speculative atheism. If a man confesses that he has a natural and absolute obligation to think true, to do right, to feel kind, and to be holy, it is comparatively of little consequence whether he says that he owes this obligation to Nature or to God ; because in such a case he means the same by the word "Nature" that another man means by the word "God;" and the obligation is the same, the consciousness of it is the same, and the duty which comes therefrom will be just the same.

I dislike to hear Nature called God, or God called Nature. Let each thing have its own name. In due time I will show what evils are like to follow from this confusion of terms, miscalling the finite and the Infinite. Still that confusion is not atheism.

Real practical atheism, I say, is the carrying out of real speculative atheism into life, living as if there were no natural obligation on man to think true, to do right, to feel kind, and to be holy ; no obligation, therefore, to be faithful to himself as a whole, or to any part of himself as a part.

This real practical atheism is divisible for the present purpose into two forms.

First, the Undisguised practical Atheism. Here the practical atheist openly and undisguisedly denies the quality of God, denies that he owes any natural obligation to think true, to do right, to feel kind, or to be self-faithful ; and, on the contrary, affirms speculative atheism as his practical principle and motive of life, and then endeavours to live up to it,—or live down to it. That is one form.

Second, the other is Disguised practical Atheism.

Here the practical atheist acts on the idea that he has no natural obligation to think true, to do right, to feel kind, and to be holy ; and thus really and in act denies the idea of God ; but suppresses the formal denial of God and the affirmation of atheism ; or he even goes so far as to affirm his belief in God, and deny his assumption of atheism as a principle of action. That is the other form.

Now, in truth, these two men, the undisguised professor of atheism and the disguised practiser thereof, if they were consistent, would act pretty much alike in most cases, and do the same thing ; only the undisguised atheist would do it overtly, with no denial of the fact and motive, but with the affirmation of each ; and the disguised atheist would do it covertly, denying both the fact and the motive, thus adding hypocrisy to atheism. The undisguised atheist will be the more manly, because he is more thorough-going in his manhood ; and such a person will always command a certain degree of admiration, because it is manly in the man to say right out what he thinks right in ; and if he is going to live after a certain principle, to declare that principle beforehand. There is a consistency of manhood in that, and the very assertion is therefore often a guarantee of the man's honesty. But the disguised atheist will be the more atheistic, because he is really the more thorough-going in his atheism. One is true to his natural character as man, the other to his conventional character as atheist, for as atheism is the negation of Nature, so the negation of itself is a legitimate function of atheism. The reason of this will appear presently.

I said last Sunday that there never was any complete, real speculative atheism in the world ; for complete, real speculative atheism is so abhorrent to human nature, that if a man had a realizing sense thereof and of its speculative consequences, he must needs die outright. I may say the same of complete, real practical atheism. There is no complete and real practical atheism ; for I think nobody could ever be perfectly consistent with real speculative atheism, and live as if he felt absolutely no obligation to speak true, to do right, to feel kind, and to be holy. That, therefore, is an extreme which man cannot possibly reach. Human nature would give up before it

came to such a conclusion. It is conceivable—but neither actual nor possible.

But yet there is a great deal of practical conduct which logically rests on this basis, and on no other, and though no man was ever fully false to his nature and fully true to his atheism, yet very many are partially false to their nature and partially true to atheism; and so there is a good deal of practical atheism in the world; much more than there appears of real speculative atheism; and though no man is a complete practical atheist, yet there are many with whom practical atheism preponderates in their daily life, and turns the balance. I mean to say they live more atheistically than theistically. The man does not clearly say to himself, "There is no God;" he only half-says it, and little more than half-acts on that supposition. He does not say out, "There is no God, and hence no obligation to speak true, act right, feel kind, and be faithful to myself;" because, first, there is some theism left in the man,—I think nobody can ever empty himself wholly of the consciousness of God;—or next, because the man is not fully self-conscious of his consciousness, so to say, and does not really and distinctly bring to light the principles which are yet the governing principles in his nature;—or, finally, if he is thus conscious, he does not dare to say it, but yet acts mainly on that supposition. Now there is a great deal of this in the world; very much more than appears at first sight.

I mentioned the other day that some men whom I knew, calling themselves atheists, were yet excellent men; true, just, loving, and holy men; full of a certain religiousness, eminently faithful to themselves, keeping the integrity of their conscience at great cost of self-denial, and feeling more strongly than the majority of men the absolute obligation they were under to be faithful to every limb of their body and every faculty of their spirit. These were only formal atheists, not real atheists. They did not think there was no God; they only thought that they thought so. Some of these men have really a higher idea of the quality of God than the Christians about them; only they do not call it God, but Nature; for the "Nature" of the physical philoso-

pher, or the "Mind" of the metaphysical philosopher, is sometimes higher in some particulars than the notion of the "Trinity," or the notion of the "Unity," which the general run of Christians have formed. I am bound as a faithful man to confess this. So some of these who are called atheists, and who name themselves so, are in reality more theistic and more religious than the general run of Christians about them. Such men as these do not show the practical characteristics of real atheism, but of the real theism which they have disguised to themselves by the name of atheism.

Thus one of these in America says, "It will do very well for Christian Doctors of Divinity and deacons, who believe in an angry God that will damn mankind for ever, to declare there is in the universe no Law higher than the Baltimore Platform and the Compromise Measures of the American Congress. It will do very well for them to declare that an angry God has given politicians authority to make such statutes, and declare them binding on men, and so 'suppress' and 'discountenance all agitation' for the welfare of one sixth part of the population of the country. But atheists, who believe in Nature—the ma-

action is something very different from that. The practical atheist, starting from his speculative principle that there is nothing which is the Mind, the Cause, and the Providence of the universe, or of any part thereof; and accordingly that Nature and Man are, respectively, the only mind, cause, and providence of themselves,—he must necessarily believe that man is under no natural and absolute obligation to think true, to do right, to feel kind, and to be holy. He must deny that there is any such obligation to God, because he denies the existence of God, or because he denies the existence of the quality of God, and he must deny that he owes this obligation to himself; for as man is his own mind, cause, providence, lawgiver, and director, so every propensity of the man is likewise and equally its own cause, its own mind, its own providence, its own lawgiver and director. Accordingly passion is no more amenable to reason and conscience than reason and conscience are amenable to passion. The parts are no more amenable to the whole than the whole to any one of the parts. Man is finite, and there is no Higher Being above man; and so there is no Higher Law above the caprice of any passion or any calculation. The man may will anything that he will, and it shall be his law. For reason there stands the arbitrary caprice of man, the arbitrary caprice of each instinctive desire, or of any calculated act of will, and no more.

If the atheist admits there is in human consciousness an Idea of Right, he must declare it is not any more binding upon man than the Idea of Wrong. We form an Idea of Absolute Right: "it is a mere whim," says the atheist; "there exists no substance in which the Absolute Right can inhere. It is an abstract quality which belongs to no substance. It is a nothing; only it differs from an absolute transcendental nothing in this, that it is a thinkable nothing; not real,—an actual thing; not possible,—a thing to become actual; yet conceivable,—an actual thought in the mind. You may distribute *nothing* into various heads, and say there is a pure nothing, which cannot be conceived of at all. You can have no notion of a pure nothing—it is not even thinkable; that is absolute transcendental negation—a denial of subjective

conceivableness, as well as of objective actuality. Then you may say, there is also another form of nothing, which is the thinkable nothing." According to an atheist, God is a thinkable nothing, and the Idea which men have of God has no more objective actualness to support it than the Idea of Light would have if all material light, all actual, and all possible light, were blotted out of being. Then all the necessary attributes of God fall into the same class—thinkable nothings. So do all the transcendent attributes of man. Truth is a thinkable nothing, Justice a thinkable nothing, and any excellence which surpasses the excellence of Thomas, and Richard, and Henry, or all actual men, is also nothing; only it is a thinkable nothing, not a transcendental nothing.

This being the case, there is nothing for me to aspire after. Ideal wisdom, justice, love, holiness, each is but a thinkable nothing;—I should not aspire after that, more than I should marshal ghosts into an army to go out and fight a battle; or put in battery a non-existent but yet thinkable cannon, which is no cannon, and good for nothing. And then, all reverence must, of course, be weeded out from the mind of the practical atheist. He can only reverence something that he sees with his eyes, and

false to his manhood ; there is no atheistic reason why he should be true to it ; and the more he denies it, the more he is faithful to his atheistic opinion. So the expedient must take the place of the true and the right ; the agreeable must take the place of the beautiful ; desire, the place of duty ; and *I will* must take the place of that solemn word, *I ought*. There can be no *ought* in the grammar of atheism.

But as the atheist in denying God denies the soul, and in doing that denies the immortality of man, his range of expediency must be limited to this life ; and not only must it be limited to the earthly life of the human race,—which may be eternal for aught we know,—but it must be limited to the life of the particular atheist who thinks it, and even to the humbler faculties and lower wants of his nature ; and so the highest thing he can desire must be his own present comfort. That is the highest real thing that he knows. So speculative atheism reduced to practice, must logically lead to complete material selfishness, and can lead to nothing else.

But as human nature will not allow complete speculative atheism as a theory of the universe, so it will not any more allow complete practical atheism, or complete selfishness, as a principle of life. There is a margin of oscillation around every man, and we are allowed to vibrate a little from side to side. This margin seems sometimes pretty wide, but complete practical atheism or complete speculative atheism lies a great way beyond the limit of human oscillation. It is a thinkable nothing, —conceivable but not actual, or even possible. Still practical atheism actually tends to that conclusion.

All this which I have said is general in its application ; is universal—it will apply to all forms of life. Now see how this atheism will manifest itself in the practical conduct of men in the various forms of Individual, Domestic, Social, National, and General Human Life. Let me say a word of each of these in its order.

I. I will speak first of the Individual Life.

As by the atheistic theory of the universe there is no such thing as moral obligation, no such thing as Duty, no Absolute Right,—as Man is the highest Mind in the universe, his own Cause, his own Providence, his own

Originator, his own Sustainer, and his own Director,—so he is perfectly free to do exactly as he pleases. Duty will resolve itself into caprice of selfishness. Each man is to concentrate himself particularly upon the desire that is uppermost at the time; for as I am my own end, and to seek my own welfare at all hazards, so each particular propensity in me is its own end, and to seek its own welfare,—that is, its own gratification,—at any or all hazards.

So in my Period of Passion, the gratification of the passional propensities will be the chief thing which I am to seek. I recognize no Higher Law, in me or out of me; no law to prescribe a rule of conduct for me as a whole, or to prescribe a rule of conduct for any particular part of me,—any special passion. To acknowledge an imperative and extra-human law from without, which has a natural right to claim allegiance from me and to rule me as a whole—that would be to confess a God; not in terms, but in fact. To acknowledge an imperative and extra-passional law within me, to which I owe allegiance and which has a natural right to rule over any one passion, is to acknowledge God in degree; for what has a natural right to rule absolutely over any one particular propensity is God, so far as that propensity is concerned; and as I deny the actuality of the Infinite, and do not acknowledge a God who is the Reason and Conscience of the Universe and has the right to rule over me as a whole, no more do I acknowledge that my own personal reason and conscience have the right to rule over me or over any special appetite or desire. There is no extra-personal and Infinite Norm to prescribe a rule of conduct for me; there is no intra-personal and finite norm to prescribe a rule of conduct for any appetite or passion. So I am to let my passion have its swing in its quest for pleasure. If I have got rid of the great God of the universe, and acknowledge no absolute obligation to think true, to do right, to feel kind, and to be holy,—it will be ridiculous in me to set up a little God in my own consciousness, and acknowledge the obligation of my members to conform thereto in any one particular.

So the negation of religion as a whole carries with it the negation of control over any one particular passion.

As the universe is a "fortuitous concourse of atoms," without anything to rule it, with no mind to direct it, self-originated, self-directed, self-sustained, so my consciousness must be a fortuitous concourse of passions with no harmony therein; every passion self-originated, self-directed, self-sustained, its own end, and to seek its own gratification wholly regardless of its neighbour, or the whole body.

Accordingly in the Period of Passion I may give loose to my instinctive appetites. You come to me and say, "There is a God. You must not break his law." I deny this. "At least there is something that is right, and you must do that." I deny that also; I say there is no such thing as right. "At any rate you must control your passions for the good of your whole nature, during a long life." But, why should I do that? What right have I to control this or that passion, and debar it of its temporary lust, for the sake of giving the whole man a lasting delight? The passion has no norm but itself; what right has the whole man to control any part of him, or one part to hold another in check? or put off pleasure to-day for more pleasure to-morrow? So at this period of life anarchy of passions is the only atheistic self-government.

In the Period of Ambition—which in New-England is commonly by far the more dangerous of the two, as its perils lead to fortune, and the ruin it brings is deemed "eminent success"—I am to let the other selfish propensities seek each its own object, and not hinder them. I am covetous: I am not to restrain my avarice by my reason, my conscience, my affections; I am to seek my own gain in all ways, at all hazards, and in derision of reason, of conscience, and of affection. There is no principle to stand between me and the dollar, or the office which I covet. I am to be wholly unscrupulous in my zeal, and in the means I make use of to achieve my end. I have a great love of power, fame, ease; and I am to let each of these desires have its full swing. There is no higher power to prescribe a rule of conduct for my ambition, more than for my passion. Here all must be a fortuitous concourse of ambitions, the anarchy of ambitions is the only atheistic self-government at this period.

So there is nothing to prevent my life from being the

mere selfishness of passion in youth, seeking pleasure as its object ; or the selfishness of ambition in manhood, seeking profit as its goal ; for nothing has any right to stand between me and the object of my ambition, more than between me and the object of my passion. Atheism must be universal anarchy !

Now each of these forms of atheism may assume two modes. One is that of Gross Selfishness, that is, gross sensualism of pleasure in the period of passion, or gross calculation of profit in the period of ambition. It will terminate in the gross voluptuary or the gross hunker. That is one form. It is the rude, coarse, vulgar form. It is the shape in which atheism would manifest itself with the poor, with the uneducated, with the roughest of men. It is the atheism of savagery,—the practical atheism of St Giles' parish in London.

The other mode is that of Refined Selfishness, that is, refined sensualism of pleasure in the period of passion, or the refined calculation of profit in the period of ambition ; and so here it will terminate in the delicate and subtle voluptuary, or else in the delicate and subtle hunker,—this is the atheism of civilization, the atheism of St James' parish in London. The mode will depend on the temperament and circumstances of the man. And yet you see these two are generically the same ; with unity of idea and unity of purpose, both seek a selfish object, and both come to the same end, only one in the delicate and the other in the gross form. In either case the aim of life is to be the rehabilitation of selfishness ; I mean the enthroning of selfishness as the leading practical principle of life. The atheist is to look on every faculty as an instrument of pleasure or profit ; to look on his life as a means of selfishness and no more ; to look on himself as a beast of pleasure or a beast of prey. Behold the man of atheism !—his controlling principle selfishness ; his life “ poor, and nasty, and short ! ”

Now man is not selfish by nature. We have self-love enough to hold us together. Self-love, the conservative principle of man, is the natural girdle put about our consciousness to keep us from falling loose, and spreading, and breaking asunder. In human nature self-love is not too strong. When all the faculties act in har-

mony there is no excess of this. But if you deny that faculty which looks to the Infinite, which hungers for the ideal true, the ideal just and lovely and holy, then self-love, conservative of the individual, degenerates into selfishness, invades others, and each man becomes merely selfish.

This fact implies no defect in the original constitution of Man; for it is a part of the plan of human nature that religion, the consciousness of God, should be the foundation-element of spiritual consciousness, and so the condition of manifestation for all the high faculties put together: and as roses will not bloom without light and warmth, or as ships cannot keep the sea without keel and rudder and a hand upon the helm, no more can the high qualities of humanity come forth without we put in its proper place the foundation-element of man, and let the religious faculty lay its hand upon the helm. The individual atheist, if consistent, must practically live in utter selfishness—material selfishness, selfishness bounded by the short span of his own earthly existence. And that is individual ruin.

II. See next the effect of practical atheism on Domestic Life, in the Family. The normal basis and bond of union in the family is Mutuality of Love in its various forms: connubial—between man and wife,—parental, affiliative, or kindly between kith and kin,—and friendly love.

Connubial love in its normal state consists of two factors,—passion, seeking the welfare of the lover, and affection, which seeks the welfare of the beloved. In normal connubial love these two, the plastic and the pliant, are coördinated together. Each aims to delight the other more than to enjoy himself, and finds his satisfaction less in enjoying than in delighting. Passion is then beautiful and affection is delightful. Self-love is subordinate to the love of another, the special to the universal. The love of the true, the just, the ever-beautiful, and the holy, comes in, and prevents even the existence of selfishness. This condition affords an opportunity for developing and enjoying some of the highest qualities of man. Passion is instinctive, and affection also is instinctive at first; but as man develops himself

by culture, as the human race enlarges in its progressive unfolding, so the affections become larger and larger, more powerful in the individual and the race, and the joy of delighting becomes greater and more.

But in practical atheism the family must rest on Mutuality of Selfishness, not on mutuality of love. And this must appear in all its forms, in the relation between acquaintances or friends, between kith and kin, between parent and child, between man and wife. Marriage must be only for the selfishness of transient pleasure, or the selfishness of permanent profit. The parental and filial relation must be only a relation of selfishness, the parents wanting the child to serve them as a beast of burden or as a toy, and the children wanting the parent to serve them, and valuing father or mother only for what they get therefrom. The relations of kinship, of brother and sister, of uncle and nephew, of aunt and niece; the relation of friendship must also be of selfishness, and no more. Passion must be all lust, and affection die out and give place to selfish calculation. The wife must be the husband's tool or his toy, and the husband the toy or the tool of the wife.

Marriage is then possible for the sake only of three things; first, for animal gratification; next, for pecuniary profit; last, for social respectability. It is a union of passions in the one case, of estates in the next, of respectabilities in the last; at any rate it is the conjunction of bodies without a soul, of selfishness without self-denial, for a home with no hereafter, and in a world with

stronger and nearer I fold another to my bosom, the nearer and stronger is the demand on me for self-denial, yea, for self-sacrifice for the sake of the object that my arms enfold.

Now there is much partial practical atheism which appears in this domestic form. The present position of woman is only justified on the ground that there is no God: men do not understand it as yet; one day they surely will. Every marriage which is not based on mutuality of affection,—where good is to be taken and good is to be given, and man and wife both are to take and both are to give,—is bottomed at last on practical atheism; only on that. The other day I said it was impossible for a man to be a complete speculative atheist. It is impossible for him to be a complete practical atheist. But grant that there was a complete practical atheistic man, and a complete practical atheistic woman;—would marriage be possible between the two? By no means! Not at all! Juxtaposition of bodies is all that would take place. Selfishness is never a bond of real wedlock.

Philosophers in the last century, in France, thought that the Spider had not yet developed all its economy, but might be used for nice purposes of fabric and manufacture amongst men. They thought they could get the filament of a web finer than that of the silk-worm's weaving, out from the spider's mouth. The spider is not gregarious. The philosophers gathered together an innumerable host of the insects and shut them up in one room, and left them to their weaving, feeding them with flies and other food which the spider's appetite longed for. After a few days there was only a single spider left. They fought with each other, and slew one another, till the king-spider was the only one left, and selfishness had eat itself up.

III. See how practical atheism will appear in a larger form of action,—the Social Form, in the Neighbourhood and Community.

The normal basis of society is first the gregarious instinct, which we have in common with sheep and kine.

Next, comes the social will, which is peculiar to man, and has this superiority over the gregarious instinct,—it is to join men together in such a way that the individu-

ality of each shall be preserved, while the sociality of all is made sure of. That cannot take place with the animals ; and for this reason,—because they are not persons, and free spiritual individuality does not seem of so much value among sheep and kine as amongst men. Each particular Ox may be only “so much of the ox-kind ;” this Bison only so much of the bison-kind, and that Buffalo so much of the buffalo-kind ; and the individuality of either is of no great value for the development of the ox or the ox-kind. But when you come to man, Thomas is one man, and Oliver is another, and Jason is a third ; and it is just as necessary to preserve the free spiritual individuality of each one of these as the individuality of the whole human race. Therefore this social will must so control the gregarious instinct that the individual shall be kept whole while sociality is made sure of.

Then there is a third thing ; namely, the religious aspiration, which desires the absolutely true, just, and lovely ; and this desire can only be brought out in full action in the company or society of men.

Accordingly in a normal society there will be, first, individual self-love, seeking to develope and enjoy itself : then the social affection, seeking to delight and develope others about us ; and these two may be so co-ordinated that the individual is kept in society, and the mass also is developed and blessed by the concurrent desire to enjoy and to delight : then there will also be the religious love of God, the ideal True, Just, Loving, and Holy, in

The individual is a warfare of contending passions, lust striving against acquisitiveness, and ambition against amativeness. The family must be a warfare of men and women striving for mastery. Society must be a warfare of great and little, of cunning and foolish, rich and poor, cultivated and ignorant,—contending for mastery. Amongst all these, the strong passion will carry it in the individual, the strong person in the family, and the strong class in society ; and therefore no peace is at all possible till the strong passion has subdued the weak in the individual, the strong man the weak men in the family, and the strong class has got its heel on the throat of the weak class in society. Then there will be unity, and the conquering passion will proclaim peace where it has made a solitude. The social aim will be to rule over others, and make them serve you ; to give them the least and get the most from them ; and then he will be thought the most fortunate man and so the most “respectable” in the community, and “honourable” in the state, who does the least service for mankind, and gets the most pay and the most power from them. Society will be controlled by selfish propensities, not moral ideas, affectional feelings, or religious aspirations for ideal perfection.

See how this principle will work practically in social affairs. Such is the distribution of faculties amongst men that a few persons always control the mass of men. We may deny this because we are Democrats, but it is a fact which everywhere stares us in the face. It is so with gregarious animals : the strong barnyard-fowl is always cock of the walk, and rules the roost just as he will, only as he has but a small margin of individual oscillation, little individual caprice, he rules according to the law of his nature, not the caprice of his will. The actual preponderance of the few men over the many has hitherto prevailed in every form of state government, whether it be called a despotism, an aristocracy, or a republic. Six hundred men, self-appointed almost, meet together in two Conventions at Baltimore, and select two men, and then say to the people,—“ One of these is to be your President for four years.” And the twenty millions fling up their caps and say which of the two it shall be ; and the majority thinks it has made the President. If the con-

ventions had selected two notorious kidnappers,—the Philadelphia kidnapper on one side, and the Boston kidnapper on the other,—one of these would as assuredly be President as either of the actual nominees will be. This, I say, is so at present. It is a fact all over the world, in Republics as well as in Despotisms. The political “democrat” has commonly been also a despot.

But the principle on which atheistic society must needs be founded will be that of mere private selfishness. So all the rulers must of necessity be tyrants, ruling with cruel and selfish aims. Oppression, which is a Measure in the practice of men, must be also a Principle in the theory of the atheist, the accidental actual of human history will then become the substantial ideal of human nature. The most appropriate nomination in that case would be the nomination of the kidnappers. The capitalist wishes to operate by his money; that is his tool to increase his power of selfish enjoyment. The operative wishes to act by his hand and head; these are his tools to increase his power of selfish enjoyment. But both must be thoroughly selfish in principle, and so they will be natural and irreconcilable enemies waging a war for mutual extermination. Accordingly the capitalist will aim to get the operatives' work without giving them his money; and the operatives will aim to get the capitalist's money without giving him their work; and so there will be a perpetual “strike” and warfare between the two, each continually laying at the other with all his might. The harmony of society will be the equilibrium of selfishness; and that will be brought about when the strong has crushed down the weak, has got him under his foot and has destroyed him. Harmony will take place when the last spider has eaten up all his coadjutors. The social peace of atheism is solitude.

In trade the aim will be to accumulate money,—no matter how it is got, by fraud, by lies, by rack-rent on houses, by ruinous usury on land, or less ruinous piracy on the sea. The man will allow nothing to stand between him and the dollar he covets, no intellectual idea, no moral principle, no affectional feeling, no religious emotion. Mr New-England is greedy for money; Mr South Carolina greedy for slaves. Mr New-England

steals men in Africa, or in Massachusetts, and sells them to his brother, Mr South Carolina, getting great pay. You say to both of these, This is very wrong ; it is inhuman, it is wicked. But the atheists say, "What do we know about right and wrong ?" "I only know," says Mr New-England, "it bring me money." "I only know it brings me slaves," says Mr South Carolina. "All we want is money and slaves." You can have nothing further to say to these two gentlemen.

Mr Salem sends cargoes of rum to Africa, and when it gets there dilutes it with half its bulk of water, drugs it to its old intoxicating power, and then sells it to the black man, who is made just as drunk, and a little more poisoned than if he had the genuine article, the only thing to which New-England has characteristically given its name. He sells this to the black man, and sells him also powder and balls to use in capturing his brother men ; and when they are caught he "prudently" leaves some other American to take and transport them to market at Rio, or Cuba, with the sanction of the American government. You say to Mr Salem, This is all wicked. "What do I care for that?" says he. "It brings me very good money, very good honour, the first respectability. You don't think it's righteousness I am trading for, that I baptize negroes with poisoned rum for the sake of their 'Salvation !' I leave that matter and the 'Justification of Slavery' to the Christian clergy. It is quite enough for the merchant to make slaves ; I leave it to the ministers to prove it is right. You think I am aiming at 'Heaven,' do you ? You are very young, sir !"

But, say you, you are false to your natural obligations to do right, to speak true, to feel kind, and to be holy. "Obligations of that sort !" adds he, "I know no such obligations. This is consciousness without a conscience." At least you must fear the judgment passed against wrong in the next life !—say you, almost driven to your last appeal. "But I know no next life," says he ; "here is the present life ; I am sure of that." But at least you reverence God ? "Not at all," says Mr Salem, "it is a world without a God !"

If a man starts with such a theory of the universe, and such principles of practice, what can you say to him ?

Call on that man for heroism when your country is in danger, and he creeps under the oven. Call on him for charity when the country is starving, and he sells bread for a dollar a pound. You can get nothing from him but selfishness. An atheistic community could not build a free School-house, or an Alms-house, or a Hospital, only a Jail. Behold atheism carried into society !

Now, as I said the other day, there is not much acknowledged speculative atheism,—acknowledged to one's self,—but there is a great deal of partial practical atheism, which lets houses at rack-rent, to the ruin of the tenant; which lets money at rack-usury, to the ruin of the borrower; sells rum to the ruin of the buyer; it deals falsely in honourable goods,—there may be as much baseness in the dealing, as danger in the merchandise,—and then with the profits it builds up great houses, which are palaces for selfishness. I look on them as on the rude hovels of the buccaneers of Jamaica and the Caribbeas, who went down to the shore of the Spanish main and murdered the crews of the ships they took, and then carried the ships to port and broke them to pieces to build up their own houses from the fragments. You ask these men to forbear from destroying their brothers. You appeal to their humanity,—and they are true to their practical atheism. You appeal to justice,—they know it not; to respect for conscience,—they have none of it; to their consciousness of God,—they recognize no such thing. Tell these men of some absolute right, of their immortal soul,—it is all a dream.

Am I speaking mere fictions? When Boston had kidnapped Thomas Sims, and carried him away, two members of a Christian church in this city, both merchants, met accidentally in its chief business street, and talked the matter over. Both disliked the deed; but one thus justified it, and said, "If we didn't do this we shouldn't get any more trade from the South, and I remember we have got to live *here*." "So do I," said the other, "remember we have got to live *hereafter*." There were practical atheism and practical religion looking one another in the face. Boston went to the side of practical atheism, as you know, thinking, as her prominent ministers declared, there was no "Higher Law."

There is a great deal of social practical atheism which appears under the guise and with the name of religion. This is the most ghastly, the most deadly kind. It is concealed,—a wolf in sheep's clothing; still a wolf, and his jaws are there under the innocent covering of the lamb. It is Satan transformed “into an angel of light,” but still the old devil, spite of usurping the angel's wings. The more consistent atheist will join the church.

Here is an example of that. A man of property in this city dishonestly failed; dishonestly, and yet legally became a bankrupt; paid his creditors sixpence or a shilling on the dollar; and secured to himself considerable property, getting a discharge from all his creditors except one. Afterwards he became rich. The poor man who had refused to compound his debt claimed his due. The rich man did not deny that it was justly due, only declared it was not legally due. There was no redress. At length our defaulting debtor “experienced religion,” as they say;—I call it experiencing theology, and very poor theology besides; “experienced religion” at one of the sectarian churches of Boston,—and became what is there called “a religious man;” and came up before a communion table, and professed to commune with God, and Christ, and Man, through the elements of bread and wine. Our poor creditor goes to him again, and says, “Now I hope you will pay me, since you have become a ‘religious man’ and have joined the church.” Quoth the debtor, “Business is business, and religion is religion. Business is for the week and religion for Sunday”—and paid him not a cent. There was social practical atheism, in the guise of religion, all the more consistent in that garb.

Sometimes practical atheism gets into the pulpit as well as the pews, and then it is tenfold more deadly; for it poisons the wells of society, and next diffuses the contents abroad as the waters of life. It cries out, “Ho! every one that thirsteth, come up here and be comforted in your sins. Slavery is a Christian Institution.” Ask such a man, of that denomination, to preach against any popular wickedness which shakes the steeple over his head, and which jars the great Bible on his pulpit's lid; ask him to preach against wickedness which turns one

half his congregation into voluptuaries—victims of passion,—and the other half into hunkers—victims of ambition,—and he only cries, “Save us, Good Lord!” Tell him of some noble excellence that is going abroad into society, and is ready to be struck down by the wickedness of the world, and ask him to speak only a word in its favour over the cushions of his pulpit, and he mumbles, “Miserable Offenders! Save us, Good Lord.” That is all he can say.

All these practically deny the Higher Law. I am not speaking of momentary errors. You all know I am far more charitable than most men to all errors of that sort. I know myself how easy it is to do wrong; how many depraved things may be done without any depravity in the human heart. But atheism of this sort, disguised or undisguised,—I cannot express the abhorrence and loathing that I feel for the thing. Offences are one thing, but the theory which makes offences—that is the baser thing.

Look about you and see how much there is, however, of practical atheism not confessed to itself. The Saducee comes forward and says, “There is no Angel, nor Resurrection;” and men cry out, “Atheist!” “Away with him!” The Pharisee devours widows’ houses, and then struts into the temple, drops with brassy ring his shekel into the public chest, and stands before the seven golden candlesticks and prays, “God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all that I possess.” Men cry out, “This is a saint! a great Christian!”—and run over the poor widow who is dropping into the alms-box her two mites, all the living that she has, and tread her down. This practical social atheism is the death of all heroism, all manliness, all beauty, all love.

IV. See this practical atheism in the Political Form, in the Nation. The normal motive of national union is the gregarious instinct and the social will, acting in their larger modes of operation, and joining men by mutuality of interest, and mutuality of love. This is the foundation of all real patriotism. Then the union will be for the sake of the universal good of all, and the particular good

of each. National institutions, constitutions, and statutes will be the result of a national desire for what is useful to-day, and for what is absolutely true, just, lovely, and holy. There will be a co-ordination of the particular desire of Thomas and Jane, each seeking his own special good in the action of personal self-love; and of the general desire of the nation seeking the united good of all in the joint action of self-love and of benevolence. All of this let me represent by one word, Justice, a symbol alike of the transient and eternal interests of both all and each. All national statutes will come from the conscience of the nation, which aims to make them so as to conform with the conscience of God, as that is shown in the constitution of the Universe, in the unchanging laws of Human Nature, which represent the Justice and the Love of God. Then every statute will be a part of the intrinsic law of human nature writ out in human speech, and laid down as a rule of conduct for men. Every such statute will be human and conventional in its form, but yet divine and absolute in its substance, as all true science is the divine and absolute Fact of Nature expressed in human speech. Then the reason for obeying the human statutes will be the natural obligation to speak true, do right, feel kind, and be holy; for so far as the statutes of men represent the natural law of God, obedience is moral, and it is obligatory on all to observe them; but beyond this point obedience to those statutes is obligatory on no man, but is immoral, unmanly, and wicked.

But the politics of practical atheism must be based on selfishness. As selfishness obtains in the individual, establishing a personal anarchy of desires; in the family, establishing a domestic anarchy of its members; in the community, establishing a social anarchy in the classes thereof; so it must prevail in the state, establishing a national anarchy in its various parts. Political morality is impossible in the atheistic state; there can be only political economy, which aims to provide merely for the selfishness of men. For by this hypothesis, there is a body without a soul, a here but no hereafter, a world without a God. Men will be consciously held together, in a negative manner, by the mutual and universal repulsion of selfishness, not at all, positively, by the mutual

and universal attraction of Justice. All men will be natural enemies, joined by mutual hatred, huddled together by Want and Fear.

Government is a contrivance whereby a few men control the rest. In a democracy, the majority of the people determine what great or little man shall perform this function ; or rather they think they determine this, and at least can say who shall not officially attempt this function. In a despotism the majority have not that privilege—but the great or little man himself determines who shall control the nation. In the state of practical atheism, in either case, the government must be one of selfishness—the controlling power seeking the most for itself and the least for the people. So the government will be a tyranny, representing only the selfishness of the ruling power. In all cases the appeal must be to Superior Force—to that as the proximate appeal, to that the ultimate. Now it will be Force of Body, then Force of Cunning. The government may assume various forms,—the controlling power may be a king, a monarchy of selfishness ; a few great families, an aristocracy of selfishness ; or the majority, a democracy of selfishness : but the substance is still the same,—tyranny and despotism, subjecting the world to monarchic, aristocratic, or democratic force ; a rule of the strong over the weak, and against the transient and permanent interests of the weak. To the individual whose natural rights are destroyed, it is of small consequence whether the destroyer is single-headed, several-headed, or many-headed. Political atheism in one, in few, or in many, is still the same.

Special maxims and special aims will vary with special forms of government. Is the controlling power a monarch, he will say, "The king can do no wrong," and above all things will aim to protect the conventional privilege of kings. Is it an aristocracy of long descent, the maxim will be, "Birth before Merit ;" "the nobility cannot err." They will make all the power of the people serve to rock the cradle for men of famous line, scorning the common mortal's "puddle-blood." Is it a company of capitalists, the maxim will be "Property, before persons ;" "let the State take care of the rich, and they will take care of the people ;" "money can do no wrong."

They will aim to oppress the poor and make them servants, serfs, or slaves. Is it the mob of proletaries, "Property is theft;" "the majority can do no wrong;" "Minorities have no rights," will be the maxim, and to plunder the rich the aim.

Political atheism is the exploitation of the people,—by the selfishness of the king, the nobles, or the majority; all right must yield to might. There is no moral element in the laws—in making, administering, or obeying them; for atheism itself knows no obligation, no duty, no right, only force and desire. All government is a reign of terror.

In the atheistic state there must be another class. As the formal negation of atheism, and the affirmation of the opposite thereof, is one form of its practical professions, so the Priesthood of Atheism, an atheistic clergy, is philosophically as possible, and historically as real, as the monarchy, the aristocracy, or the democracy of atheism. The clergy will be the ally of the tyrant, the enemy of the oppressed, of the poor, the ignorant, the servant, the serf, the slave. In the name of the Soul which it rejects, of the Hereafter which it denies, of the God whom it derides, the Atheistic Church will declare, "There is no law above the pleasure of King Monarch, or King Many. Obey or be damned." So in the atheistic state the atheistic church will be supple to the master, and hate the slave; will cringe to power, and abhor all which appeals to the Eternal Right; will love empire, and hate piety. Now it will praise royalty, now nobility, now riches, now numbers, claiming always that the actual power holds by divine right; quoting Scripture to show it. This is the most odious form of practical political atheism,—the negation of itself, the affirmation of its opposite; crushing man while it whines out its litany—"Save us, good Lord, miserable offenders."

Hobbes of Malmesbury was right when he said "Atheism is the best ally of despotism," for it denies the reality of Justice; takes Conscience out of human consciousness, the soul out of the body, Hereafter away from here, and dismisses God from the universe—selfishness the only motive, force the last appeal. That politician was a crafty man who said of religion—"in politics it makes

men mad," for it bids them speak true, do right, feel kind, and be holy against the consent of governments when they stand in its way. Alexander at a feast slew Clitus, both drunk with Bacchic wine. One of the flatterers, not drunk but sober, said, "It is all right; there is no law above the king!" That was practical political atheism—the sober flatterer exalting a drunken murderer above the eternal God; the exceptional measure of a king, raging with wine and anger, was made a universal principle for all time.

Here in this nation there is much partial practical atheism in the political form. Look at the corruption, the bribery of eminent men, sometimes detected, acknowledged, and vindicated: at the conduct of political parties, no one seeking to govern the nation for the joint good of all the citizens, only for the peculiar good of the party in power; at the tyranny of the majority, striking down the obvious right of the lesser number; at three million men made slaves by the people of America:—what is it all but partial practical atheism! I am glad political men boldly declare the speculative principle which lies at the basis of their practical measures and tell the people, "There is no Natural Law above the statutes which men enact;" no God above King Monarch, or King Many. I am glad they "define their position," all atheistic as it is. Look at the political and clerical defences of the most enormous public wickedness, and you see how deep this practical atheism has gone down into the people, how widely it has spread. But the hope which I have for this nation is built on the Character of God, and on the consciousness of God in the people's heart.

V. You may see how practical atheism must work in the form of General Human Life, the Life of the Human Race taken as a whole. Mankind is a Family of Nations, amenable to the constitution of the universe, and normally to be ruled by the laws of human nature, by Justice,—by the moral obligation to speak true, to do right, feel kind, and be holy. As the members in the body form a harmonious person; as the individuals in a house form a harmonious family; as the families in society form a harmonious community; as the communi-

ties in a nation form a harmonious state; so the nations in the earth are to form a harmonious World, with human unity of action for all, with national variety of action for each state, social variety of action for each community, domestic for each family, and individual for each person. Justice is to be the rule of conduct for individual, domestic, social, national, and general human conduct. Thus the ideal of human life in these five forms will be attained and made actual.

But practical atheism makes selfishness, material selfishness, the motive, and material desire the rule of conduct for the nations which make up the world, as for communities which compose the state, or for persons who join in families. So the World of atheism, like its state, society, family, and man, must be only an anarchy of conflicting elements, the strong plundering, enslaving, or killing the weak. The proximate and ultimate appeal will be to force, now force of body, then force of brain.

Here I will not repeat what I have said before in another form; but practical atheism will do on the large scale for the world what it did on the small in the state, community, and home. Each nation will be deemed its own exclusive cause, its own sustainer, director, mind, and providence. "There is no law of God above the nation's will," says the Atheist; "no God above the peoples of the earth. Let us bite and devour one another."

There is much practical atheism of this form in the world. See how Russia oppresses the feebler nations of the East and West. See how this great Anglo-Saxon tribe, with its American and its British head, invades the other feeble nations—the yellow men in Asia and the islands of the sea, the red men in America, and the black men in Africa. It is only practical atheism which in England justifies her treatment of Ireland, of India, China, Africa, and yet other regions of the world: in America it is only by practical atheism that we can vindicate our treatment of the Mexican and the Spaniard; still more of the red man and the black. Atheism bids the powerful exploiter the weak—now with the sword alone—the heathen way of Rome; now with commerce and the sword—the Christian way of the Anglo-Saxon.

I would gladly say much more that burns in my bosom to be spoken, respecting atheism in its Political and General Human Form, atheism making laws, atheism crushing down the people. I would gladly show how this manifests itself in wicked wars. I could never look on an army invading another country to do it wrong, without asking, "Are the men who send the army abroad atheists before men, as well as before God?" I would gladly speak of this in its Universal Form,—arraying nation against nation, making the strong tread down the weak. But yonder silent finger warns me that I must not trespass too long.

Speculative atheism is a thing human nature revolts at. So of speculative atheists, who have a full consciousness of complete atheism, there are at most but few; I think not one. Practical atheism would be just as impossible, if one could be thoroughly conscious thereof. But without knowing it, there are men who thus act, and move, and live, and have their being, as if there were no God; as if man had no soul; as if there was no special obligation to speak true, to do right, to feel kind, and to be holy. But there are many depraved things done which indicate no depravity in the man—excesses of instinct not yet understood, errors of passion untamed as yet, nay of ambition, not knowing itself. But there are depraved things which come out of conscious and systematic wickedness,—the deliberate frauds of theology and trade, and the confessed wrong in domestic, social, national, and general human life. These are the fruits of practical atheism, though the man knows not what tree it is which bears them.

We see atheism in two forms: One speculative, denying that there is any God. I shudder at that. I see men of large culture attempting to found schools of speculative atheism in this land. My bosom burns with pity and love for those men. Others may throw stones at them; I shall throw none. Abuse enough from every hireling clergyman they will have, and every unreasonable sect; they shall have no abuse from my lips; for I see how the creed and the conduct of the churches of our land, and of the Christian world, have helped drive these men to their speculative atheism. Yet I am bound to warn every man

against this ; against its beginning, for at first there is something rather attractive in the freedom of thought which it allows. Let us have all that freedom of thought and exercise every faculty of the intellect, and never fear. Little thought stops at Atheism ; much thought does not turn out of the way in that direction ; or if it do, it comes round home, and so returns to God.

But I see practical atheism far more abundant, and far more dangerous ; by deeds, men denying there is any God, any soul, any everlasting life, any obligation to speak true, to do right, to feel kind, and to be holy. This is a sad sight.

Speculative Atheism sits down, as I said last Sunday, on the shore of Time, and the stream of Human History runs by, bearing the various civilizations,—Egyptian, East Indian, Chaldean, Grecian, Roman ; each seems a bubble, though it contains the birth and life, the groans unheard, the virtue unrewarded, the prayers unanswered, of millions of millions of men. Yet the remorseless stream, which comes from no whence, and goes to no whither, swallows all these down—love unrequited, heroism not paid, virtue unrewarded.

Practical Atheism does not sit down in this way ; it goes out into the storm and tumult of active life, and there it stands, this Cerberus of selfishness, with its three heads ;—Lust, which hungers and barks after pleasure ; Ambition, that thirsts for fame and power ; and Avarice, which is greedier than all the rest. And this monster of three heads stands there, making havoc of the individual, the family, the community, the church, the nation, and the world.

But, thanks be to Almighty God ! not only is the religious element so strong in us, but the moral and affectional are so powerful, the intellectual so mighty, that human nature must stop a great ways this side of complete Atheism. A body without a soul, a here but no hereafter, a history without a plan, an earth without a heaven, a universe but no God—no man can have a realizing sense of it and live. Only let us be warned in season, and freely develope the moral, affectional, and religious faculties, and have their blest reward.

III.

OF THE POPULAR THEOLOGY OF CHRISTENDOM, REGARDED AS A THEORY OF THE UNIVERSE.

TEACHING FOR DOCTRINES THE COMMANDMENTS OF MEN.—
MATTHEW XV. 9.

ON the last two Sundays I spoke of Atheism. First of Atheism as Philosophy,—a theory of the universe; and next of Atheism as Ethics—a principle of practical life. To-day I ask your attention to a sermon of the Popular Theology of Christendom, regarded as Philosophy, a theory of the universe; and next Sunday I hope to speak of it as Ethics, a principle of practice.

From the beginning of human history there has been a progressive development of all the higher faculties of man; of the religious powers, which connect man with God, as well as of the other faculties, which connect man with the material universe and men with one another. There has been a progress in Piety, in Morality, and in the Theories of these two. Of course, then, there has been a progress in the visible results of this development of the religious faculties. The progress appears in the rise, decline, and disappearance of various forms of religion. Each of these has been necessary to the welfare of the human race; for at one time it represented the highest religious development of the persons who embraced that form of religion. Sometimes it was a sect; sometimes a nation; sometimes a great assemblage of nations: but in each case the form of religion which the people accepted represented the highest development of the religious faculties of those people at that time. As the science of a nation represents its intellectual development, so the form of religion shows how far men have got on in their piety and morality. But as each form of religion, when it is once established, is a thing which is fixed and does

not change, and as the religious faculties are not fixed, but go on with increasing power from age to age, so it happens that men must necessarily outgrow any specific and imperfect form of religion whatever, just as they outgrow each specific and imperfect form of science. Human nature continually transcends the facts of human history, so new schemes of science, new forms of religion, continually crowd off the old.

This work of making a form of religion, and then outgrowing it and making a new one, is continually going on. On a small scale it takes place in you and me, who are constantly transcending to-day the form of religion which satisfied us yesterday ; it takes place on a large scale in the human race as a whole. Sometimes a man distinctly and suddenly breaks with his form of religion, or no religion, and takes a new one. Sometimes a nation does so. This is called a Conversion of the individual, a Reformation of the nation ; in either case it is a Revolution in religion. But in general there is nothing sudden or abrupt about this ; the whole change takes place silently and slowly, with no crisis of revolution ; but insensibly, little by little, the boy's religion passes away and the man's religion takes its place. A nation improves in its religion as in its agriculture, its manufactures, its commerce, and its modes of travelling ; and the improvement is not by a leap, which Nature abhors, but by a gradual sliding upwards, almost insensible. It has been so with the human race.

Two thousand years ago our fathers in the heart of Europe were Pagans. Ten or twelve hundred years ago they put off their Paganism and accepted Papal Christianity. Three hundred years ago they put off Papal Christianity and accepted Protestant Christianity. Each of these obvious changes, from Paganism to Papacy, from Papacy to Protestantism, was sudden and violent, a crisis of revolution. But before that crisis came about, a yet greater change had taken place, silently and slowly, the Pagans getting ready for Papalism, and the Catholic getting ready for Protestantism. That was unobserved. First they grew up to Paganism, then to Papal Christianity, and then to Protestant Christianity. Shall mankind stop at Paganism ? at Papal Christianity ? at Protestant

Christianity? You and I may perversely stop, we may stand still,—at least try to do so; but mankind never stops. The soul of the human race constantly unfolds; it does not pause. Like the stars in their courses, without haste and without rest, it goes ever on. There is a continual and silent change taking place at this day, and it must for ever take place. It is not possible for the human race to stand still in its religious development: no more than for the matter of the Earth to cease to attract the Moon and be itself attracted thereby.

The leading nations of the Caucasian race have thus far outgrown, first, the savages' rude Fetichistic worship; then classic Heathenism; then patriarchal Deism; then the Mosaic worship of Jehovah; and now the most enlightened portion thereof have come to what is called "Christianity." That is the form of religion which they have reached to-day. Shall we stop with the present form of religion called "Christianity?" Mankind never surrenders to time. There is a progress in what is called Christianity, a continual change of the thing, though the name abides the same. Protestantism is clearly, on the whole, a step in advance of Catholicism—and Protestantism has advanced very much since the death of Martin Luther. A change is going on at this day within Catholicism and Protestantism.

What is called Christianity embraces three things, namely: first Sentiments, next Ideas, and third Actions. It is chiefly of the Ideas that I shall speak to-day. These Ideas united together I shall call the Popular Theology.

This Popular Theology is not wholly nor in chief the work of Jesus of Nazareth, or of his immediate followers; for, though called by his name, it is no more his production than modern philosophy is the production of Socrates, or modern medicine the production of Galen. What is called Christianity in this sense,—the Popular Theology I mean,—is the result of the religious and philosophical development of mankind up to this day. The development of mankind—in matters pertaining to the sentiment of religion, the idea of religion, the practice of religion—has gone on a great deal more rapidly since the time of Jesus than before or at his time. The change which is now taking place in the religious world—the

change in the sentiments of religion, the ideas of religion, and the actions of religion—is greater by far than the change from Judaism or Heathenism to the Christianity of Paul and Tertullian. I mean to say distinctly that between the Ideas of the foremost religious men of this age and the popular theology of the churches, there is a greater chasm, a wider and deeper gulf, than there was between the ideas of Saint Paul or Tertullian and those of the Jews and Pagans who were around them.

If Jesus of Nazareth were to come back and preach his ideas of theology as he set them forth in Judea, they would not be accepted as Christianity. I think no one of the apostles even would be thought Christian in any church in the world. For, first, there has been a real progress of mankind since their day; and the average preachers have dropped some errors of the apostles, and have got some new truths pertaining to the sentiment, the idea, and the action of religion; and thus there has been a real progress in religious growth.

But then again there has been a change without any progress, as well as a change with progress; and the caprice of individuals of to-day has taken the place of the caprice of the individuals who lived ten, twelve, or eighteen hundred years ago—one error taking the place of another. A change of caprice does not always indicate a progress; but the acceptance of new truths—of sentiment, of idea, and of action,—does represent a real progress.

This progress has been influenced very much by the genius of certain great men, some of them remarkable for feelings of piety, some for ideas of philosophy, some for actions of philanthropy. Jesus of Nazareth has had an immense influence in giving mankind a start in the direction which has been taken since his time. When he declared that love of God and love of Man was the sum of human duty to God and to man, then he made a statement which can never be gainsaid, nor transcended, for in that he came upon the eternal substance of religion. That idea can no more fade out of the religious consciousness of mankind than the multiplication table be dispensed with in Mathematics, the Alphabet in Literature, or the continent of America fail and be left out of the Geographies which describe the Earth.

Jesus of Nazareth appears to have summed up religion in these two things, namely,—in Piety, the love of God; and Morality, the keeping of the laws of God, and especially in keeping the law which commands us to love our brother as ourselves. But that is at the present day thought to be a very small part of Christianity; and it is thought in all the great sects, Catholic or Protestant, to be the least important part thereof.

I do not mean to say that I think Jesus had a complete and analytic comprehension of all which is included in his own words, nor that he did not demand other things inconsistent therewith, only that he made Love to God and Man the chief thing in his religious teaching. I make a distinction between his theology and his religion. His theology seems to have had many Jewish notions in it, wholly untenable in our day, though commonly accepted by wise men in his. It was in his religion that he surpassed his age.

If any one of the Gospels, or if all of them, represent his thoughts correctly, then his theology contained a considerable mixture of error, which indeed is obvious to any man who will read those records without prejudice. With those works in our hands it would be absurd to

comprehensible to the man who stands where the genius once stood. I know it is thought very wicked to say this in its application to the historical development of religion, as it would be thought very foolish to deny it in its application to the historical development of agriculture, manufacture, or commerce, to any science, to any art. Every great genius for religion will add new facts to the world's experience of religion, just as much since the death of Jesus as before his time. The road is easier after a saint has trod it, and no saint travels the whole length thereof.

Look at the Ideas of Christendom, the doctrines. There is one great scheme of doctrines called "Christian Theology." It contains some things held in common with every other system of theology that has ever been; they are the generic element of the popular theology. Then it contains likewise other things peculiar to itself, which do not belong to any other form of religion; these are the specific element of the popular theology. The first denote the agreement thereof with other schemes of theology, and the next its difference therefrom.

This great scheme of theology is common to all Christendom as a whole, with few individual exceptions. The Christians in general agree in a belief of this common theology, and are thereby distinguished from men of all other modes of religion. The Protestant has departed from the Catholic theology a little, separating therefrom on the question of the authority and functions of the Church—the Protestant affirming the power of the individual as against the power of the great body of Christians. The Unitarian has separated from other Protestants in his doctrine as to the arithmetic of the Godhead, reducing the Deity to one denomination, instead of three which the Trinitarians affirm. The Universalist differs from the rest in his doctrine of the final destination of man. But still the great "body of divinity,"—the mass of doctrines called "Christian theology," and "Christianity,"—has escaped untouched, at least unhurt by Protestants,—Unitarians or Universalists. So Protestants and Catholics, Unitarians and Trinitarians, Universalists and Partialists, agree in the main parts of their theology: they all substantially unite in their idea of God,

their idea of Man, and their idea of the Relation between God and Man. The root is the same, the trunk the same—the fruit the same in kind, only the branches are unlike in their form, and direction.

Some of these doctrines, called Christian, were old at the time of Jesus; some were new at that time—some of these latter were, doubtless, added by Jesus himself; others by his followers;—a great many have been added since that age, taken either from the transient caprice of men, or from the permanent truths which man has arrived at.

Take an example of the doctrines since formed out of the transient caprice of men, and then regarded as Christian.

First it was declared that the “immaculate conception,” the supernatural birth of Jesus, should be a doctrine of the Church. This has become fixed in the Church, and there has been no sect for sixteen hundred years at least, venturing to deny it. All sects, even including the Unitarian and Universalist, affirm the supernatural birth of Jesus—that he had no human father; or are supposed to affirm it, stoutly enough denouncing

This process of doctrinization by caprice may go on; there is no reason it should stop here. By and by it may be said that the Grandmother, the Great-grandmother, and the Great-great-grandmother were all born supernaturally; and then in addition to Anna, the fictitious mother of Mary, there may be a Joanna, a Rosanna, a Roxanna, and a Susanna, and each of these declared to have a supernatural birth. It may become a doctrine of some future Church that a man must believe in all the seven "immaculate conceptions," or else "perish everlasting." Why should Catholics stop with three while the Hindoos have so many? There is no historical evidence that Jesus of Nazareth ever believed himself supernaturally born or his mother supernaturally born; and Anna, the mother of Mary, is a person as purely fictitious as Joanna, and Rosanna, and Roxanna, and Susanna, whom I have just invented. That is one example of the process of forming a doctrine out of caprice and fixing it in the Church; the popular theology contains many more. The Mohammedan theology equally abounds in doctrines derived from caprice. Nay, all the mythologies of the world are full of such fancies; for human nature is the same in Gentile, Jew, and Christian.

Some doctrines of Christian theology are Biblical, and were taught by Jesus; some Biblical, and were not taught by him. After the death of Jesus there was a great development of theological doctrines quite foreign to him, as any one may see who will read the book of Revelation,—which has very little religious feeling in it,—or the fourth Gospel, full of religious feeling, each containing a theology widely unlike that which is taught in the words of Jesus in the former three Gospels; nay, directly antagonistic thereto. But the greater part of what is called Christian theology is post-Biblical, and would be as strange to Paul and Apollos, as much of their teaching would be foreign to the ear of Jesus. Some of its doctrines at his time lay latent in the mind of the world, and have since become patent, so to say; others have been added anew.

In the popular theology there are comprised some of the greatest truths of religion which man has attained thus far. There is, for example, the doctrine of the Existence of

God, as Creator and Governor of the world, a Being different in kind from matter, and from man.

Next, there is the great doctrine of the Immortality of every man, and the certainty of retribution.

As a third thing, there is the doctrine of the moral Obligation of every man to obey the Law of God.

As a fourth thing, there is the doctrine concerning the Connection between Man and God, whereby man receives from God inspiration, guidance, and blessing.

And as a fifth thing, it is affirmed that there is this Connection between man and man,—a duty on the part of one to love another, of all to love each, and of each to love all.

These are great doctrines, of immense value to mankind.

I am by no means disposed to underrate science, the grand achievements of human thought, which have brought the stars down to the astronomer's mirror, and have brought up to common knowledge the little things which millions of years ago were laid away and embalmed in the unchanging rock. Man has formulated the sky and knows the whereabouts of the stars; has formulated the earth and knows the habits of the little insects which run

philosophy, in theology, in philanthropy. The Heathens before Christ meant to be right, and as a whole did the best they could ; and so the Christians after Christ have meant to be right, and have done the best they could as a whole. Aristotle and Augustine seem to me equally honest, and equally mistaken in many matters. Individuals have purposely gone wrong, but ninety-nine out of a hundred of the men who have taught theology before Jesus or after him, it seems to me, meant to learn the truth and teach the truth. Let us thank all of these for the good they did, and let us do better if we can ; hoping that somebody, by and by, will come and do better than we, and will efface our errors, seeing truths clearly which we have but dimly seen, and the truths dimly which we have not seen at all.

I say there are great errors in the popular theology of the Christian churches, regarded as a Theory of the Universe; great errors in the Idea of God; in the Idea of Man, and next in the Idea of the Relation between the two.

I. Look at the Idea of God. In the popular theology God is represented as a finite and imperfect God. It is not said so in words ; the contrary is often said ; nevertheless it is so. He is actually represented as imperfect in power, imperfect in wisdom, imperfect in justice, in love, and in holiness. It is so represented in facts, or alleged facts, related in the Bible, in the Old and New Testament both. It is so in the Catholic Church and the Protestant Church ; with the Unitarian and the Trinitarian, with the Partialist and the Universalist.

In terms, religious writers very rarely speak of God as malignant, but they continually represent Him so in act. I say they rarely speak of God as malignant ; now and then a writer does. Some "divines" have distinctly declared that God was malignant ; and not long ago, in a sister city of New-England, a clergyman preached a sermon to his people with this title : "On the Malevolence of God;" If you study the popular theology as a whole, you will find that it regards God as eminently malignant, though it does not say so in plain words. The Tyrian idolaters, I think, called Baal merciful and beneficent, even when they thought he demanded the sacrifice of their children.

According to the popular theology there are three acknowledged persons in the Godhead.

First, there is "God the Father," the Creator of the universe, and all that is therein ; the great Being of the world, made to appear remarkable for three things,—first for great power to will and do ; second for great selfishness ; and third for great destructiveness. In the popular theology God the Father is the grimdest object in the universe; not loving and not lovely. In the New Testament, in the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, there are some dreadful qualities ascribed to God, which belonged to the Hebrew conception of Jehovah : but a great many exceeding kind and beautiful qualities are also assigned to Him ;—witness the Parable of the Prodigal Son ; witness many things put into the mouth of Jesus. The book of Revelation attributes to the Deity dark and malignant conduct which it is dreadful to think of. But the popular theology in the dreadful qualities assigned to God has gone a great ways beyond the first three Gospels, and the book of Revelation. It has taken the dark things and made them blacker with notions derived from other sources.

Then there is "God the Son," who is the Father in the flesh, but with more humanity in him, and with very much less selfishness and destructiveness than is attributed to the Father. Still in the popular theology the love which the Son bears towards man is always limited ; first limited to Believers, and next to the Elect. It is no doctrine of the popular theology that Christ actually loves transgressors, and as little that God loves them.

Then, thirdly, there is "God the Holy Ghost," the least important person in the Trinity, who continually "spreads undivided and operates unspent," but does not spread far or operate much, and is easily grieved away. The Holy Ghost is not represented as loving wicked men, that is, men who lack conventional faith, or who are deficient in conventional righteousness. No one of these three persons of the Godhead has any love for the souls of the damned.

All this is acknowledged and writ down in the creeds of Catholic and Protestant, and in this they do not differ. A few heretical Unitarians have differed from the main

church on the arithmetic of deity, not on the ethics or psychology thereof.

It is commonly said there are only three persons in the Deity. But there is really a fourth person in the popular idea of God, in the Christian theology, to wit, the Devil; for the Devil is really the fourth person of the popular Godhead in the Christian churches, only he is not so named and confessed. The belief in the devil is almost universal in Christendom. It is a New Testament doctrine, and an Old Testament doctrine. Catholic and Protestant, Trinitarian and Unitarian, Partialist and Universalist, agree in this. No Christian sect has ever denied his existence; they cannot whilst they believe in the "Infallibility of the Scriptures." Says a writer of undoubted soundness, who represents the popular theology of the English and American sects, "The devil is the implacable enemy of the human race, and especially of believers, whom he desires to devour." He is represented as absolutely evil, without any good in him. When Origen, sixteen hundred years ago, declared that the devil would be saved in the final redemption, if there were a spark of goodness in him, he was declared a heretic by the churches, and all Christendom rung with accusations against him, because he thought the devil might be saved. It was a heresy in Robert Burns when he said he was loth to think of the pit of darkness even for the devil's sake, and wished he might "take a thought and mend."

Well, now, this absolutely evil Devil, if there were such a being, must have come from God, who is the only Creator; and of course, therefore, is as much a part of God's work and design as the Eternal Son after he was "eternally begotten," or the Eternal Holy Ghost after he had "eternally proceeded;" and the existence of the devil, therefore, is as much a work of God as the existence of the Son or the Holy Ghost; and all the evil of the devil must have originated with God. God, therefore, must have made the devil absolutely evil, because He wanted to make the devil absolutely evil. If the devil were made partially good, with a nature which, under the circumstances he was placed in, would develope into absolute evil—all of that must be so, because God the Father wished it to be so. The devil must be "the implacable

enemy of the human race," with this extraordinary appetite for "believers," because God wished him to be so. God therefore is responsible for the devil; and the character of absolute evil, which is in the devil, must have been in God first.

The power assigned to the devil and the influence over men commonly attributed to him, is much greater, since the creation, than that of all the three other Persons put together. And so the devil is really therefore the most effective person of the popular Godhead, only not so confessed. There is no mistake in this reasoning, strange as it may seem. It takes all these four Persons to make up and represent the popular theological notion of God.

Then God as a whole is represented as angry with mankind as a whole. There is, on the one side, an offended God, and on the other an offending human race. God the Father is angry with mankind; God the Son and God the Holy Ghost are both angry with mankind; and the devil, "the implacable enemy of the human race," as a roaring lion walks about seeking whom he may devour, "especially believers."

But there are a few whom the devil will not be able to devour, who will be saved, whom the Holy Ghost will

original perhaps with the Hebrews—which makes Him independent of matter and transcendent over it. Much better does it cohere with the notion of the classic deists, with whom God and Matter were both eternal and irreconcilable forces, always a little at feud. However, the absurd theory has crept in to the Christian theology, where it appears yet more absurd than in the schemes of Socrates and Aristippus.

The authors of the popular theology had no conception of a uniformity of force, no conception of a universal law, whereby God works in the world of matter and of spirit—in short, no conception of the Infinite God. So theologians make two forms of operations in the universe. One is the “work of Nature,” by means of law—a constant mode of the operation of a constant force; the other is the “work of Grace,” by means of miracles—inconstant modes of the operation of an inconstant force. Wheat grows out of the ground by the law of Nature, and is not thought, in theology, eminently to show the goodness of God; but when Jesus made, as it is said, five loaves feed five thousand men, besides women and children, and leave twelve baskets of broken bread, that is thought a miracle, a revelation of the immense power of God, which shows much more of His goodness than all the wheat that grows from the bosom of the earth, century out and century in, furnishing food for the whole human race! Newton writes the *Principia* of the Universe; he writes by the “light of Nature” and describes only the “work of Nature,” and his masterpiece is considered, theologically, a small thing. St Jude writes an epistle of twenty-five verses, and it is claimed that he wrote by the “light of miraculous inspiration;” his book is a “work of Grace;” a miracle; and that poor production of Jude is thought to be incomparably greater than the *Principia* of Newton, with the *Mécanique Celeste* of La Place thrown in. “Newton and La Place,” says this theology, “write by the carnal reason, and their works are fallible; while Jude wrote by miraculous inspiration, and his writings are infallible.”

The doctrine concerning Man is no better. Man is represented after this wise; He was so made by God and furnished with such surroundings that as soon as he tried

command there. Does his reason stand in the way?—"down with reason!" does his conscience, his affection, or his soul stand in the way?"—"down with them all!" cries the popular theology, "down with human nature!" The universe is not thought to be the word of God at all, that is "Nature;" and here again the old heathen notion of a discord betwixt God and the world comes up anew. The laws written in this marvellous body; the laws of the understanding, the conscience, the affections, the soul,—they are not thought to be the word of God; they are not imperative, ultimately binding on men. We are to obey only an arbitrary and capricious command.

But man has not kept this command. Men could not keep it; God knew they could not and would not keep it when He made them. Of course He wished to make such a law and such men as are thus unfit for one another—Nature unlawful, and law unnatural. And when men do not keep the law that He told them to keep, and which He had made it impossible for them to keep, straightway He is angry with them, and hates them, and will destroy them in wrath. So He makes the earth bring forth thorns and thistles for the first offenders, and provides eternal torments for the erring sons of men.

This theology declares, Every sin is an infinite evil, because it is a violation of the absolute command of God. In a moment of time you can commit an infinite sin, and if you have once transgressed any commandment of God, even in the smallest particular, you are guilty of violating the whole law of God, and are under the infinite wrath of God; and all you can do, all you can suffer, will not reconcile God to you: He hates you with all His power, all His selfishness, all His destructiveness. But if you do not commit any of these sins, at least you are born of the first sinner, and accordingly were as much hurt by the "fall" as he. But, the theology continues, an atonement has been made, a sacrifice for the sin of the world. God the Father eternally begot God the Son, and sent him into the world, going voluntarily, and had him crucified as a sacrifice for the sin of the world. Thus God the Father is appeased by the sacrifice of God the Son,

who has made atonement for men and taken all the sins of men upon himself, and so pacified the infinite wrath of God the Father.

But he did this only for such as would comply with certain doctrinal and liturgical conditions : that is, they must believe certain doctrines which are repugnant to the whole nature of a good and cultivated man ; repugnant to his reason, his conscience, his affections, and his soul. Then they must do certain sacramental deeds, which have no connection with practical life ; nothing to do with natural piety and natural morality. The belief of these doctrines and the doing of these deeds is called "Christianity," or "religion." It is represented as wholly unnatural and all the more valuable for that reason, for the natural heart is at enmity with God. Thus some men are to be "saved," such as comply enjoy eternal happiness, the rest "perish everlasting."

The theoretic and principal design of this theology is not to make better men,—better fathers, husbands, brothers, sons ; better mechanics, merchants, farmers,—only to get them "saved ;" that is, to insure them a good time in the next world. Morality and its consequent welfare on earth is only incidental to the end of religion. So religion is positively selfish—not for its own sake, but for salvation's sake.

But very few come to that salvation ; it is only a few that are saved,—look at the list of mankind,—only the Christians and a few of the eminent Hebrews before Christ, no Hebrew since ; and of the Christians, none but the Elect in the Protestant Church, and in the Catholic Church only such as die in its communion. Well, to speak approximately, in round numbers, at this day there are a thousand million men on the earth. Two hundred and fifty millions are "nominal Christians." To take the Protestant view,—of these nominal Christians perhaps one in forty is what might be called a real Christian ; that is, an ecclesiastical Christian, or actual member of a church with the doctrinal and liturgical qualifications just referred to. That gives us six and a quarter millions of real ecclesiastical Christians. According to the theology of the prevailing Protestant sects, none can be saved unless he is of that company. But this number must be

winnowed down still further ; for only the Elect are to be saved. What is the ratio of the elect Christians to the non-elect ? I do not find it put down in the theological arithmetic, and have no means of ascertaining. But all the rest are to be damned to everlasting woe ; that is, all men now living who are not Christians, namely, seven hundred and fifty millions ; and of the nominal Christians ninety-seven and a half per cent., or two hundred and forty-three millions and a quarter more ; and of the real Christians I know not how many ; and of men long ago deceased, all the non-elect of the real Christians, all the merely nominal Christians, and all who were not nominal Christians ;—so that not more than one out of a hundred thousand men could ever taste of Heaven.

The Catholic doctrine on this point condemns all who are out of the Catholic Church. The distinction sometimes made by tender-hearted and pious Catholics, between the Body of the Church which is visible, and the Soul of the Church which is invisible, is only an individual departure from the doctrinal tradition of the Church itself.

The first Gospel represents the way to Heaven as nar-

who has mercy on whom He will have mercy, and rejects whom He will, and takes His elect to heaven by a short path through "grace," not over the long, flat, dull road of "works." It is supposed that man has no right towards God, and that God's mode of operation is infinite caprice. Laws of Nature are no finality with their Maker!

The Holy Ghost is represented as going about seeking to inspire men with the will to be saved. He does not come into assemblies of men of science, who are seeking to learn the laws of God. It would be deemed impious to speak of the Holy Ghost as attending the meetings of the French Institute, or the Academy of Arts and Sciences in Boston. He does not come into assemblies of men trying to make the world better off, and men better. It would be deemed blasphemy to speak of the Holy Ghost as attending a meeting for the prevention of pauperism or crime; a peace-meeting, a temperance-meeting, a meeting against capital punishment, an anti-slavery convention, or a Woman's Rights meeting. If somebody should say of the Convention that met at Syracuse, day before yesterday, to commemorate the rescue of a fugitive slave out of the hands of the kidnappers, that "the Holy Ghost descended upon it," what would the clergyman say? Why, that would be thought a greater atrocity than even I have ever yet committed. The Holy Ghost is not represented as inspiring philosophers like Leibnitz, Newton, and Kant, or philanthropists like the reformers of old or modern times. He attends camp-meetings, is present at "Revivals," frequents tract societies, and the like. You never saw a picture of the Holy Ghost coming down upon a chemist inventing ether, on Columbus thinking America into life, or on Faustus making a printing-press—it is the Devil that is said to have inspired him, and by no means the Holy Ghost. Oh no, the Holy Ghost is not represented as descending on Franklin, flying a kite into a thunder-cloud and taking out the lightning with a string, founding academies, and hospitals, and libraries; but he comes down upon monks, and nuns, and ascetics, praying with their lips; not on common laborious men and women praying with their hands. It would be thought impious

to paint the "gentle spirit" coming down on a New-England school-house, where an intelligent young woman was teaching children the way they should go; or to paint the "Heavenly Dove" fluttering over the head of John Pounds, the British shoemaker, sitting in his narrow shop amid paste-horns and swine's bristles and bits of leather,

"His lapstone over his knee,
Drawing his quarters and sole together,"

whilst teaching the little boys and girls to read and write after he had picked them out of the streets. The Holy Ghost of theology has nothing to do with such things at all; nothing to do with schemes for making the world better, or men better.

Then it is represented that God once inspired men, Hebrews and Christians. Now He inspires no man as of old; He only sends you to a book and the meeting-house. It is thought God inspires nobody now. He has spoken His last word, and made His last will and testament. There can be no progress in Christianity, none out of it. We have got all the religious truth God will ever give us. The fount of inspiration is clean dried up, and God is so far off that the human soul may wander all its mortal life and never come near Him. All it gets must be at second-hand.

Such, my friends, is the popular theology as a Theory of the Universe. This is the theology which lies at the basis of all the prevailing sects. I have taken pains not to quote the language of particular sects or particular persons. Let no one be answerable for the common vice. The Universalists have departed widely from this theology in the doctrine of damnation; the Unitarians have departed less widely in the doctrine of the threefold personality of God. But with the mass of theologians God is still represented as finite and malignant; man the veriest wretch in creation, with a depraved nature; the relation between him and God is represented as a selfish rule on God's part, and a slavish fear on man's part;—one man is saved out of a hundred thousand, and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine are damned to eternal ruin. God exploiters the human race.

Man is a worm, and God is represented as a mighty heel to crush him down to hell, not to death, but to writhings without end.

This being so, see how the world looks from this theological point in view.

God is not represented as a friend, but the worst foe to men ; existence is a curse to all but one out of a hundred thousand ; immortality is a curse to ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every hundred thousand on earth ; religion a blessing to only ten in a million, to all the rest a torment on earth, and in hell, the bitterest part of the bitter fire which burns everlasting-ly the immortal flesh and quivering soul.

Is this popular theology a satisfactory Theory of the Universe ? Does it correspond to the facts of material Nature, under all men's eyes ; the facts of human history, the facts of daily observation ? Does this idea of God, of Man, and of their Relation—of God's providence and man's destination—does this agree with the natural sentiments of reverence and trust which spring unbidden in the living heart ; with the spontaneous intuitions of the True, the Beautiful, the Good, the Holy ; with the results of the highest reflective consciousness ? No, it is a theory which does not correspond with facts of material Nature and human history, facts of daily observation ; it does not agree with natural sentiments, spontaneous intuitions, or with voluntary reflection ! It is a theory without facts, without reason, a theory whose facts are Fancies, and its reason Caprice. It swings in the air at both ends. So it bids us ignore the facts of the outer universe and deny the powers of the inner world ; then where it has made a solitude it proclaims a peace, and calls it the Peace of God.

The other Sunday I spoke of Speculative Atheism as a Theory of the Universe. I hope I did no injustice to atheism, or the atheist. But which is the worst, to believe that there is no God who is Mind, Cause, and Providence of this universe, that all comes by a fortuitous concurrence of atoms, the world a chance-shot ; or to believe there is a God who is Almighty, yet omnipotently malignant, who consciously aims the forces of the universe at the wretched head of his own child ? Which is the worst, to believe

that I die wholly, absolutely, irrecoverably, and go down to be a brother to the worm of the dust, or to believe that, immortal, I go to curl and stretch and writhe in tortures for ever and ever? Which is the hardest, to believe that your only child, which fades out of your bosom before the rosebud is fully blown, is no more in all the earth, in all the sky, in all the universe, or that she goes to torment unspeakable, unmitigable, which can have no end when the universe of worlds shall have passed away, and left no wrinkle on the sky that has also grown old and passed out of being? Which, I ask, is the worst, to believe that there is no ear to hear Abel's blood crying against Cain, or to believe that there is an ear which hears it, One who will damn Cain and millions on millions of men, guilty of no sin but birth—the act of God;—will damn all these for ever and ever, and then will look down with the Eye which never slumbers nor sleeps, and see the innumerable millions of men, women, and babes, all lie there a mass quivering with torment, which He had inflicted of his own free will, and made them for the sake of inflicting it, while Himself feels not a twinge of pity, nor lets fall a single teardrop of love, but rolls all the un-

Human History sweeps by, fed by a thousand different streams, all mingling their murmurs into one great oceanic harmony of sounds, as it rolls on through Time, passing to Eternity. I go up before Theology and ask, "what is this?" "It is the stream of Human History." "Whence does it come?" "It flows from God." "Where is He?" "There is God! Clouds and thick darkness are about Him. He is a consuming fire, a jealous God, and the breath of His nostrils and the wrath of His heart are poured out against mankind. In His hand is a two-edged sword, and out from His mouth goes forth fire to wither and destroy." "Where does this stream end?" ask I. "Look!" is the answer; "there is the mouth and terminus of this great stream." On the right Theology points to Jesus, standing there with benignant face,—yet not all benignant, but cruel also; Theology paints the friend of publicans and sinners with malicious pencil, making to the right a little, thin, narrow outlet, which is to admit a mere scantling of the water into a shallow pool, where it shall gleam for ever. But on the other hand a whole Amazon pours down to perdition the drainage of a continent, into the bottomless pit, which Hell is moved to meet at its coming, and a mighty devil—the vulture of God's wrath, tormentor and tormented,—sailing on horrid vans, hovers above the whole. And there is the end! No,—not the end, there is the beginning of the eternal torments of the vast mass of the human family—acquaintance and friend, kith and kin, lover and maid, husband and wife, parent and child.

Which—Atheism or Theology—gives us the fairest picture? Atheism, even annihilation of the soul, would be a relief from such a Deity as that; from such an end.

I said the other day there were atheists in America seeking to spread their notions. But for one who denies a deity there are a hundred ministers who preach this other doctrine of a jealous and an angry God; the exploiter of the race, who will drive down the majority of men to perdition, and go on His way rejoicing! The few atheists will do harm with their theory of the universe; but not a hundredth part of the harm which must be done by this view of God, and Man, and the Relation between the two. Atheism is taught in the name of philosophy,

in the name of Man ; this theology is taught in the name of religion, in the name of God. I said I should throw no stones at atheists ; that I felt pity for them. I shall throw none at theologians, who teach that religion is a torment, immortality a curse, and God a devil. I pity them ; they did not mean to go astray. Mankind is honest. Most of the men who teach the dreadful doctrines of atheism, and of the popular theology, are alike honest. Lucretius and Augustine, d'Holbach and Calvin, I think, were all sincere men, and honest men—and perhaps equally went astray.

Do men really believe these doctrines which they teach ? The fool hath said in his heart, “There is no God !” and I can believe the fool thinks so when he says it. Yes, if the fool should say what the theologian has said,—“God is a devil, Man is a worm, hell is his everlasting home ; immortality the greatest curse to all but ten men in a million,” I should believe the fool thought it. But does any sober man really believe all this of God, and Man, and the Relation between them ? He may say so, but I see not how any man can really believe it, and have a realizing sense of this theology, and still live. Even the men who wrote this odious doctrine—the

the Infinite God, every day revealing a new page as Time turns over the leaf. Immortality stands waiting to give a recompense for every virtue not rewarded, for every tear not wiped away, for every sorrow unrecompensed, for every prayer, for each pure intention of the heart. And over the whole,—Old Testament and New Testament, Mortality and Immortality,—the Infinite Loving-Kindness of God the Father, comes brooding down as a bird over her nest ; ay, taking us to His own infinite arms and blessing us with Himself.

Look up at the stars, study the mathematics of the heavens writ in those gorgeous diagrams of fire, where all is law, order, harmony, beauty without end ; look down on the ant-hill in the fields some morning in early summer, and study the ethics of the emmets, all law, order, harmony, beauty without end ; look round on the cattle, on the birds, on the cold fishes in the stream, the reptiles, insects, and see the mathematics of their structure, and the ethics of their lives ; do you find any sign that the First Person of the Godhead is malignant and capricious, and the Fourth Person thereof is a devil ; that Hate preponderates in the world ? Look back over the whole course of human history ; you see war and violence it is true, but the higher powers of man gaining continually on the animal appetites at every step, the race getting fairer, wiser, juster, more affectionate, more faithful unto justice, love, and all their laws ; look in you, and study the instinctive emotions of your own nature, and in some high hour of self-excitement when you are most yourself, ask if there can be such a horrid God as the popular theology so blackly paints, making his human world from such a selfish motive, of such a base material, and for such a purpose,—to rot its fiery immortality in hell ?

Is this dreadful theology to continue ? The days of its foul doctrines are numbered. The natural instincts of man are against it ; the facts of history are against it ; every advance of science makes this theology appear the more ghastly and odious. It is in a process of dissolution, and must die. The popular theology,

“ Mouldering with the dull earth’s mouldering sod,
Inwrapt tenfold in slothful shame,

Lies there exiled from eternal God,
Lost to her place and name ;
And death and life she hateth equally,
And nothing sees for her despair,
But dreadful Time, dreadful Eternity.
No comfort anywhere ;
Remaining utterly confused with fears,
And ever worse with growing time,
And ever unrelieved by dismal tears,
And all alone in crime
Shut up as in a crumbling tomb, girt round
With blackness as a solid wall,
Far off she seems to hear the dully sound
Of human footsteps fall ;
As in strange lands a traveller walking slow,
In doubt and great perplexity,
A little before moon-rise hears the low
Moan of an unknown sea,
And knows not if it be thunder, or a sound
Of stones thrown down, or one deep cry
Of great wild beasts ; then thinketh, 'I have found
A new land, but I die ! ' "

IV.

OF THE POPULAR THEOLOGY OF CHRISTENDOM.

curse, immortality a torment, and God a devil, I take it, once represented the honest thought of honest men, or what they thought was their thought. John Calvin was an honest man; Augustine and St Thomas were honest men; Edwards and Hopkins and Emmons,—they were all honest men. The greatest may easily be mistaken, especially if they throw away their reason when they start. The Hebrew theology, the Greek and Roman theology, the Mahometan theology,—all these are the productions of honest men, who meant to be right and not wrong. So the errors of alchemy, in the Middle Ages, of astrology,—they also were the mistakes of honest men.

This theology—very much miscalled Christian—has been made a practical principle of Christendom for many hundred years. It is set up as Religion; for though religion and theology are as different from one another as breathing is different from the theory of breath, or as slumber is different from the philosophy of sleep, yet it is taught that this theology is religion, is Christianity, and that without this there can be no adequate piety and morality, no sufficient belief in God, and no happiness in the next life. This theology declares, “There is no stopping betwixt me and blank atheism.”

Since religion is represented as thus unnatural and unreasonable, there are many who “sign off” from conscious religion altogether: they reject it, and will have nothing to do with it. It seems to war with their reason, with their conscience, their affections, their soul: and so far as possible, they reject it. They mean to be true to their noblest faculties in doing so. The popular theology, with its idea of God and Man, and of their Relation, is the philosophy of unreason, of folly. How can you ask men of large reason, large conscience, large affections, large love for the good God, to believe any one of the numerous schemes of the Trinity, the Miracles of the New or Old Testament; to believe in the existence of a Devil whom God has made, seeking to devour mankind? How can you ask such men to believe in the existence of an angry God, jealous, capricious, selfish, and revengeful, who has made an immeasurable hell under His feet, wherein He designs to crowd down ninety-nine thousand nine hun-

dred and ninety-nine out of every hundred thousand of His children ? Will you ask Humboldt, the greatest of living philosophers, to believe that a wafer is "the body of God," as the Catholics say ? or M. Comte, to believe that the Bible is "the word of God," as the Protestants say ? Will you ask a man of great genius, of great culture, to lay his whole nature in the dust, and submit to some little man, with no genius, who only reads to him a catechism which was dreamed by some celibate monks in the dark ages of human history ? You cannot expect such men to assent to that : as well might you ask the whole solar system to revolve about the smallest satellite that belongs to the planet Saturn.

A methodist minister explained the success of his sect by saying, "We preach religion without philosophy." That is to say, religion without reason ; resting on the authority of the priest who preaches it. An eminent Unitarian minister says, "We also must preach religion without philosophy." That is, religion without reason, resting on the authority of the minister. What is the effect of it ? Men who have philosophy, who have reason, will shun your Unitarian and Methodist churches, and keep to their reason and philosophy ; and they will have as little of such "religion" as possible. Will you ask a philanthropic woman to believe that "God hates sinners," and will abandon His own children to the eternal torments of the devil, when the philanthropist would not leave the devil's children to their infernal father's care, but lay down her own life to save them ? Shall mortal men believe in a God meaner and less humane than they themselves ?

See the effect of this theology. The new literature of our time, the new science of our time, the new philanthropy of our time, have no relation to the popular theology, except that of hate and of warfare. There is a very sad negation and denial of religion in the popular literature. Religion is seldom appealed to in the Houses of Parliament, in Old England or New England. It does not appear as a conscious motive force in any of the great actions of the age, in the great philanthropies, the great philosophies and literatures, in the great commerce. In the most popular writers of England, France, Germany,

religion does not appear at all as an acknowledged motive. The ideal Brothers Cheeryble of Mr Dickens, the actual philanthropists of Europe and America, are God's men, but not the Church's Christians. All the real piety which appears in the works and words of Jesus of Nazareth, all the real philanthropy, is bottomed on something exceedingly different from the popular theology.

The immortality of the soul is represented as a curse ; and, accordingly, that immortality is denied by many philosophical and good men. From the damnation of theological immortality they flee away for relief to sheer annihilation ;—and it is a good exchange which they make ; for if the popular theology were true, then immortality would be the greatest curse which the Almighty God could inflict on mankind ; and the whole human race ought to go up 'in a mass before the Father, and say, "Annihilate us all at once, and make an end of your slow, everlasting, butchery of human souls ! "

There is but one denomination of hell, and in respect to this there is no difference between the Catholics and the Protestants—only one quite modern sect of the latter formally and utterly rejecting it. With that exception the modern Christian Church is unitary on the ghastly doctrine of eternal damnation, and it makes small odds whether I quote from Aquinas, Quenstedt, or Edwards. It is a favourite doctrine with the Catholic and Protestant clergy.

According to the popular theology the Elect are very well satisfied with hell as the portion for their neighbours. Listen to Jonathan Edwards, who is commonly reckoned one of the ablest intellectual men New-England ever bore in her bosom ; a self-denying and good man, a man who would have laid down his life for his brother, if his brother had needed the sacrifice. Hear what he says, following Calvin, Aquinas, and Augustine : "The destruction of the unfruitful" (and the unfruitful are those not elected to eternal bliss) "is of use to give the saints a greater sense of their own happiness and of God's grace to them." The damned "shall be tormented in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb. So they will be tormented in the presence also of the glorified saints. Hereby the saints will be made the more sensible how

great their salvation is. When they shall see how great the misery is from which God hath saved them, and how great a difference He hath made between their state and the state of others, who were by nature, and perhaps for a time by practice, no more sinful and ill-deserving than any, it will give them a greater sense of the wonderfulness of God's grace to them. Every time they look upon the damned it will excite in them a lively and admiring sense of the grace of God in making them so to differ." "The view of the misery of the damned will double the ardour of the love and gratitude of the saints in Heaven;" "will make them prize his favour and love vastly the more, and they will be so much the more happy in the enjoyment of it."

A good man on earth cannot eat his dinner, if a hungry dog looks in his face, without giving him a bone, surely the crumbs that fall from his table; but the elect of Mr Edwards, chosen out of God's Universe, are to whet their appetite with the groans of the damned. What shall we think of the Ethics which makes a Christian Minister anticipate new joy in heaven from looking down upon the torment of his former neighbours and friends, nay, of his own children,—and whetting his appetite for Heaven with the smoke of their torment steaming up from hell! But such is the doctrine of the popular theology of New-England and of Old England, and all Christendom. The idea is sufficiently scriptural, and has long been claimed as a "doctrine of revelation." Everybody who denies it from Adamantine Origen of Alexandria to Hosea Ballou in Boston, gets a bad name in the churches. The idea of eternal damnation is the Goliath of the Church. Now I say annihilation is a relief from that form of "everlasting life;" and that is the cause why many men deny the immortality of the soul.

Then God is represented as a tyrant; an omnipotence of selfishness, with a mode of action which is wholly inconsistent with the facts of Nature and the laws of the human mind. Of all the grim conceptions of Deity which men have ever formed, from Tyrian Melkarth to Scandinavian Loke, I know none more grim and abominable than the conception of God set forth by some of the ablest writers

of the Catholic and Protestant Church. It revolts the dearest instincts of human nature.

Accordingly some men deny the existence of God. They not only deny the actuality of the popular theological idea of God, but of all possible ideas of God. There is much excuse for the speculative atheist in his denial.

The popular theological idea of God is not adequate to the purposes of science. God is not represented as really omnipresent, a constant and perpetual power, but as present eminently in one spot called Heaven. A modern Doctor of Divinity declares in an address, well studied, and delivered before scholarly men, that we are not to suppose that God is in all places as He is in some one special place. Accordingly His action is to be regarded irregular and spasmodic. This doctrine, though seldom plainly put, though often denied in terms, lies deep in the popular theology—which knows no God immanent in the Universe and yet transcendent thereof. It is the Bible doctrine, Catholic and Protestant.

Science knows no limited and local God ; it tells us of a power immanent and uniform ;

“ As full as perfect in a hair as heart.”

So then Science rejects the theological idea of God as not being adequate for scientific purposes.

Then as Theology tells you of a God who loves one and rejects nine hundred and ninety-nine out of the thousand, modern Philanthropy rejects that idea of God, as inadequate to its purpose. Science rejects it because he is impotent; Philanthropy rejects it because he is malignant.

The popular idea of God does lack actuality. It is a conceivable nothing ; but impossible, and involving as much contradiction as the notion of a cubical sphere, or of a thing which is and is not at the same time. The atheist is right in denying the existence of an angry and jealous God, who makes ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine for ruin, and only one for bliss. The “ atheism ” of Comte and Feuerbach is higher and better than the theological idea of God, as represented by Jonathan Edwards, the great champion of New-England divinity. But Edwards only painted full length, and in colours, what

Augustine and Aquinas and other great theological artist had faintly sketched, with paler tints, shrinking back a little from the gorgon head they dimly drew.

Now as this theology gives us such an unjust and unnatural idea of God, of Man, and of the Relation between the two, there has followed, as an unavoidable consequence of this, a great denial of religion all over Christendom; a denial of the religious nature of man, of the immortality of the soul, and of the existence of God. The great priests are technical Christians everywhere; the great philosophers and the great philanthropists are not technical Christians anywhere. I mean to say the Church does not recognize them as belonging to its bosom;—and they do not belong to the Church's bosom. What is more—the sincerity of the great priests in their professions of theological belief, is popularly doubted just in proportion to the intellect and education of the priest; while nobody doubts that the denial of the philosopher is sincere and honest. Out of the priesthood the great minds reject the popular theology; many of them I fear reject all theology. Of all the greatest minds of the Germanic race, Humboldt, Von-Buch, Oken, Oersted, Vogt, not one of them is

and follow the dim candle of tradition leading them back to mediæval, or even ante-Christian darkness. Some positively deny the truths of religion which come to consciousness in every age,—mediæval or ante-Christian. The most hopeful it is who feel their way along by the natural instincts of the soul—feeling after God if haply they may find Him who lives and moves and has His being in them, as they theirs in Him. Near the other extreme of society there is a large body of hardy, able, thinking men who treat the popular theology with well-deserved scoff and scorn ; but yet they see no clear light.

On the Eastern Continent, in addition to those classes there is another,—the army of learned men, whose doubts are yet deeper than the English, and their denial less compromising and more public. Since the breaking up of Paganism in Europe, there has never been such a period of distrust, of anarchy, and of chaos in religion.

Is it any better in America ? Here the ablest men are so busy in the race for money or for rank, men are so uniformly “up for California,” or “up for office,” that there seems to be little thought in that quarter directed to theological or religious matters. Among these men compliance with popular opinion and popular forms, I suppose often means the same in America in our time, as in Rome in the days of Cicero.

Newton and Leibnitz two hundred years ago were the tallest heads in Europe ; they were the leaders also in the theology of Europe, and a strong consciousness of God pervades all the writings of those mighty men. But the minds that at this day take the place of the Newtons and Leibnitzes of the last age, are silent on the matter, or else mock it to scorn. I do not know a single great philosopher in all Christendom who is, in the technical sense of the churches, a “Christian,” or who would wish to be. Of course these men have the elements of religion,—love of justice, love of truth, love of men, and of faithfulness to their own souls ; but they do not often make it shape these elements into conscious religion, and seem to have little conscious trust in God.

This theology has led to a great amount of real rejection of religion by men who wish to be faithful to their nature in all its parts. It is of no use to say they are bad

men. They are not bad men : they lead the science and philanthropies of the world ; and I am afraid that the average speculative "atheist," as he calls himself, is at this day better than the average speculative "Christians," as they call themselves. The atheist has abandoned religion because it is painted in such a form that it seems worse than atheism. The Church taught him his denial, and it ought to baptize him, and not blaspheme him. I think Calvin and Edwards have driven more men from religion than all the speculative "atheists" have ever done from Pomponatius to Feuerbach.

Then there are bad men who reject religion, reject it in their badness. The popular theology is no terror to the wicked man. The corrupt politician of England, America, Germany, France, the extortioner, the kidnapper,—they pretend to accept this theology, they "join the Church," bring the minister over to their side, and do not fear a single fagot in the great hell of theology. They may laugh at the theological devil, they can beat him at his own weapons. The baron of the Middle Ages living for the flesh, and against the better instincts of his soul, kept clear of the Church till death knocked at his door, then all at once compounded for sin, appeased the glories, and

can only fear him as the great jailor and hangman and tormentor of the universe, the divine exploiter of the race. His world is represented as a great inquisition—the torture-chamber holding in its hideous embrace all but ten in the million ! Ask the children brought up in families who believe much in this theology, if they ever liked religion : ask the grown men. Look in the faces of the severe sects who take this theology to heart, and what sad, joyless faces they are. Read the publications of the American Tract Society, read the New-England Primer, the popular books treating of religion and circulated in all Catholic countries, and you see that this religion is fear, and not joy. Men hold their breath when it thunders lest God should hear them breathe, and lay at them with his lightning. I once heard an eminent Trinitarian minister preach in this city that it was wholly impossible for God to love any man except just so far as that man believed all the doctrines of the Bible and the New-England Primer, and kept every commandment in both of these books. So, then, there could only be a very few millions of the whole world that God cared anything about. All the rest he would damn ; and they would get hell-fire, but no pity from angel, God, or devil. No Abraham would give Dives a drop of water from his finger's tip. Could you love such a God ? I should hate him ; not as I should dislike a tyrant like Cesar Borgia, or even as I should loathe a New-England kidnapper, but as I should hate a devil.

God is represented as selfish and only selfish, and selfish continually. He has the power to bless men, and prefers to curse them. Religion is represented as selfishness, only carried out to all eternity,—and such selfishness, too, as none but pirates and kidnappers ever practise on earth. “Aha,” say the blessed Catholics of Aquinas, “Aha,” say the elect Puritans of Edwards, as they look on the torture of their brethren, “Let God be praised for the torment of the wicked ; so religion bids ! ”

This crow of fear flies round all the churches of Christendom. Men tremble at death ; they are afraid of hell. Read the *Dies Irae* of the Catholic Church, the “Judgment Hymns” of the Protestants, or still worse, hear them sung by some full-voiced choir to appropriate music, and

you understand what lies at the bottom of the ecclesiastical service. Attend a funeral in one of the stricter sects,—the funeral of the best man you can find, but one who was not a “church-member;”—and how cheerless, how hopeless, how comfortless! You would think that the door which led to the street where the last and loved remains of the friend, husband, father, were to be borne out, opened into the bottomless pit. Men talk of death, and say it is a dreadful thing to come into the presence of the Living God! Are we not always in Thy presence, O Living Father? Are not these flowers Thy gift? and when I also blossom out of the body, and the husks of the flesh drop away, is it a dreadful thing to come into Thy presence, O Living God; to be taken to the arms of the Mother who bore me?

I once knew a boy of early development in religion, dry-nursed at school, against his father's command, on the New-England Primer, and he was filled with ghastly fear of the God represented in that Primer, and the hell thereof, and the devil therein, and he used to sob himself to sleep with the prayer, “O God! I beg that I may not be damned!” until at last, before eight years old, driven to desperation by that fear, he made way with that Primer,

ment as His first word, and the New Testament as His last word ; therein God has spoken once for all ; you can get nothing further from Him. You must prostrate your mind to the Bible ; you must believe it all."

The Roman Church is the great idol of the Catholics : it is infallible. The Pope is the Church in little ; he is infallible, and is God, so far as doctrine is concerned. With the Protestants the Bible stands in just the same place ; it is God to the Protestant theology, to all intents and purposes, so far as doctrine is concerned.

This theology stands in the way of physical science. Here is the scheme of the Universe which belongs to the popular theology : There is an expanse called the earth with its hills and valleys, rivers, lakes, and seas ; next below it, there are the waters which are under the earth ; then above it is the firmament, beneath which are the sun, the moon, and the stars, and above it the waters which are over the earth ; the sun, moon, and stars move round the earth. This rude notion has long stood in the way of science ; it wrung from Alphonso of Castile the exclamation, "If God had asked my advice at the creation, the world would have been more simple and better arranged." Galileo must subscribe to this scheme of the Universe, or be burned at the stake. The Jesuits who edited Newton's Principia declare that his theory is contrary to theology—and they publish his mathematical demonstrations of the revolutions of the earth only as a "hypothesis," as a theory, not a fact.

The popular theology meets the Geologists at every turn, and denies the most obvious phenomena of sense, and the strictest conclusions of science. An eminent theologian, a professor in the most liberal theological school in America, once said : "I can believe that God created all the geological strata of the Earth, with their fossil remains, all at once, just as they are to-day, much easier than I can believe the popular theology is mistaken in its account of the creation in six days!" Geology must give way to Genesis !

It stands in the way of history. This is the theological scheme of human history : About six thousand years ago God created one man, and out of one of his ribs formed one woman. The human race is descended from that pair.

About fifteen hundred years later He destroyed by a flood all their descendants except a single family, from which all the men now on earth have descended. God chose one family out of all the rest, made a bargain with them, revealed Himself to them, and not to others, and loved them while He hated the rest, and protected His chosen by constant miracles, giving Abraham a son miraculously born, then miraculously commanding the father to offer him as a bloody sacrifice; and at last God Himself becomes a man, born miraculously, and lives a human life on earth, is put to death, and thence returns to life and divinity once more. Theology sharply opposes every discovery, every fact, and every thought which is at variance with these assumptions. It demands belief therein as the condition of religion and of acceptance with God.

See how this theology affects the Conscience. If you wish to know what is right, for the standard of ultimate appeal, the theologian sends you to the Bible,—full of blessed things, but no master; it contains the opinions of forty or fifty different men, the greater part of them living from four to ten hundred years before Jesus, and belonging to a people we should now call half-civilized. For example, if you ask, Is it right for the community to kill a man who has slain one of his neighbours, when the community have caught and put him in a jail, and can keep him there all his life, shut from doing harm?—the theologian sends you to the Bible, and tells you that once, (nobody knows when), somebody (nobody knows who), in some place (nobody knows where), said, “Whoso sheddeth man’s blood, by man shall his blood be shed!” —and therefore to the end of time you shall hang every murderer.

You ask, Is it right to catch a dark-coloured man, and make him your slave for life and pay him nothing for his services? and theology answers, “Yes, for Abraham did so, even with white men, and everything that Abraham did of course was right;” and next, “Paul sent back a man who had fled from bondage,”—only he was not black, but white; and thirdly,—and this is the great argument of all,—“Ham, the son of Noah, laughed at his father when he was drunk, and when Noah rose up from his debauch he cursed the son of Ham, saying, ‘Cursed be

Canaan ! a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren !' and therefore the whites are right in enslaving the blacks." This is the theological argument.

I ask, Must I obey the law statute of men, when it offends my conscience ? "Yes," says Theology, "for when Nero was emperor of Rome a poor sailmaker said, 'The powers that be are ordained of God,' and 'whosoever resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God.'" The fact that Paul's noble life was a manly resistance to tyrants, and a brave obedience to God, is not taken into the account.

This theology leads men to disregard the natural laws of both body and spirit, in order to keep an arbitrary command. So it underrates the natural morality and natural piety. Men keep the Ten Commandments : therein they do well ; but they forget that every faculty of the body, every faculty of the spirit—of the mind, the conscience, the heart, and the soul,—has also its commandments, just as imperative as though they had been thundered forth by the voice of the Most High, amidst the clouds of Sinai. The popular theology denies this.

See the effect of this theology on Practical Life. Religion is largely separated from daily work and daily charity. It has a place for itself, the meeting-house ; a time for itself, Sunday or the hour of prayer. It is not thought that "saving religion" has anything important to do in the chaisemaker's yard, in the tailor's shop, or on the farm of the husbandman, in the counting-room of the merchant, or the banking-house of the capitalist. Religion consists, first, in belief ; next in sacraments,—ritual work, attending meeting by passive bodily presence, baptism, prayer in words, and communion, as it is called, by bread and wine. Religion is for eternity ; its function is to get souls "saved," "redeemed ;"—saved from an angry God, redeemed from eternal torment ; not saved from a mean and selfish and wicked life, not saved from this cowardly and boyish fear of death,—by no means that.

A practical philanthropist who picks drunkards out of the mire, gets them washed and clothed and restored to their right mind, once visited a poor widow in a cold winter day. She had no wood to burn, no means to get

it. A clergyman was trying to console her ; "Have faith in Christ," said he, "He will help you!" Quoth the practical man, "It is not faith in Christ she lacks, she has as much of that as you or I, it is wood she stands in need of. Her faith will not save her, with the thermometer at zero. Do you think the Saviour will come and tip her up two feet of wood at her door? No such thing! She has got faith, but wants fire-wood." The missionary went his way, there was no more that he could do, the practical man had the wood there in an hour!

The Unitarians and Universalists have less of the popular theology than the other sects. I have heard Orthodox men confess the fact that these heretics were the best neighbours, the best friends, the most honest business men, eminent in charity, and all good works; and I believe the praise was pretty just: but, they said, "they are the worst Christians in the world, and all their goodness is good for nothing, except in this life, and God does not value their works a straw; at the last day He will pass by every Universalist and Unitarian in the world, with all their philanthropy, to save some Orthodox deacon who never went out of his way to do a kind deed."

Hence it comes to pass that men who are eminent for

instant in prayer, not seasonable in humane works. If you want self-denial to spread abroad the doctrines of their sect, there are no men so ready to make such a sacrifice. The efforts which have been made in the stricter American Churches to carry what they call the Gospel—but which is only their theology—to Heathen lands, are of immense value to the men who have made the sacrifice; whether the Heathen are thereby profited I will not say. But for works in morality, in philanthropy, in charity, these sects are not first and foremost. Of self-denial for a theological purpose they have the manliest abundance, but of self-denial for humanity the meanest lack.

The present position of the clergy is to be attributed to the character of their theology. There are at this day about twenty-eight thousand Protestant clergymen in the United States, and about a thousand Catholic priests. Almost all of them come from the middle class in society,—the class most remarkable for industry, enterprise, charity, morality, and piety,—in a word, for religion. They have the most costly culture of any class in the nation: the professional education of the clergymen has cost the public more than the professional culture of all the lawyers, or all the doctors, or all the merchants and men of science and literature in the country; for most of these latter men pay for their education as they go, or at any rate their fathers pay for it, but a large special outlay is made by public charity, for the education of the minister,—very properly made too. Nine-tenths of these, I believe, who accept this calling, come to it from a love of it, from a desire to serve God in it; not from selfishness, but with the expectation of self-denial. Surely at this day there is little from without to attract a man to so thankless a calling, for their average pay does not equal that of a fireman on a railroad. They count it the holiest and most arduous office in the world. But yet, starting from that class, with that education, the costliest in the land, and with such noble motives,—how very little do they bring to pass, in promoting sentiments of love to God and men; how little in diffusing ideas of truth and justice, or in any noble action in any practical department of life! They do exceedingly little for any one of the

three. Many of these men stand in the way of the human race, and while mankind is painfully toiling up-hill they block the wheels forward and not hindward.

This is not wholly the fault of these men. They are earnest and self-denying, and mean to be faithful, most of them. But it is the bad theology they start with which hinders them,—their false idea of God, of man, and of Religion,—the Relation between God and Man.

They are working with bad tools,—dull theology, dull sermons. Once a clam shell was the best cutting instrument which the human race had used or discovered. Then it was received with thankfulness of heart. But if a man in these times should go out into the fields to cut grass or corn with a clam shell, how do you think his day's work would compare with that of a man who mowed with scythes, or reaped with sickles, or with shears moved by horses cut down his acre in an hour? Verily the fields are white for harvest, the labourers many, but with the clam shell for sickle, they tread down more with their feet than they bind up with arms.

The clergymen cannot defend their theology. Attacks have long ago been made against the philosophical part of it, and they have never been repelled; against the historical part of it, and there is no satisfactory answer thereto. The Unitarians have attacked the divinity of Jesus, the Universalists the eternity of hell, and the assaults have not been philosophically met. There is a breach in the theologic wall, not filled up save with denunciations, which are but straws that a breath blows off, or which rot of their own accord.

Within a few years most serious attacks have been made on the "Inspiration of the Scriptures." Its physics are shown to be false science, its metaphysics false philosophy, its history often mistaken. In England, Mr Hennell denies the divine origin of Christianity, and writes a laboured book to prove that it came as other forms of religion have come,—the best thought of noble men. In Germany, Mr Strauss, with a troop of scholars before and behind him, denies the accuracy of the history of the New Testament; denies the divine birth of Jesus, his miracles, his ascension, his resurrection — they are what one of the latest writers of the New Testament calls

"old wives' fables ;" Mr Newman tells of "the Soul, her sorrows and her aspirations," and shows the "Phases of Faith" which a devout and truthful spirit passes through in the journey after religion, exposing the dreadful famine in the churches, and showing that much of the popular theology is a mere show-bread which it is not possible for a man to feed on. No man shows that Newman is mistaken, none refutes Strauss, no man answers Hennell. Books enough are written it is true: "Lives of Jesus," "Defences of Miracles," "Evidences of Christianity,"—to prove that some men wrote some books with such miraculous helps from God that they could make no mistakes, but yet the mistakes are there in the books;—"Voices of the Church," "Eclipses of Faith," and the like, and denunciations "Against Freethinking," without stint. Now and then a feeble charge is repelled, a weak position of the assailant is reconquered, but still the theologians are continually beaten and driven back before the well-served artillery of thought.

Church-membership is thought a needful condition of salvation: without that a man is not a Christian in full, and is not sure of anything good hereafter. But very few join the Church. Of the twenty-three millions of America, there are not three and a half million members of the Protestant Church, not one hundred and thirty to a minister;—a little more than three million Protestant church-members, a little more than three million slaves also. Singular statistics! so many church-members, so many slaves! There were never so many voters with so small a proportion of church-members; never so small a proportionate sprinkling of baptism in the face of the community; never so little taking of the sacraments of the Church.

Ecclesiastical interests do not thrive. Compare the interest men feel in a bank, in a manufacturing company, in a lyceum, with what they take in a Church. And yet the minister tells them that the bank, the lyceum, and the manufactory are only for to-day and to-morrow—for the body, while the Church is for the soul, and for ever!

What is the reason of this lack of interest? Even clergymen themselves partake of the general dulness, and do not study vigorously as the doctors and men of science;

do not plead for the souls of men, as the lawyer for their money ; do not toil as the merchant or mechanic for his gain. Ministers do not study the science of their calling as the physician, the engineer, the manufacturer of cloth or leather, the geologist, the watchmaker, studies the science of his calling. Even the almanac-maker is a philosopher ; the clergyman,—how seldom does he show any tinge of analogous culture ?

In practical affairs the American clergy have but little good influence on public morals and manners ; an influence not at all in proportion to the number, the education, the character, the position, and the motives of these men.

Politicians declare there is no law higher than an *Act* of Congress, which makes it felony to give a cup of cold water to a man fleeing from bondage. What do the clergymen say ? “The powers that be are ordained of God, and whoso resisteth the powers that be, resisteth the ordinance of God.” “Religion is an excellent thing,” says the politician, “for everything but politics : there it makes men mad.” The minister does not say, “I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of soberness and truth :”—not at all. Felix trembled before Paul preaching ; now Paul in the pulpit, preaching trem-

Different traders make particular application of this rule to their several specialities. The liquor dealer says, "Religion is an excellent thing everywhere but in the rum trade: there it makes men mad. Let us never apply it to the sale of intoxicating drink." The clergyman says, "Let it be so." The dealer in human flesh declares, "Religion is a most excellent thing in all matters except slave-trading: there it makes men mad. Let us not apply religion to the 'patriarchal institution.'" The clergyman answers, "Slavery is of God. Abraham was a slave-holder; Christ Jesus says nothing against the worst evils of Grecian or of Roman slavery,—not a word against buying slaves, breeding slaves, selling slaves, beating slaves, or putting them to death. It is plain that he approved of the institution, and designed that it should be perpetual. The great Apostle to the Gentiles sent back a runaway slave, thus executing the fugitive slave act of those times, and giving an example to Christians 'to fulfil all righteousness.' It is only 'natural religion' which forbids slavery, the heathenism of pagan Seneca and Modestinus. Christians are not in a state of Nature, but of Grace. One of 'the advantages of a revelation' is this—the kidnapper may keep his bondmen for ever. Mr Jefferson said all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain natural and unalienable Rights, amongst others with the Right to Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness. He was an infidel, stumbling by the light of Nature; but we have a more excellent way, and hold slaves by divine revelation which transcends the light of Nature. Let us not destroy slavery by 'natural religion,' but preserve it by 'Christianity.' It is a good thing to have as many slaves as church-members!"

At this day the popular preaching does very little to correct the great popular sins of the people. It does more to encourage them. Here are the vices of the leading class of men in their period of calculation after the period of passion has passed by—covetousness of money, ambition for political and social rank. Both of these are unscrupulous in their modes of action. Does the body of clergymen do anything to correct this evil,—corruption in trade, corruption in politics? Far more I think to encourage each of these leading vices of the age.

America invades the other nations. The pulpit never stands in front of the cannon. Who preached against the Mexican War? How many ministers, think you, in the twenty-eight thousand Protestant pulpits? Who will preach against the present national lust for land? Extortioners levy their usury to the ruin of the borrower,—the pulpit does not say a word against it. Politicians declare that the great object of government is the protection of property,—the pulpit knows no higher object for government; “take care of the rich, and they will take care of the poor.” Intemperance floods the cities, fills the Alms-house and the Jail,—the pulpit says but little: thank God, in humble places it does say something, though the metropolitan pulpit commonly “hangs out” for Rum. Lasciviousness mows down the beauty of the girl, and prostitutes the manly dignity of the man,—but the pulpit is silent as the house of death. It has forgotten the book of Proverbs. The kidnapper comes to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, to seize our fellow-worshippers,—and most of the churches are on his side. In this city, a man fleeing from slavery, seized by ruffians and confined in our illegal jail, brought into most imminent peril, sends round his petition to the churches for their prayer; the churches are dumb; eloquent ministers come out and defend the stealing of men. The American pulpit is powerless against sin: it is a dumb dog that cannot bark at the wolf. The great Rabbis of the popular theology are on the side of every popular sin. What Roman augur ever opposed a Roman wickedness?

All over the world woman is in a state of subjection to man, almost everywhere counted inferior to him, a tool for his convenience, created only because it was “not good for him to be alone;” throughout Christendom deprived of the ecclesiastical, political, and academic rights or privileges of men, and consequently oppressed by the strong arm. What has the Christian Church to say?

Do not blame the minister too much. He is the victim of his theological circumstances, and is commonly a great deal better than his creed. He is wiser than he dares to preach. His theology tells him that religion is not for the earth but for Heaven; not to make the world better, but insurance on souls, to get them saved from an angry God.

What he calls "means of Grace" are not a diligent use of all our faculties of body and mind, each in its normal mode of activity; but the vicarious sufferings of Jesus of Nazareth are the Divine Cause, and a belief in the popular theology is the Human Condition; all our "righteousnesses are as filthy rags," and shelter no man from the wrath of God and the flames of hell. It tells him that the function of the minister is not to promote piety and morality, but, first, to intercede with an offended God for the sake of an offending people; next, to administer the sacrament of baptism,—to sprinkle a little water on the face of a baby,—and of the Christian Communion,—to give some men a morsel of bread to eat and a drop of wine to drink in the meeting-house; and next, to expound the Scriptures according to the standard of his sect. That is the ecclesiastic theological function of a minister, whereby he is "to save souls;" this he thinks is "to preach Christ and Him crucified." So the churches are not chiefly institutions of religion, to teach piety and morality; but institutions of theology, and are controlled not by the blameless religion of Jesus, but by Theology and Mammon. In small country towns, where the people are ruled by the clergy, the churches are mainly controlled by Theology; and in large wealthy towns, where another class of men bears sway, they are controlled chiefly by Mammon. The Church sitting on her cockatrice's eggs in the one case, hatches mainly churchlings, and in the other chiefly worldlings.

So the churches are no defence against political tyranny: they are on its side; in old England, New-England, France, Germany, Russia, all through Christendom, the churches side with despotic power. They are no protection against practical atheism: if the statesmen say, "There is no Higher Law," the leading clergy answer, "Very true! there is none." They are no defence against covetousness: the great ecclesiastical teachers of Christendom are its allies. All the popular vices are sure to have the churches on their side.

None of the great ideas of the times originate with the clergy and the Church: new thought is not generated there. Theology keeps

"Hawking at geology and schism."

and hates new ideas. None of the great sentiments of devotion to God are cradled there : Theology mumbles its ritual, and scoffs at the light of Christian sentiment. None of the great philanthropies begin there : Theology is getting men saved from future torment, and kills philanthropy. The temperance movement, the peace movement, the education movement, the anti-slavery movement, the great movement for the elevation of woman, the philanthropy which would heal the criminal, cure the sick, teach the deaf, dumb, blind, and the fool,—all these are foreign to the Church and the clergy, to the popular theology which underlies both.

You know the qualities most valued in a man called Christian, in all the sects of the sectarian churches :—belief in all the doctrines of his sect ; a devout attendance on all the forms thereof ; a sad countenance ;—much talk on theological matters ; the reading of theological books. That makes up what is called “Christianity.” Do you think that Jesus would recognize such things as “the essentials of religion” in one of his followers ?

How would you judge of the health of a man who proceeded in that way ; a man who was thick with the

years old, was a Christian ! He did not ask for piety, not for morality, only for a belief in these doctrines of the popular theology.

If Jesus of Nazareth were to come back, and bear the same relation to the nineteenth century which he bore so blessedly to the first, it seems to me that the first thing he would preach against is what is called "Christianity" in these days ;—I mean the Theology of Christendom.

This theology is the greatest evil of our times. It stands in the way of the emancipation of man. It defends the despotism of the Church, and the despotism of the State, the despotism of the noble over the proletary in Europe, of the master over the slave in America, of the capitalist over the labourer, of the rich over the poor, of the learned over the ignorant, and last of all, the despotism of man over woman. It is a lion in the path of humankind.

This theology rests on two great pillars as its foundation, the Jachin and Boaz of theology.

I. The notion that God is finite in His wisdom, justice, love, and holiness—only infinite in power to damn ; that He is a jealous, angry, and revengeful God, with eternal hell behind Him, wherein He will torture for ever the vast majority of His children, and that Man is wicked by nature, subject to the wrath of God, and utterly incapable, by his own efforts, of escaping from it.

II. The notion that Christ has made an atonement for the sin of the world, and by his sufferings and death has mitigated the anger of the Jealous God, who has given a conditional pardon of sin and promise of salvation, and that the condition of this Salvation is a belief in the popular theology,—which is commonly called Faith, " faith in Christ," and " faith in God,"—and a compliance with the ritual of the Church.

This Theology makes man a worm ; religion a torment to all but ten in a million ; immortality a curse to mankind ; God a devil omnipotent to damn, and His rule in time and eternity the most selfish despotism which the world ever knew.

This Theology is not always to last : it is in the process of dissolution—there is dry-rot in its limbs. Philosophy

shows there is no such dreadful God ; criticism that there is no such atoning sacrifice to appease imaginary wrath, no need of such belief, or of such compliance ; consciousness knows no such human nature as the popular theology proclaims. No, we are all conscious of a nature quite different from that. Yea, O Father in Heaven, Thou hast written of Thyself on the walls of human consciousness, and we feel Thee in our heart, with all Thy Infinite Wisdom, Justice, Love, and Holiness.

This dark theology must pass away.

It is at this day in the same condition that Judaism and Paganism were in Paul's time. Then the great priests were Pagans or Jews ; the great philosophers, the great philanthropists, were neither Jew nor Pagan. Now the great priests are theological Christians, the great philosophers far otherwise. The new bud is crowding off the old leaf. The great hearts have no confidence in this theology ; the great heads have no confidence in it ; the great hands have no confidence in it. The social aristocracy of England seems false to religion. A writer, one of the learnedest men in Europe, himself really religious, declares that since the breaking up of Paganism there has

each in his peculiar vocation,—ask them what respect there is for religion in America !

You and I, my friends, live in an age when mankind has outgrown the popular theology. God be thanked ! we have outgrown its idea of God, its idea of Man, and its idea of Religion. Hence comes the confusion of the times ; hence the denial of religion in politics, in trade. We live in an age of transition. The old theology will pass away ; depend upon it, it will pass away. Philosophers have destroyed its philosophical basis, critics have destroyed its historical basis, and it swings in the air at both ends. That must pass away.

But Religion,—that will not fade out of the human heart : sooner shall yonder sun, which those clouds only hide, fade out of heaven. No ! with every advance of man religion shines brighter and brighter, leading onward to its perfect day. Out of this chaos of theology, how beautifully comes up the manly and mild and trusting face of Jesus of Nazareth ! Far off, severed from us by two thousand years of time, and five thousand miles of space, we see him with his beatitudes, his parable of the Good Samaritan, of the Father who went after his prodigal son, having more joy in his heaven over the one sinner that repented than over the ninety and nine that never went astray. How beautifully comes up that young Nazarene, proclaiming the one religion,—love to the Father, and love to the Son—to Man here on the earth, for mankind is the Son of God !

Coming out of the popular theology, I feel as one who has wandered long in some dark, subterranean, mammoth cave, where the sound of running water was thunderous and sad,—lit by uncertain torches, led by wandering guides, where lifeless stones grinned as horrible monsters at him, and he hesitated and stumbled at every step,—where the air was contaminated by the smoke of the torches, and his steps faltered and his heart sank. I feel as one coming out into the glad light of day, where the sky is blue over me, and the sun sheds down its golden light, and the ground is green with grass, and is beautiful with summer or with autumn flowers, fragrant to every sense.

God be thanked that we leave the cavern behind us,

with its smoky lights, its paths that lead to wander
that God's heaven is over us and His ground is under
feet, His eternity before us, and His Spirit in our spi

"Oh ye, who pined in dungeons for the sake
 Of Truth which tyrants shadowed with their hate,
Whose only crime was that ye were awake
 Too soon, or that your brethren slept too late ;
 Mountainous minds, upon whose top the great
Sunrise of knowledge came, long e'er its glance
Fell on the foggy swamps of fear and ignorance ;

"The time shall come when from your heights serene,
 Beyond the grave, ye will look back and smile,
To see the plains of earth all growing green,
 Where Science, Art, and Love repeat Heaven's style,
 And with God's beauty fill the desert isle,
'Till Eden blooms where martyr-fires have burned,
And to the Lord of life all hearts and minds are turned.

"The seeds are planted, and the spring is near ;
 Ages of blight are but a fleeting frost :
Truth circles into Truth. Each mote is dear
 To God, no drop of Ocean is e'er lost,
 No leaf for ever dry and tempest-tost.
Life centres deathless underneath Decay,
And no true Word or Deed can ever pass away."

handled at this day. It is never pleasant to point out and expose a false theory of philosophy, or a false system of practice, and I am glad I have passed by that for the present. A good man hates to kill anything,—even snakes and hyenas.

I now come to a theme much more pleasant: namely, the Philosophical Idea of God. So I ask your attention to a Sermon of Speculative Theism, considered as a Theory of the Universe; and next Sunday I hope to speak of Theism considered as a Principle of Practice. If what I have to say this morning be somewhat abstract and metaphysical, and closely joined together, and rather hard to follow, I beg you will remember that this dryness belongs to the nature of the subject, which I shall treat as well as I can, and as plain as I may.

I use the word Theism, first, as distinguished from Atheism; that is, from the absolute denial of all possible ideas of God. Second, as distinguished from the Popular Theology, which indeed affirms God, but ascribes to Him a finite character, and makes Him a ferocious God. And third, as distinguished from Deism, which affirms a God without the ferocious character of the popular theology, but still starts from the sensational philosophy, abuts in materialism, derives its idea of God solely by induction from the phenomena of material nature, or of human history, leaving out of sight the intuition of human nature; and so gets its idea of God solely from external observation, and not at all from consciousness, and thus accordingly represents God as finite and imperfect. I use the word as distinguished from Atheism, the denial of God; from the Popular Theology, which affirms a finite ferocious God; and from Deism, which affirms a finite God without ferocity. So much for the definition of terms.

Some of you may perhaps remember the introductory sermon of last year's course, treating of the Infinite Perfection of God. In that discourse I started from human nature, from the facts of consciousness in your heart and in my heart, assuming only the fidelity of the human faculties, their power to ascertain truth in religious matters, as in philosophical and mathematical matters; and I showed, or think I showed, that those faculties of human nature—the intellectual, the moral, the affectional,

and the simply religious—in their joint and normal exercise, led to the idea of God as a Being infinitely powerful, infinitely wise, infinitely just, infinitely loving, and infinitely holy, that is, faithful to Himself.

To-day I start with that conclusion as a fact. I shall not undertake to prove the actuality of this idea,—the existence of the infinite God; I shall take it for granted. I did not undertake to prove the existence of a God against Atheism; nor the non-existence of the ferocious God against the Popular Theology. At this stage of proceeding I shall assume the existence of the Infinite God, relying for proof on what has been said so often before, and still more, on what is felt in your consciousness, without my saying anything. Only for clearness of conception, let me state some of the most important matters connected with the idea of God.

I. There must be many qualities of God not at all known to men, some of them not at all knowable by us; because we have not the faculties to know them by. Man's consciousness of God and God's consciousness of Himself must differ immeasurably. God's ideas of Himself must differ as much from our idea of Him, as the constellation called the Great Bear differs from one of the beasts in the

in our consciousness of God the limitations of the finite subject make it impossible that we should comprehend God as He is conscious of Himself. It is enough for us to know of the Infinite what is knowable to finite man.

With qualities not knowable to us I have nothing to do. I shall not undertake to discuss the psychology and metaphysics of God. The metaphysics of man are quite hard enough for me to grapple with and understand.

II. Then as a next thing, God must be different in kind from what I call the Universe ; that is, from Nature, the world of Matter, and from Spirit, the world of Man. They are finite, He infinite ; they dependent, He self-subsisting ; they variable, He unchanging. God must include both, matter and spirit.

There are two classes of philosophers often called Atheists ; but better, and perhaps justly, called Pantheists.

One of these says, "there are only material things in existence," resolving all into matter ; "The sum-total of these material things is God." That is material Pantheism. If I mistake not, M. Comte of Paris, and the anonymous author of the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," with their numerous coadjutors, belong to that class.

The other class admits the existence of spirit, sometimes resolves everything into spirit, and says, "the sum total of finite spirit, that is God." These are spiritual Pantheists. Several of the German philosophers, if I understand them, are of that stamp.

One difficulty with both of these classes is this : Their idea of God is only the idea of the world of Nature and of Spirit, as it is to-day ; and as the world of Nature and of Spirit will be fairer and wiser a thousand years hence than it is now, so, according to them, God will be fairer and wiser a thousand years hence than He is now. Thus they give you a variable God, who learns by experience, and who grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength of the universe itself. According to them, when there was no vegetation in the world of matter, God knew nothing of a plant ; no more than the stones on the earth. When the animal came, when man came, God was wiser, and He advances with the advance of man. When Jesus came, He was a better God ; He was a wiser God, after

Newton and La Place; and was more a philosophical Being, after those pantheistic philosophers had taught Him the way to be so: for their God knows nothing until it is either a fact of observation in finite Nature—in the material world,—or else a fact of consciousness in finite Spirit—in some man; He knows nothing till it is shown Him. That is a fatal error with Hegel and his followers in England and America.

Mr Babbage, a most ingenious Englishman, invented a calculating engine. He builded wiser than he knew; for by and by he found that his engine calculated conclusions which had never entered into the thought of Mr Babbage himself. The mathematical engine outcIPHERED its inventor. And these men represent God as being in just that predicament: the world is constantly revealing things unknown before, and which God had not conceived of. As there is a Progressive Development of the powers of the Universe as a whole, and of each man, so there is a Progressive Development of God. He is therefore not so much a Being, as a Becoming.

This idea of an Improvable and Progressive Deity is not wholly a new thing. The doctrine was obscurely held by some of the ancient philosophers in the time of

the finite universe. This is the great point in which I differ most widely from those philosophers. I have no fault with them ; I differ from their conclusion.

II. As a third thing, the Infinite God must have all Qualities of a perfect and complete Being ; must be complete in the qualities of a perfect being, perfect in the qualities of a complete one. To state that by analysis which I have just stated by synthesis : He must have the perfection of Being, self-existence ; the perfection of Power, almighty ; the perfection of Mind, all-wisdom ; the perfection of Conscience, all-righteousness ; of Affection, all-lovingness ; of Soul, all-holiness, &c. &c. &c. Hence, as the result of all these : must have the perfection of Will, absolute freedom. I can say, according to this idea of God, there can be no limitation to His existence, His power, His wisdom, His justice, His love, His holiness, and His freedom ; none from any outward cause, or any inward cause whatsoever. The classic, or Greek and Roman, idea of God, represented Him as finite, limited subjectively by elements of His own character, objectively limited by elements of the material world ; the popular theological idea in fact represents Him as finite, limited subjectively by selfishness, wrath, and various evil passions, objectively by elements in the world of men which continually prove refractory, and turn out as he did not intend. In this matter of the Infinity of God, I differ from the popular theology, as well as from the common scheme of philosophy.

so much for the Idea of God considered as Infinite ; so much for its diversity from the common schemes.

Now look at this philosophical Theism, with its Idea of Infinite God, as a Theory of the Universe. Let me divide the universe into two great parts. One I will call the World of Matter, and the other the World of Spirit. By the world of matter I mean everything, except the spirit, known to us that is not man ; and by the world of spirit I mean what is man,—both man in his material substance, and in his spiritual substance. Let me say a word of each. For shortness' sake, I will call the world of matter Nature. I begin with this, as it is the least difficult.

In Nature God must be both a perfect Cause, and a perfect Providence.

I. Of God as perfect Cause. Creation itself, the non-existent coming into existence, is something unintelligible to us. But this we know, that the Infinite God must be a perfect Creator, the sole and undisturbed author of all that is in Nature. So there must be a complete and perfect harmony and concord between God and the Nature which He creates, God and His works must be at one; and Nature, so far as it goes, must represent the Will and Purpose of God, and nothing but the will and purpose of God. So, there can be nothing in Nature which God did not put in Nature from Himself.

Well, God must have made Nature first, from a perfect Motive; next, of perfect Material; third, for a perfect Purpose or end; fourth, as perfect Means to achieve that purpose. That is—the motive for creation, the purpose of creation, must be in perfect harmony with the infinity of God; in harmony with His infinite power, wisdom, justice, love, and holiness: the material of Nature, and the means therein, with the constant modes of operation thereof—the Laws of Nature, must be perfectly adequate

for a perfect purpose, of perfect material, as perfect means; for you cannot conceive of a God infinitely powerful, wise, just, loving, and holy, creating anything from an evil motive, for an evil purpose, from evil material, or as evil means. No more can you conceive of the Infinite God creating anything from an imperfect motive, for an imperfect purpose, of imperfect material, or as imperfect means. Each of these suppositions is wholly inconsistent with the idea of the Infinite God; for He can have only perfect motives, perfect purposes, perfect material, and perfect means to create out of, and to create by. This being so, you see that the selfishness and destructiveness ascribed to God in the popular theology are at once struck out of existence. For such selfishness and destructiveness are absolutely impossible to the Infinite God.

II. Next, of God as perfect Providence. Creation and Providence are but modifications of the same function. Creation is momentary providence; providence, perpetual creation: one is described by a point; the other by a line. Now God is just as much present in a blade of grass, or an atom of mahogany, this day and in every moment of its existence, as he was at the instant of its creation. Men say, "When God created matter he was present therein." Very true! but He is just as present therein, with all His powers, and just as active with all His perfections, at every moment while that matter exists, as He was when it was first created. Men tell us, when they read the Bible, "How grand it must have been to have stood in the presence of God when Moses miraculously smote the rock, which gushed with miraculous water." But every drop of water, which falls from my roof in a shower, or from my finger, thus, as I lift it in this cup,—has as much the presence of God in it as when, in Biblical phrase, "the morning stars sang together, and the Sons of God shouted for joy," at the creation of water itself. It cannot be created without God; it cannot subsist without God.

Here, too, in His Providence, the motive, the end, the material and means, must be infinitely perfect. Let me develope this a moment.

God at the creation must have known the action and history of each thing which He called into being just as

well as He knows it now; for God's knowledge is not a becoming wiser by experience, but a being wise by nature. The Infinite God must know every movement of every particle of matter. We generally assent to that in the gross, and reject it in the detail. Let me give an example.

All the powers, and consequently all the action, movements, and history of the whole Universe of matter, whereof this solar system is a part, a single

“Branch of Stars we see,
Hung in the golden galaxy;”

all the powers, actions, movements, and history of the solar system itself, of its primaries and secondaries, must have been completely and perfectly known to God before the universe, or any single “branch of stars,” had its existence. So the powers and consequent history and movement of every particular thing on each of these orbs must have been known. The action and history of the mineral matter on the earth in its inorganic form, in the form of crystal, liquid, gas;—the action and history of vegetable matter in the fucus, the lichen, and the tree;—and so of animal matter, in the mollusk, the eagle, and the elephant,—all must have been completely and perfectly known by God before their creation; eternally known to him. The powers, and so the history, of each atom in Nature must have been as thoroughly known to the Mind of the Universe a million million years ago, as at this day; in their cause as well as by their effects.

For example, God must have known, at the moment of creation, the present position of this crescent moon which beautifies the early evening hour; and He must have known, too, the history of these molecules of carbon that make up the cotton thread which binds the sheets of this sermon together.

To say it short, the statics and dynamics of the universe, and of each atom thereof, must have been eternally and thoroughly known to God. And each atom with its statical and dynamical powers,—the mineral, vegetable, and animal forces of the universe,—must have been created by Him, from perfect motives, of perfect material, for a perfect purpose, and as perfect means; they must be con-

tinually sustained by Him, and He must be just as present and just as active in each moment of the existence of any one of these things as at the creation thereof, or at the creation of the all of things. So, then, each of these must have been created with a perfect knowledge of its powers, actions, movements, and history, and created from love as motive, for ultimate good as purpose, of materials proportionate to the motive, and so adequate to the end, and accordingly provided with the means of accomplishing that purpose; for the infinite perfection of God would allow no absolute evil, no absolute imperfection, in His motive, or His material, in His purpose, or His means. If there were any such absolute evil or imperfection in the created, it could only have come from an absolute evil or imperfection in the Creator; that is, from a lack of infinite power, wisdom, justice, or love—because God has not love enough to wish all things well; or justice enough to will them well; or wisdom enough to contrive them well; or power enough to make them well.

Each thing which God has made has a Right to be created from perfect motives, for a perfect purpose, from perfect material, and as perfect means; and a right, also, to be perfectly provided for. I know, to some men it will sound irreverent to speak of the Right of the created in relation to the Creator, and of the consequent Duty and Obligation of the Creator in relation to the created. But the Infinite God is infinitely just, and it is with the highest reverence that I ask, "Shall not the God of all the earth do right?" It is the highest reverence for the Creator to say that "He gives His creatures a Right to Him, to Him as infinite Cause, to Him as infinite Providence;" and I count it impious to say that God has a right to create even a worm from imperfect motives, for an imperfect purpose, of imperfect material, as imperfect means. This right of the creature depends on the nature of the thing, on its quality as a creation of the infinite God; not on the quantity of being it has received from Him. So of course it is equal in all; the same in the smallest "motes that people the sunbeams," and the greatest man; all have a birthright to the perfect Providence of the Infinite God; an unalienable right to protection by His infinite power, wisdom, justice, love, and

holiness. This lien on the Infinity of God vests in the substance of their finite nature, and is not to be voided by any accident of their history, for that accident must have been known and provided for as one of the consequences of their powers. Each thing has the infinite perfection of God as guarantee to that right. God is security for the universe, and His hand is indorsed on every great and little thing which He has made. Then, if I am sure of God and His infinity, I am sure beforehand of the ultimate welfare of everything which God has made, for the Infinite Father is the pledge and collateral security, the indorser therefor.

We cannot comprehend the details of this Providence, more than of creating, nor fully understand the mode of attaining the end; the mode of terminating, originating, and sustaining are equally unintelligible to us; but the fact we know from the idea of God as Infinite. As we cannot with a Gunter's chain measure the distance between the sun and the earth, but as by calculation, starting from facts of internal consciousness and external observation, we can measure it with greater proportionate exactness than a carpenter could measure the desk under my hand:—so we cannot understand God's mode of operation as Cause or Providence, more than an Indian baby, newly born, in Shawneetown, could understand the astronomer's mode of operation in calculating the distance between the earth and the sun; but as we have this idea of God, though we know not the mode of operation, the middle terms which intervene betwixt the purpose and the achievement, we are yet sure of the fact that the motive, purpose, material, and means are all proportionate to the nature of the Creator, and adequate for the welfare of the created.

In Nature God is the only Cause, the only Providence, the only Power; the law of Nature,—that is, the constant mode of action of the forces of the material world—represents the modes of action of God Himself, His thought made visible; and as He is infinite, unchangeably perfect, and perfectly unchangeable, His mode of action is therefore constant and universal, so that there can be no such thing as a violation of God's constant mode of action; for there is no power to violate it except God Himself, and

the infinitely perfect God could not violate His own perfect modes of action. And accordingly there can be no chance, no evil, no imperfection, in motive or purpose, in material or means, or in the modes of action thereof. Everywhere is calculated order, nowhere chance and confusion; everywhere regular, constant modes of action of the forces in the material world, unvarying and eternal laws, nowhere is there an extemporeaneous miracle. Men have their precarious makeshifts; the Infinite has no tricks and subterfuges,—not a Whim in God, and so not a Miracle in Nature. Seeming chance is real direction; what looks like evil in Nature is real good. The sparrow that falls to-day does not fall to ruin, but to ultimate welfare. Though we know not the mode of operation, there must be another world for the sparrow as for man.

So much for this Theism as a Theory of the World of Matter. Now a word for it as a Theory of the World of Spirit, of the World of Man. This shall include man so far as he is matter; and so far as he is matter and something more.

Look at this first in the most general way, in relation to Human Nature,—to Mankind as a whole; then I will come down to particulars. Here the same thing is to be said as of Nature; namely, the Infinite God must be a perfect Cause thereof, and have created the world of man from perfect motives, for a perfect purpose, of perfect material, as perfect means. God has no other motive, purpose, material, or means. The perfect motive must be Absolute Love—producing the desire to bless the world of man, that is, the desire to confer thereon a form and degree of welfare which is perfectly consistent with the entire nature of man. The perfect purpose must be the attainment of that bliss; the ultimate attainment not to-day, or when man wills, but when the Infinite God wills. Perfect material is that which is capable of this welfare; and perfect means are such as achieve it.

So much for God considered as a perfect Cause in the world of man. I need not here further repeat what I just said of creation in the world of matter.

But God must be also perfect Providence for the world of man; He must be perpetually present therein, in each portion thereof. Men think that God was pre-

sent in some moment of time, at the creation of mankind. Very true! but in each moment of mankind's existence since, God is just as present; for providence is a continuous line of creations, and God is as much present, and as much active, at every point of that line as at the beginning or end thereof. I know men speak of yielding up the spirit and going out of the body, going to God. Is not God about, within, and around us, while we are in the body, just as much as when we shake off the known and enter on that untried being?

God must have known at the creation all the action and history of the world of man as well as of Nature. It is not to be supposed that ten thousand years ago God knew less of human history than He knows to-day. That would be to make God imperfect in His wisdom, growing wiser by experience. Napoleon's *coup d' etat* was a surprise to mankind ten months ago. Do you think it was an astonishment to God ten months ago? was it not infinitely known hundreds of millions of years ago; eternally known? It must have been so.

I know the question is here more complicated than in Nature, for in Nature there is only one force, the direct

oscillation ; but you are pretty sure to know what the animals will do, that the beaver will build his dam and the wren her nest just as their fathers built ; that every bee next summer will make her six-sided cell with the same precision and geometric economy of material and space wherewith her ancestors wrought ten thousand years ago, solving the problem of isoperimetrical figures.

But man has a certain amount of freedom ; a larger margin of oscillation, wherein he vibrates from side to side. The nod of Lord Burleigh is a variable contingent of human caprice. Hence it is thought that God could not foreknow the oscillations of caprice in the human race, in the Adamitic Cain of ancient poetry, or the Napoleonic Cain of contemporaneous history, till after they took place. But that conclusion comes only from putting our limitations on God. It is difficult for the astronomer's little boy to measure the cradle he sleeps in, or to tell what time it is by the nursery clock ; but the astronomer can measure the vast orbit of Leverrier's star before seeing it, and correct his nursery clock by the great dial hung up in heaven itself : yet the difference between the mind of the astronomer's boy and the mind of the astronomer is nothing compared to the odds between finite intellect and the infinite understanding of God. So though the greater complication makes it more difficult for you and me to understand the consciousness of free men, whose feelings, thoughts, and consequent actions are such manifold contingents, it is not at all more difficult for God.

Before the creation the Infinite God, as perfect Cause and Providence, must have known all the powers and consequent actions, movements, and history of the collective world of men, and each individual thereof. For, either man has no freedom at all, or he has some freedom of will.

In the first case, if he has no freedom, no margin of oscillation, the fore-knowableness of his actions does not differ from that of the world of matter ; and the nutation of the moon and the nod of Lord Burleigh are equally the invariable consequent of material or human necessity. Then God is the only force in the human world, and of course, without difficulty, knows all its action, for a

knowledge of the world is only part of His consciousness of Himself; the treachery of Judas and the faithfulness of Jesus are then but facts of the divine self-consciousness.

If there be freedom, then God, as the perfect Cause of man's freedom of will, must have perfectly understood the powers of that freedom; and understanding perfectly the powers, He knew perfectly all the actions, movements, and history thereof, at the moment of creation as well as to-day. The perfect Cause must know the consequence of His perfect creation; and knowing the cause and the effects thereof, as perfect Providence, and working from a perfect motive, for a perfect purpose, with perfect material and by perfect means, he must so arrange all things, that the material shall be capable of ultimate welfare; and must use means proportionate to the nature and adequate to the purpose. So the quantity of human oscillation with all the consequences thereof must of course be perfectly known to God before the creation as well as after the special events come to pass; for to God contingents of caprice and consequents of necessity must be equally clear, both before and after the event. Little boys, under a capricious schoolmaster, learn the constants of his anger's ebb or flow;

“Full well the boding tremblers learn to trace
The day's disaster in his morning face.”

And do you think the infinite God is astonished at revolutions in Italy, or the discovery of ether? because a hyæna, stealthily and at night, kills a girl in an Abyssinian town, or a kidnapper, as stealthily and also by night, destroys a man in Boston? The hyæna crouching in his den, the kidnapper lurking in his office, are both known to God.

Though human caprice and freedom be a contingent force, yet God knows human caprice when He makes it, knows exactly the amount of that contingent force, all its actions, movements, and history, and what it will bring about. And as He is an infinitely wise, just, and loving Cause and Providence, so there can be no absolute evil or imperfection in the world of man, more than in the world of matter, or in God Himself.

So much for this Theism as a Theory of the World of Man as a Whole, in its most general form.

Now see the concrete application thereof in the General Human Life—in the life of nations. In creating mankind God must have known there would come the great races of men,—Ethiopian, Malay, Tartar, American, Caucasian. He must have known there would come such families of the Caucasian as the Slavic, Classic, Celtic, Teutonic; such stocks of the Teutonic as the Scandinavian, the German, the Saxon; of the Saxon such nations as England and America; in their history such events as the American Revolution, the Mexican War, and the like. I mean that God as perfect Cause must have perfectly known all these things from eternity as well as now. History is a surprise to us, not to God. The breaking out of the Mexican War, the capture of Mexico, the failure or success of a general, might be an astonishment to men; God was not wiser afterwards than before. As perfect Cause and Providence, He must have arranged all things so that mankind as a whole shall attain that bliss which His perfect motive and perfect purpose require, which is indispensable to His perfect material and His perfect means. All the powers and consequent actions, movements, and history of mankind must therefore have been known and provided for. The savage, the barbarous, the half-civilized, and the civilized—the feudal and commercial periods,—and others yet in store, must have been known and provided for. The whole religious history of man, Atheism, Fetichism, Polytheism, Monotheism,—the Monotheism of the Hebrews and of the Christians,—must have been known. The rise, decline, and fall of Egypt, India, Persia, Judea, Greece, Rome, and Byzantium, must have been as well understood by God at creation as now; and as perfect Providence He must have provided for the rise, decline, and fall thereof, so that they should be steps forward, towards ultimate bliss, and not from it. He must have given man his power of free-will as all other powers, from a perfect motive, for a perfect purpose, of perfect material, and as perfect means; and of course it must achieve that purpose for mankind as a whole, for those great races,—Ethiopian, Malay, Tartar, American, Caucasian; for those families,—Slavic,

Classic, Celtic, Teutonic ; for those tribes,—Scandinavian, German, Saxon ; for every nation,—England, America. The great events of their history,—the American Revolution, the Mexican War,—and every other, must be so overruled and balanced that they shall contribute to the achievement of the purpose of God. And what is true of the whole must be true of each ; God must be perfect Providence for one as well as for another, and so arrange these that they all shall come to ultimate bliss.

Therefore as you look on the sad aspect of the world at present,—on Italy, ridden by the Pope and priest ; on Austria, Hungary, Germany, the spark of freedom trodden out by the imperial or royal hoof ; on France, crushed by her own armies at the command of a cunning voluptuary ; on Ireland, trodden down by the capitalists of Britain ; on the American slave, manacled by State and Church,—you know, first, that God foresaw all this at the creation, as a consequence of the forces which He put into human nature ; next, you know that He provides for it all, so that it shall not interfere with the ultimate bliss of the Italian, Pope-ridden and priest-ridden ; of the Austrian, Hungarian, German, from whose heart the imperial or royal hoof has trod the spark of liberty ; of the Frenchman, the victim of a voluptuous tyrant ; of the Irishman, trodden down by the British capitalist ; and of the American slave, fettered by the American Church and manacled by the American State. God made the world in such a manner that these partial evils would take place ; and they take place with His infinite knowledge, and under His infinite Providence. So when we see these evils, we know that though immense they are partial evils compensated by constants somewhere, and provided for in the infinite engineering of God, so that they shall be the cause of some ultimate good. For mankind has a Right to be perfectly created ; each race, family, tribe, nation, has a Right to be created from perfect motives for a perfect purpose, of perfect material, and with the means to achieve that purpose ; not at the time when Russia and Montenegro will, or when you and I will, but when infinite wisdom, justice, love, knows that it is best. And sad as the world looks, God knew it all, provided for it all ; and its welfare, its ultimate triumph

is insured at the office of the Infinite God. His hand is indorsed on each race, each family, each tribe, each nation of mankind. You cannot suppose—as writers of the Old Testament do—that the affairs of the world look desperate to God, and he repents having made mankind, or any fraction of the human race.

See this Theism in its application to Individual Human Life; your life and mine. God is perfect Cause and perfect Providence for me and you. Before the creation He knew everything that I shall do, everything that I shall suffer, everything that I shall be; provided for it all, so that absolute bliss must be the welfare of each of us at last. The evils—that is, the suffering in mind, body, and estate, the imperfect bliss, my failing to attain the outward or inward condition of this welfare,—these must come either from my nature, my human nature as man, my individual nature as the son of John and Hannah; or from my circumstances that are about me; or, as a third thing, from the joint action of these two.

God as perfect Cause must have known my nature, my circumstances, the effect of their joint action; as perfect Providence, he must have arranged things so that nature and circumstances shall work out for me, and for everybody, all this ultimate bliss which the perfect motive can desire as a perfect purpose, which perfect materials can achieve as perfect means. My individual suffering, error, sin, must have been equally foreseen, fore-cared for, and used in the great house-keeping of the Eternal Mother as a means to accomplish the purpose of ultimate welfare.

This must be true of Jesus of Nazareth crucified, and of Judas Iscariot who betrayed him to the cross; of the St Domingo hero who rotted in his dungeon, and of Napoleon the Great, who locked his dungeon door—himself one day to be jailed on a rock, with Ocean mounting guard over this Prometheus of historic times; of theistic John Huss who blazed in his fire, and of the Twenty-third John, the perjured pope of Rome, who lit that fire five hundred miles from home.

As at the creation of the world of matter God knew where the solar system would be in space, where the molecules of carbon which form the tie that binds my

sermon together, would be on this seventeenth of October, eighteen hundred and fifty-two years after the cradling of Jesus of Nazareth;—as He arranged the universe so that the solar system and these molecules of carbon should harmonize together,—as He knew of the rise, decline, and fall of states, and arranged all these things so as to harmonize with the march of man towards greater bliss; so He must have known where this little atom of spirit which I call Me would be this day,—what thoughts, feelings, will, and suffering I should have, and He must make all these harmonize with my march towards that ultimate bliss, which my finite human nature needs to take, and which His infinite divine nature needs to give.

God is responsible for His own creation, His world of matter, and His world of man; for mankind in general; for you and me. God's work is all warranted. Each man has a right to perfect creation,—creation from perfect motives, of perfect material, as perfect means for a perfect purpose. God has no other purpose, no other means, no other material, no other motive. He is the infinite power, wisdom, justice, love, and is security for the ultimate welfare of the sparrow that falls; for man-

Infinite God as its Cause and Infinite God as its Providence? Why, so long as God is God it is impossible that His motive and purpose should fail to design good for all and each—or His material and means fail to achieve that ultimate good.

Well, since these things are so, how beautiful appears the Material World! There is no fortuitous concourse of atoms, which the atheist talks of; there is no universe of selfishness, no grim despot who grinds the world under his heels and then spurns it off to hell, as the popular theology scares us withal. Everything is a thought of Infinite God, and in studying the movements of the solar system, or the composition of an ultimate cell arrested in a crystal, developed in a plant; in tracing the grains of phosphorus in the brain of man; or in studying the atoms which compose the fusil-oil in a drop of ether, or the powers and action thereof,—I am studying the Thought of the Infinite God. The Universe is His Scripture; Nature the prose, and Man the poetry of God. The world is a volume holier than the Bible, old as creation. What history, what psalms, what prophecy therein! what canticles of love to beast and man! not the "Wisdom of Solomon" as in this Apocrypha, but the Wisdom of God, written out in the great Canon of the Universe.

Then, when I see the suffering of animals,—the father-alligator eating up his sons and daughters, and the Mother-alligator seeking to keep them from his jaws,—when I see the sparrow falling at a dandy's shot, I know that these things have been provided for by the God of the alligator and the sparrow, and that the universe is lodged as collateral security to insure bliss to every sparrow that falls.

From this point of view how beautiful appears the World of Man! When I look on the whole history of man,—man as a savage, as a barbarian, as half-civilized, or as civilized,—feudal or commercial—fighting with all the forces which chemistry and mechanical science can offer, and suffering from want, war, ignorance, from sin in all its thousand forms,—from despotic oppression in Russia, democratic oppression in America; when I see the tyranny of the feudal baron in other times, with his

acres and his armies, of the feudal capitalist now-a-days,—the commercial baron, with notes at cent. per cent.; when I see the hyæna of the desert stealing his prey in an Abyssinian town, and the hyæna of the city kidnapping a man in Boston,—when I see all this, I say the thing is not hopeless. O no! it is hopeful. God knew it all at the beginning, as perfect Cause; cared for it all, as perfect Providence, with perfect motive, purpose, material, means—will achieve at last ultimate welfare for the oppressor and the oppressed.

I see the individual suffering, from want, ignorance, and oppression; the public woe which blackens the countenance of men, the sorrow which with private tooth gnaws the heart of African Ellen or William, the sin which puts out the eyes of Caucasian Cain or George. Can I fear? O no! though the worm of sorrow bore into my own heart, I cannot fear. The Infinite God with infinite power, wisdom, justice, holiness, and love, knew it all, and made the nature of Ellen and William, of Cain and George, and controls their circumstances, so that by their action and the action of the world of man and the world of matter, the perfect motive and the perfect means shall achieve the perfect purpose of the infinito loving-kindness of God.

Then how grand is human destination! Ay, your destination and mine! There is no chance; it is direction which we did not see. There is no fate, but a Mother's Providence holding the universe in her lap, warming each soul with her own breath, and feeding it from her own bosom with everlasting life.

In times past there is evil which I cannot understand; in times present evil which I cannot solve; suffering—for mankind, for each nation, for you and me; sufferings, follies, sins. I know they were all foreseen by the infinite wisdom of God, all provided for by His infinite power and justice, and His infinite love shall bring us all to bliss, not a soul left behind, not a sparrow lost. The means I know not; the end I am sure of.

“Whether I fly with angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there;
Thy power and love, my love and trust,
Make one place everywhere.”

In the world of matter there is the greatest economy of force. The rain-drop is wooed for a moment into bridal loveliness by some enamoured ray of light, then feeds the gardener's violet, or moves the grindstone in the farmer's mill,—serving alike the turn of Beauty and of Use. Nothing is in vain ; all things are manifold in use.

"A rose, beside his beauty, is a cure."

The ocean is but the chemist's sink which holds the rinsings of the world, and everything washed off from earth was what the land needed to void, the sea to take. All things are twofold ; matter is doubly winged, with Use and Beauty.

*"Nothing hath got so far,
But man hath caught and kept it as his prey ;
His eyes dismount the highest star ;
He is in little all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there."*

*"For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow ;
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure ;
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.*

*"The stars have us to bed ;
Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws.
Music and light attend our head :
All things unto our flesh are kind
In their descent and being ; to our mind
In their ascent and cause."*

And do you then believe that the great God, whose motto, "waste not, want not," is pictured and practised on earth and sea and sky, is prodigal of human suffering, human woe ? Every tear-drop which sorrow has wrung from some poor negro's eye, every sigh, every prayer of grief, each groan the exile puts up in our own land, and the groan which the American exile puts up in Canada,—while his tears shed for his wife and child smarting in the tropics, are turned to ice before they touch the wintry ground,—has its function in the great chemistry of our Father's world. These things were known by God, and He will bring every exile, every wanderer in His

arms, the great men not forgot, the little not less blest, and bear them rounding home from bale to bliss, to give to each the welfare which His nature needs to give and ours to take.

The atheist looks out on a here without a Hereafter, a body without a Soul, a world without a Heaven, a universe with no God; and he must needs fold his arms in despair, and dwindle down into the material selfishness of a cold and sullen heart. The popular theologian looks out on the world and sees a body blasted by a Soul, a here undermined by a Hereafter of hell, arched over with a little paltry sounding-board of Heaven, whence the elect may look over the edge and rejoice in the writhings of the worms unpitied beneath their feet. He looks out and sees a grim and revengeful and evil God. Such is his sad whim. But the man with pure theism in his heart looks out on the world, and there is the Infinite God everywhere as perfect Cause, everywhere as perfect Providence, transcending all, yet immanent in each, with perfect power, wisdom, justice, holiness, and love, securing perfect welfare unto each and all.

On the shore of Time where Atheism sat in despair, and where Theology howled with delight, at its Dream of Hell all crowded with torment at the end,—there sits Theism. Before it passes on the stream of Human History, rolling its volumed waters gathered from all lands,—Ethiopian, Malay, Tartar, Caucasian, American,—from each nation, tribe, and family of men; and it comes from the Infinite God, its perfect Cause; it rolls on its waters by the Infinite Providence, its perfect Protector; He knew at Creation the history of empires, these lesser dimples on the stream; of Ellen and William, Cain and George, the bubbles on the water's face; He provided for them all, so that not a dimple deepens and whirls away, not a bubble breaks, but the perfect Providence foresaw and fore-cared for it all. God is on the shore of the stream of Human History, infinite power, wisdom, justice, love; God is in the air over it, where floats the sparrow that fell, falling to its bliss,—in the waters, in every dimple, in each bubble, in each atom of every drop; and at the end the stream falls into the sea,—that Amazon of human history, under the line of Providence, on the

Equator of the world, falls into the great Ocean of Eternity, and not a dimple that deepens and whirls away, not a bubble that breaks, not a single atom of a drop, is lost. All fall into the Ocean of Blessedness, which is the bosom of love, and then the rush of many waters sings out this psalm from human nature and from human history,—“If God is for us, who can be against us ? ”

VI.

OF PRACTICAL THEISM, REGARDED AS THE PRINCIPLE OF ETHICS.

LET INTEGRITY AND UPRIGHTNESS PRESERVE ME.—PSALM
XXV. 21.

LAST Sunday I spoke of Speculative Theism as a Theory of the Universe. To-day I ask your attention to a Sermon of Practical Theism; of Theism considered as a Principle of Ethics.

You start with the Idea of God as Infinite in power, wisdom, justice, love, holiness; you consider Him in His relation to the universe, as perfect Cause and perfect Providence; you see that from His nature He must have made the world, and all things therein, from a perfect motive, for a perfect purpose, of perfect material, as perfect means thereto; and therefore that Human Nature must be adequate to the end which God designed; that it must be provided with means adequate to the development of men; that all the faculties in their normal activity must be the natural means for achieving the purposes of God. You see that as He gave Nature, the material world, its present amount of necessitated forces, knowing exactly how to proportion the means to the end, the forces to the result which they were to produce;—in like manner He gave to man his present amount of contingent forces, knowing perfectly well what use men

would make thereof, what abuses would ensue, what results would come to pass, and ordered and balanced these things, compensating one constant by another, caprice by necessity, so that our human forces should become the means of achieving His divine purpose, and the freewill of men should ultimately work in the same line with the infinite perfection of God, and so the result which God designed should be achieved by human freedom: therefore, that this perfect Cause and perfect Providence has provided human freedom as part of the perfect means whereby human destination is to be wrought out;—which destination is not fate, but providence.

Well, this Idea of God, the consequent idea of the Universe and of the Relation between the two, cannot remain merely a theory; it will affect human life in all its most important details.

It will appear in the Form of Religion. Man must always work with such intellectual apparatus—faculties and ideas—as he has. With the Idea of the Infinite God, he must progressively construct a form of religion corresponding to that idea. That form of religion will comprise the subjective worship, and the objective service of God: and so it will become the Theoretic Ideal of Human

ction in our houses and farms and shops, our warehouses, or libraries, and our banks. Let me speak of each of these, going over things very much at large, in the sketchiest way.

First of the subjective portion. When fully grown this subjective part must be pure Piety; I mean to say piety not mixed with any other emotion.

There will be no Fear or Distrust of God, because it is known that there is nothing in Him to fear: I fear what hurts; never what helps.

Distrust of God rests on the idea that he is something not perfect; imperfect in power, wisdom, justice, love, or holiness; and with that idea of Him God may seem good so far as He goes; but not going infinitely, He does not go far enough to warrant infinite trust; and so there is a partial distrust.

Fear of God is worse yet. That rests on the supposition that there is not only in God something not perfect, but that there is in Him something which is not good, not kind.

But you cannot fear infinite Love; you cannot fear infinite Justice, nor infinite Holiness; nor yet infinite Wisdom and infinite Power, when they are directed by infinite justice and animate with infinite love. With the idea of God as infinitely perfect I may indeed have doubts of to-morrow, doubts of my own or another's temporary welfare, for I know not what result the contingent forces of human freedom will produce to-morrow: but I can have no doubt of eternity, no doubts of my own or another's ultimate welfare, because I do know that the absolute forces of God will so control the conditional and contingent forces of men which His plan arranged and provided for, that ultimately the perfect purpose of God shall be achieved for all and each. A silversmith makes a watch, knowing the powers and consequent necessitated action of the materials he puts therein, so that it will keep time corresponding with the dial of the heavens. But he does not know how the purchasers of the watch will use it, whether or no they will fulfil the conditions essential to its action; and so he cannot absolutely foretell and provide for all its action and history; it will be subject to conditions which he cannot control or even

foresee. Now the Infinite God, at the creation of man knew all the powers He put therein ; He knew all the conditions into which the necessitated forces of material nature, and the contingent forces of human nature, shall bring mankind and each special person. Accordingly God absolutely knows not only the primitive powers of each man, but the action, movements, and complete history thereof under any and all the conditions of existence. And the Infinite God, working with motives proportionate to His nature, and means adequate to His purpose, must needs make man capable of achieving that ultimate welfare which the finite needs to have and the Infinite needs to give. If God be infinite, a perfect Cause and perfect Providence, this conclusion follows as plain as the farmer's road to mill. So I say I can have no distrust and no fear of God ; no fear of ultimate failure or future torment. Suffering I may have in another life : I will meet it gladly, and thank God ; it is medical, and not malicious. In the popular theology God is represented as a Jesuitical Inquisitor ; but the Infinite God is a protector, a Father and Mother.

Then there will be **Absolute Love of God**,—to the mind God will be the **Beauty of Truth**, to the conscience the

comes a Perfect Trust in God, as Cause and Providence :—not only a trust in the daylight of science, where we see, but in the twilight, even in the darkness of ignorance, where we see not :—an absolute trust in His motive, His purpose, and His means ; so that we shall not desire any other motive but the motive of God, nor any other purpose but the purpose of God, nor any other means but the means He has provided thereto.

With that trust there must come a perpetual Hope, for yourself, for all mankind ; for as dark as the world may be, dark as my own condition may be, my outward lot, my inward state, still I know assuredly that God foresaw it all, provided for it all, and that He cannot fail in motive, in purpose, or means thereto : and thus light will spring out of darkness and bliss come forth out of bale.

With this there will come Tranquillity and Rest for the soul ; that Peace spoken of in the fourth canonical Gospel, which the world cannot give nor take away.

Then there will come a real Joy in God. I mean the happiness which the Mystics call the “sense of sweetness,” that comes when the conditions of the soul are completely met ; when the true Idea of God and the appropriate Feeling towards Him furnish the personal, human, inward condition of religious delight, and there is nothing between us and the Infinite Father. That is the highest joy and the highest delight of human consciousness. The natural desires of the body may fail of satisfaction,—their hunger shortening my days on earth,—and I may be poor and cold and naked ; I may be a prisoner in a dungeon of Austria, or a slave on a plantation of Carolina ; I may be sick and feeble, and the conditions of domestic and of social welfare may not be complied with ;—but if the soul’s conditions are fairly met within on the side that is turned towards the Infinite, then through the clouds the Beauty of God shines on me and I am at peace.

So there will come a Beauty of Soul, I mean a harmonious spiritual whole of well-proportioned spiritual parts, and there will be a continual and constant growth in all the noble qualities of man. God will not be thought afar off, separated from Nature, separated from man, but dwelling therein, immanent in each, though yet transcending all. Nature will be seen as a revelation of God ;

and the march of man will reveal also the same Providence as the world of matter—human consciousness disclosing higher characteristics of the Infinite God. Communion with Him will be direct, my spirit meeting His with nothing betwixt me and the Godhead of God. I shall not pray by attorney, but face to face. Inspiration will be a fact now, not merely a history of times gone by. Worship, the subjective service of God, will be not by conventional forms of belief, of speech, or of posture; not by a sacramental addition of an excrescence where nature suffered no lack, nor by mutilation of the body, or mutilation of the spirit, the sacramental cutting off where God made nothing redundant: but by conscious noble emotions shall I subjectively worship God; by gratitude for my right to the Father, and in His universe the thanksgiving of an upright heart; by aspiration after a higher ideal of my own daily life; by the sense of Duty to be done, which comes with the sense of Right to be enjoyed; by penitence where I fall short; by resolutions, that in my "proper motion" I may ascend, and not by adverse fall come down; by the calm joy of the soul, its delight in Nature, in Man, and in God; by the hope, the faith, and the love, which the large soul sends out of itself in

the law of God for man is the ideal constant mode of operation of the human force,—the way it should act. This is not always a fact in any man ; and we learn it not merely by observation of our history, but by consciousness of our nature. Morality is the making of the ideal of human nature into the actual of human history. Herein the ideal of God's purpose becomes the actual of man's achievement ; and so far man and God are at one, as everywhere God and matter are at one. Then for every point of Right we seek to enjoy, there is a point of Duty which we will to do.

Thus in general, morality will be the objective service of God, as piety is the subjective worship of God. These two make up the whole of Religion. They are the only "divine service :" Piety is the great inward sacrament and act of worship ; Morality the great outward sacrament and act of service—other things are but helps. Piety will be free piety, such as the spirit of man demands : Morality will be free morality, such as the spirit of man demands ; both perfectly conformable to the nature which God put into man, to the body and the spirit,—the mind and conscience, heart and soul.

This morality will consist partly in keeping the Law of the Body ; in giving it its due use, development, enjoyment, and discipline, in the world of matter.

The popular theology, in its ascetic rules, goes to an extreme, and does great injustice. It counts the body mean, calls it vile, says that therein dwells no good thing. It mortifies the flesh, crucifies the affections thereof. But the body is not vile. Did not the infinite Father make it,—not a limb too much, not a passion too many ? God make anything vile ! and least of all this, which is the consummation of his outward workmanship,—the frame of man ! Far from us be the thought.

The Atheistic philosophy goes to the other extreme, and clamours for the "rehabilitation of the flesh," and would have a paradise of the senses, as the sole and earthly heaven of man. Theology turns the flesh out of doors, and the soul has cold housekeeping, living alone ; Atheism turns the soul out of doors, and the flesh has no better time of it ; no, has a worse time, with its scarlet women "tinging the pavement with proud wine too good

for the tables of pontiffs." Absolute Religion demands the use of every limb of the body, every faculty of the soul, all after their own kind, each performing its proper function in the housekeeping of man. Then there will be freedom of the body, freedom for every limb to perform its function, and to perform no more. That is the morality of the body.

This morality will consist also in keeping the Law of the Spirit ; that is, in giving the spirit its natural empire over the material part of us, and in giving each spiritual faculty its natural place in the housekeeping of the spirit; so that each, the intellectual, the moral, the affectional, and the purely religious faculty, shall have its due development, use, enjoyment, and discipline in life. Then there will be spiritual freedom ; that is, the liberty of every spiritual faculty to perform its own work, and no more. This is the morality of the spirit..

The popular Theology restrains each spiritual faculty. It hedges you in with the limitation of some great or little man ; it calls a man's fence the limit to God's revelation : it does not give the mind room, nor conscience room, nor the affections room, nor yet the soul sufficient space to serve God, each by its natural function.

moral, affectional, and religious. It fits just as well on the infinite side—on God ; for it is drawn from human nature on the supposition that God made human nature from perfect motives, of perfect material, for a perfect purpose, and as a perfect means thereto. This form of religion, then, is the application of God's means to the purpose of God.

As "Christian" Theology professes to be derived from a verbal revelation of God,—represented by the Church, as the Catholics say, by the Scriptures, as the Protestants teach,—so the Absolute Religion is derived from the real revelation of God, which is contained in the universe; this outward universe of matter, this inward universe of man ; and I take it we do not require the learned and conscientious labours of a Lardner, a Paley, or a Norton, to convince us that the universe is genuine and authentic, and is the work of God without interpolation ; we all know that. I call this the Absolute Religion, because it is drawn from the absolute and ultimate source ; because it gives us the absolute Idea of God,—God as Infinite ; and because it guarantees to man his natural rights, and demands the performance of the absolute duties of human nature.

So much for this Form of Religion in itself.

II. Now see how this Form of Religion will appear in the Actual Life of Man, and the subjective religious thought become an objective religious thing.

See it first in the form of Individual Human Life ; in a Person.

He will be the most religious man who most conforms to his nature ; who has most of this natural piety and of this natural morality. There will be various degrees thereof, only one kind. He will worship God the best, or subjectively serve him, who has the most love of truth, the most love of justice, of benevolence, of holiness ; the greatest love of Man, and the greatest love of God ; who most desires and strongest wills to possess these great qualities ; in short, he who has the most natural piety.

He will serve God the best, objectively worship him, who has the most of truth, of righteousness, of friendship, of philanthropy, of holiness—fidelity to himself ; he who best uses the great or the little talent and opportunity

hitherto Force has been preferred above all things, and the great quality which has been ascribed to God is an Omnipotence of Force. That is the thing which Christendom has worshipped these many hundred years, not love; a mighty head, a mighty arm, not a mighty heart. As force is preferred before all things in God, so in man; hence in religion; thence in all human affairs. And as woman has less force than man, less force of muscle, less force of mind, has more fineness of body, superior fineness of intellect, has eminence of conscience, eminence of affection, eminence of the religious power, eminence of soul; as she is inferior to man in his lower elements, and superior in his higher,—so she has been prostrated before him. Her Right of nature has been trodden under-foot by his Might of nature. This degradation of woman is obvious in all forms of religion; it is terribly apparent in the Christian Church. The first three Gospels,—the last is an exception,—the writings of Paul and Peter, the book of Revelation, have small respect for woman, little regard for marriage. The Bible makes woman the inferior of man; his instrument of comfort, his medium of posterity; created as an after-thought, for an “helpmeet” to man, be-

religion does not agree with him. He must send off to the Jordan to get water to christen his baby, before that baby is thought safe from the damnation of hell ; baptism with the spirit of God and the spirit of Man is not enough. But the real saint of absolute religion must be a free spiritual individual. His Piety must represent him, and his Morality must represent him, and he will carry them both into all his work. Knowing that God gave him faculties as God meant him to have them, each containing its law in itself ; knowing that God provided them as a perfect means for a perfect purpose, and that that purpose is one which cannot fail,—he will use these faculties in the true service of God ; and he will work as no other man,—with a strength, and a vigour, and a perseverance ; ay, and a beauty of character too, which nothing but Absolute Religion can ever give. So there will be the greatest strength to do, to be, and to suffer, sure to conquer at the last. He will sail the more carefully, for he knows that careful sailing is the service which God requires of him ; he will sail the more confident, because he knows that his voyage is laid out, and his craft is insured by the Power who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand ; yes, that it is insured against ultimate shipwreck at the great office of the infinite God. Will he not work therefore with greater earnestness and zeal because he knows that God gave him these talents as perfect means for a perfect end ; with more confidence, because he knows the end is made sure of ; and with more caution, because he knows that the true use of the means is the only service God asks of him ?

See this same thing in its Domestic Form,—that of Human Life in the Family. The family must represent the free spiritual individuality of man and woman, regarded as equal, and equally joining by connubial love—passion and affection—for mutual self-denial and mutual delight ; —for there is no marriage without mutual self-denial as means, for mutual delight as end. Marriage between a perfect man and a perfect woman would be mutual surrender and mutual sacrifice.

In all forms of religion that I know, from the book of Moses to the book of Mormon, from Confucius to Calvin, woman is degraded before man ; for in all forms of religion

crated vessels of our divine service, and of man's daily communion with man.

There will be a Church, doubtless, for gathering the multitudes from the cold air, to warm their faces where one great man lights the fire with sentiments and ideas which he has caught from God. There will be a Sabbath for rest, for thought, for ideas, for sentiments ; hours of self-communion, of penitence, of weeping ; aspirations, hours of highest communion and life with God ; but the whole world will be a temple, every spot holy ground, every bush burning with the Infinite, all time the Lord's day, and every moral act worship and a sacrament. Then men will see that voluntary idleness is a sin ; that profligacy is a sin ; that deceit is a sin ; that fraud in work and in trade is a sin ; that no orthodoxy of belief, no multitude of prayers, no bodily presence in a meeting-house, no acceptance of an artificial sacrament, can ever atone for neglect of the great natural sacrament which God demands of every man.

Will not that be a change in society ? Now, the man of the popular theology sneaks into Church on the first day of the week, and hopes thereby to atone for an abne-

is so rich, men strong by Culture, whereof New-England is even now so poor—is to do mankind an eminent service; to protect the needy, the defenceless, the ignorant, and the wretched. Riches are valuable as they fertilize the soil for human excellence to grow on, not for some lazy weed to rise and rot. If wealth impoverish him that gets, or those from whom it was won, there is a two-fold curse, blasting him that takes, and those who aid therein. If superior culture only shuts out the scholar from common men, he had better have spent his years in a coal-pit than a college. True religion, true manhood, teaches that if you receive genius and talent from God, or culture at the cost of men—you owe the use of all to men, to the poor, the ignorant, the feeble-minded. Science is moral when it opens the eyes of the blind, and teaches the foolish to understand wisdom; Wealth is pious when it helps Charity palliate the ills she cannot cure, and aids Justice to extirpate the wrongs which curse mankind; Strength is religious when it bears the burdens of the weak.

When the knowledge of the infinite God is spread abroad in Society, social honours will not be given to a man for the accident of famous birth, or merely for gathered gold; not for the station to which some human chance has blown the man; not for his culture of intellect alone, nor for the dear gift of genius which God gave him at his birth; but for the use he makes of his native gifts or laboured acquisitions; for his faithfulness to himself, to man, and God; for his justice, his love, and his piety, shown by the use of one talent or ten.

There will always be diversities in natural powers and in the use thereof, and so diversities of culture, of property, of social station and social power. God is democratic and loves all, but the odds between the natural gifts of John and James may be greater than the difference betwixt the plains of Lombardy and the Alps which look down thereon. Men may try to forget this fact; America may put little, mean men, with mediocrity of intellect, into her president's chair; may put little, mean men, with ordinary mind and with feeble conscience, with inferior affections and a paltry soul, into their pulpits; but God still goes on creating His great masterly men, with immense intellect and commensurate moral, affec-

tional, and religious powers, who while they come to bless, perforce, must overawe and terrify the littleness which burrows in state and church ; men who receive the earliest salutation of new-rising truth, and shed it down, reflecting from far up the Higher Law's intolerable day on president and priest. Alas, great minds have hitherto been commonly the tyrant of the times, oppressors in the state, and worse oppressors in the church : and humble men believed that God was only Might, not also Right and Love ; so they paid a base and servile homage to the great oppressor, and trod down justice, mercy, love, in their haste to kneel before a Pope or King : Jesus of Nazareth is still exceptional in the world's long life; Napoleon is instantial. But if selfish popes and kings are common history, the self-denying Christ is prophecy of what one day shall be. For as God made the mountains stony, huge, and tall, that they, screening the vale below, might wrestle with the storm, and clothe their shoulders with ice and snow—garments woven for them and carefully put on by each wayfaring cloud,—and therewith robe the plains beneath in green and vari-coloured dress ; so has He made great, mountainous-minded men as forts of defence for all the rest, and treasuries of help.

Look at this in its Ecclesiastical form, that of Human Life in Churches. Men will combine about some able man for these three purposes—to kindle their religious Feelings by social communion ; to learn the true Idea of God, of Man, and of the Relation between the two, the idea of duty to be done and rights to be possessed ; to make the idea a Fact, so that what at first was but subjective feeling, then a thought, shall next be translated into deed, done into Men, Families, Communities, States, and a World, and so the Ideal of God become the Achievement of Mankind.

Then the function of the Church will be to keep all the old which is good, and get all possible good which is new. No creed, no history, or Bible shall interpose a cloud betwixt Man and God ; reverence for Moses, Jesus, or Mohammed shall be no more a stone between our eyes and truth, but a glass telescopic, microscopic, to bring the thought of God yet nearer to our heart. The Bible's letter shall no longer kill ; but the spirit which " touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire," and flamed in the life of a Nazarene Carpenter till its light shone round the world, will dwell also in many a new-born soul. No man shall be master, to rule with authority over our necks ; but whoso can teach shall be our friend and guide to help us on the heavenly road.

Then the minister must be a man selected for his human power,—for his power of mind, of conscience, and of heart and soul ; with well-born genius if we can find it, with well-developed talents at the least. His function will be to help awaken the feeling of Piety in all men's hearts ; to bring to light the ideas of Absolute Religion which human nature travails with, longing to bear ; and to make the inward worship, also, outward act. He must help apply this idea to life. Negatively—this will be criticism, exposure of the false, the ugly, and the wrong, the painful part of preaching, the surgery of the church. Positively—it will be creation, making application of religion to the individual, the family, community, state, and world. So the minister will not aim to appease an offended God, grim, revengeful, and full of paltry resentment ; nor to communicate a purchased salvation from the fabled torments of hell ; nor to add the imputed righteousness of a

good man to help us to an unreal heaven. But with the consciousness of God in his heart, with the certain knowledge of God's infinite perfection, sure of the perfect motive, purpose, means of God, and conscious of eternal life, he is to preach the natural laws of man. He is to lead in science, if it be possible,—in physics, ethics, metaphysics; to lead in justice, applying its abstract laws to concrete life—not to hinder them by institutions, or by books, by the Vedas, the Koran, or the Testament; to lead in love, connubial, friendly, philanthropic; ay, to lead in holiness,—the subjective service of God, which is worship in spirit and in truth, the objective worship, which is service by the normal use, development, and enjoyment of every limb of the body, every faculty of the spirit, every power acquired over matter or man. He will be more anxious to understand truth, beauty, and justice, to have love and faith; more anxious to communicate these to man, and organize them into individual, domestic, social, national, human life, than to baptize men in water from the Jordan, the Ganges, or the Irrawaddy. He will be accounted the most valuable minister who most helps forward the highest development of mankind; and that will be held as the most religious Church whose members live the manliest life of the body and the spirit—with the most of normal use, development, and enjoyment of all their nature,—do the most of human duty, enjoy the most of human rights, and so have the most and the manliest delight in themselves, in Nature, in Man, and God.

See this religion in the Political Form, that of Human Life in Nations. Here the aim will be to take the Constitution of the Universe for the foundation of political institutions, making absolute Justice the standard measure in all political affairs, and re-enacting the Higher Law of God into all the statutes of the people's code. Men of Genius, in all its many modes, will be the nation's telescopic eye to discover the Eternal Right. The highest thought of the most gifted and best cultured men will become the ideal which the nation seeks to incorporate in its code, to administer in its courts, and revive in its daily life. That will be thought the most religious nation whose institutions, constitutions, statutes, and decisions, conform the most to abstract right, applying this to its

action abroad and at home; where the whole people are the best and the best off; and the higher law of God is carried out in the action of the nation with other states, of the government with the people, of class with class, and of man with man. As proofs of the national religion you will bring forward the character of the people—their conduct abroad and at home, their institutions and their men.

This religion must take a Cosmic, or General Human Form, in the Life of Mankind. It will unite all nations into one great bond of brotherhood. As the members and various faculties of Thomas or Edward are conjoined in a man, with personal unity for all, but individual freedom for each; as several persons are joined together in a family, with domestic unity for all, but individual freedom for each; as the families form a community, and the communities a state, with social and national unity of action, but yet with domestic and social individuality of action; so the nations of the world will join together, all working with cosmic human unity of action, but each having its own national individuality of action. This would realize the dim ideal of Pagan Zeno—who counted men, “not as Athenians and Persians, but as joint-tenants of a common field to be tilled for the advantage of all and each”—and of Christian Paul—who taught that the God whom the Athenians ignorantly worshipped “made of one blood all nations of men.”

Then law would be justice, loyalty righteousness, and patriotism humanity. Men conscious of the same human nature, and consciously serving the infinite God, must needs find their religion transcending the bounds of their Family, Community, Church, and Nation, and reaching out to every human soul. But hitherto forms of religion have been a wedge to sever men, and not a tie to bind. The popular theologies of the world in this life aim to separate the “Christian” from the “Heathen,” the Protestant from the Catholic, the Unitarian from the Trinitarian, the new school from the old school; and in the next life, “reprobate” from the “elect,” the sinner from the saint.

On the last five Sundays, I have spoken of Atheism and of the Popular Theology. I hope I did no injustice to

Atheism, none to the Atheist. It is a sad thought, his world without a God; his here, but no Hereafter; his body, and no Soul. I hope I did him no injustice. One thing he surely has that the popular theologian has not: he has Freedom; freedom from fear, freedom to use his faculties. This freedom will last for ever. But the theory of the atheist abuts in selfishness, and in darkness his little light goes out.

I hope I did no injustice to the Popular Theology. It is grim, it is awful. It bears great truths in its bosom, and those truths will last for ever; but the popular theology as a system must fall. It rests on two columns.

One is the Idea of an Angry God, imperfect in wisdom, in power, in justice, love, and holiness; a finite, and jealous, and revengful God; creating man from mean motives, for a mean purpose, and of a mean material,—God with a hell under His feet, “paved with skulls of infants not a span long,” and swarming full of horrid, writhing life, that chokes it to the brim.

The other pillar is the Idea of a Supernatural Christ, a God and yet a man, with a supernatural birth, supernatural works, resurrection, and ascension—a supernatural aton-

Germany ; but he finds no theological God therein. The chemist analyzes the materials of the world into their elements, and he finds oxygen, carbon, and the rest, but he finds no theologic God therein. The scientific atheist mocks at the Church's God.

The popular idea of God is inadequate for Science ; ay, yet worse, it is inadequate for Philanthropy ; for the philanthropist loves the poor, the beggar, loves the Indian, the slave, the outcast, the atheist, and the criminal ; and Theology says "The slave is the posterity of Ham, whom God cursed by Noah and spurned from His feet ; and sinners are to have an everlasting hell in the world to come." The atheists turn off with scorn from the theologic idea of a God who knows less than Alphonso of Castile : and the philanthropist, with a tear, turns from the damning deity of the popular Church.

Hence comes the position of Religion to-day. Look at Boston : how small is the Church and how poor ; how big is the tavern and how rich ! Why, the keeper of the tavern in Boston is more influential than "the minister of Christ :" the consecrated preacher in his pulpit trembles before Felix in his bar. The Holy Ghost of the Church, with the other two persons of the Trinity, yields to the Spirit of the Tavern ; there is "no room for them in the inn ;" happy if they can find a manger with the oxen, and a swaddling garment for their new-born piety in the cattle's crib. Look at Boston, with its hundred clergymen,—religion is no restraint in business, no restraint in politics ; not at all ; and in our literature of mediocrity—that is the only literature which America yet possesses—religion is a force infinitesimally small, and not felt. It dares not speak against drunkenness and prostitution ; it is dumb religion, and dares not even oppose the stealing of men out of their houses in this town. The minister's "kingdom is not of this world ;" no, verily, it belongs to a world that is dead and gone. Respectable gentlemen do not ask Morality in a lawyer ; they expect it not in a politician ; they ask it of the minister. God be thanked, they do ask some little of it there. But it is only moral decency,—compliance with easy-mannered virtue, not the morality of a Paul whose spirit was stirred in him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry ; no, it is only

the Ephesian morality of Demetrius ! But a lawyer whose life is corrupt, who is unscrupulous and unprincipled, or a politician who is rotten, will not find that he is less trusted by the great cities of this country. Tell men that slavery is wicked ; that to play the pirate in Cuba is sin, —what do they say ? They quote the constitution. “ Politics is national housekeeping, not national morality,” say they. “ Talk of the Higher Law, do you ? You are a fanatic ! We disposed of that long ago.”

I say the Popular Theology is not a “ finality,”—to use the language of the day. It is doomed to perish. Let me do it no injustice. Mankind is very serious ; a very honest mankind ; and its great works are done with sweat and watching and sore travail. Down on its knees went mankind to pray for this theology ; and we have it. With many faults it has great truths. The truths will never perish ; they will last while God is God. Even its faults have done mankind no small service. War has taught us activity, and discipline of body and mind ; has helped the organization of men ; shown the power of thousands when molten to a single mass, and wielded by a single will. But the popular theology has taught greater things than that : it has shown the omnipotent obligation of Duty ; to sacrifice everything for God—the body and the spirit, the intellect, with its pride of reasoning, the conscience, with its righteousness ; the affections, with their love of father and mother and wife and child. The warrior, all stained with blood and sweating with his lust, it taught to subordinate the flesh to the spirit, to scorn the joys of the sense, to practise self-denial of ease and honour and health and riches and life, for the good that is purely spiritual. This is the lesson which ascetic Protestantism has so grimly taught to you and me, and ascetic Catholicism to the Christian world. The monks and nuns, the martyrs of the Inquisition, the saints who went hungry and naked and cold ; the infidels and atheists who turned off from all religion frightened by this bugbear of the Church ; the dreadful doubts and fears and madness and despair of the world,—these are the tuition fees which mankind has paid for this great lesson.

Let this theology pass. Science hates it. Every Cyrena from the London clay—a leaf gathered from the

Book of God now newly unfolded from the flinty keeping of a pebble on a subterranean beach, myriads of years older than Moses—confutes Moses and turns the popular Theology upside down. Philanthropy hates it; hates its jealous God, its narrow love, its pitiless torment, and its bottomless and hopeless hell. Let it pass. It can do little for us now; little for the mind and the conscience of the world; nothing for the affections, nothing for the soul. It can only drive men by fear, not charm by love. Let it pass; and its ministers tremble before the bank, the shop, and the tavern. Let the churchling crouch down before the worldling if he will.

But will Atheism aid us any more? It will do nothing, cheer nothing. It has only this to perform,—to rid men of fear and bondage to ancient creed. It never was a spring of action, and never can be. No! We must root into the soil of God, else we perish for lack of earth. An earth without a Heaven, a here with no Hereafter, a body without a Soul, and a world without a God—will that content the science and satisfy the philosophy of these times? Fill your mouth with the east wind! Atheism can never teach man that solemn, beautiful word,—*I ought*; only *I must*, which is Fatalism; or *I will*, which is Libertinism; never *I ought*, which is the mark of perfect obedience, and perfect freedom too. Atheism knows not the word Duty which marries Might with Right.

Well, shall we be without religion,—this Caucasian race, which has outgrown the worship of Nature, Polytheism, the Hebrew form of faith, classic Deism, and is fast outgrowing this popular Theology? I smile at the dreadful thought. Shall the great forces of modern civilization be wielded only for material ends? Here is America, a young nation, yet giant strong, with twenty million souls all cradled in her lap; and three million souls spurned as dust beneath her cruel feet. She has set her heart on this continent, “I will have all this goodly land,” quoth she. She has set her affections on money, vulgar fame, and power. Every mountain gives us coal, iron, lead, water for our mill; California delights to tempt us with her gold. And America, speaking with the new and brazen trumpet of the State, says, “There is no Higher Law forbidding me to plunder Spain and Mexico, or crush the

Black as I slew the Red." Says America, through the other trumpet, the old and brazen trumpet of the Church, "There is no Higher Law! Plunder and crush!"

Is that to be so? Is modern civilization, with science that formulates the heavens and reads the hieroglyphics of the sky, with mechanical skill which surpasses all the dreams of faery,—modern civilization, with such riches, such material power, such science, such physic, ethics, metaphysics, with Berlins of scientific lore, with London, Paris, and New York, affluent with energy—is this to be an irreligious civilization; genius without justice, riches without love, organization for the strong, the rich, and the noble-born, an organization to oppress, a civilization without God? No! You say no, and I say no; human history says no; human nature says no!

What shall hinder? The popular Theology? The usurer, the politician, the kidnapper, in their selfishness, laugh at your Old and New Testament, and spurn at your hell. The Christian churches are on the side of sin; oppression is favoured by them the old world through, and oppression is favoured by them the new world through. "Renounce the world!" says the priest, and means "Renounce the Higher Law of God." Soon as sin is popular the church christens it, and re-annexes the sin to itself. Did the American Church do aught against the Mexican war? Will it do aught against the Cuban war? It will put Cuban gold into its treasury to evangelize the heathen. What does it do against the awful sin of America at this day? It has strengthened the arm of the oppressor; it has riveted chains on the bondman's neck. But just now—thanks to the Almighty God!—the churches of New-England and the West, met in solemn convocation at Albany, have protested against this mighty sin; and have charged their clergymen who went to those corners of the land where the sin is practised, to bear their testimony against it; and if men would not hear them, then to depart out of their city. This is the first time; and it marks the turning of the tide which ere long will leave this old theology all high and dry upon the sand, a Tadmor in the desert.

The religion which we want must be of another stamp. It must recognize the Infinite God, who is not to be

feared, but loved ; not God who thunders out of Sinai in miraculous wrath, but who shines out of the sun on evil and on good, in never-ending love. It must respect the universe, matter, and man ; and worship God by natural Piety and serve Him with the Morality of nature.

Then what a force Religion will be ! There will be a religion for the body, to serve God with every limb thereof ; a religion for the intellect, and we shall hear no more of "atheistic science," but Lalande shall find God all the world through, in every scintillation of the farthest star he looks at, and Ehrenberg confront the Infinite in each animated dot or cell of life his glass brings out to light ; yea, the chemist will meet the Omnipresent in every atom of every gas. Then there shall be a religion for Conscience, the great Justice ; a religion for the Affections, the great Love ; a religion for the Soul, perfect Absolute Trust in God, Joy in God, Delight in this Father and Mother too.

Then what Men shall we have ! not dwarfed and crippled, but giant men, Christlike as Christ. What Families ! woman emancipated and lifted up. What Communities ! a society without a slave, without a pauper ; society without ignorance, wealth without crime. What Churches ! Think of the eight and twenty thousand Protestant churches of America, with their eight and twenty thousand Protestant ministers, with a free press, and a free pulpit, and think of their influence if every man of them believed in the Infinite God, and taught that the service of God was by natural Piety within and natural Morality without ; that there was no such thing as imputed righteousness, or salvation by Christ ; but that real righteousness was honoured before God, and salvation by character, by effort, by prayer, and by toil, was the work ! Then what a nation should we have ! ay, what a world !

We shall have it ; it is in your heart and in my heart ; for God, when he put this idea into human nature, meant that it should only go before the fact,—the John the Baptist that heralds the coming of the great Messiah.

"Eternal Truth shines on o'er errors' cloud,
Which from our darkness hides the living light ;

Wherefore, when the true Bard hath sung aloud
His soul-song to the unreceptive night,
His words, like fiery arrows, must alight,
Or soon, or late, and kindle through the earth,
Till Falsehood from his lair be frightened forth.

"Work on, O fainting Heart, speak out thy Truth;
Somewhere thy winged heart-seeds will be blown,
And be a grove of Pines; from mouth to mouth,
O'er oceans, into speech and lands unknown,
E'en till the long-foreseen result be grown
To ripeness, filled like fruit, with other seed,
Which Time shall plant anew, and gather when men need."

VII.

OF THE FUNCTION AND INFLUENCE OF THE IDEA OF IMMORTAL LIFE.

WE SHALL ALSO BEAR THE IMAGE OF THE HEAVENLY.—
1 CORINTHIANS XV. 49.

the countries of the globe ; the doings in Europe and in Asia affect his daily consciousness. He embraces the stars of heaven ; his telescopic thought sweeps the horizon of the universe. The discovery of a new planet is a joy to him, though his eye shall never taste its light. He connects himself with the past ; he remembers his father and his mother, loving to trace his branch of the family-tree far down,—now to a New-England sachem, now to a Norman king, or till it touches the ground in some Teutonic savage three thousand years ago. He loves to follow its roots under-ground to Noah, or Adam, or Deucalion, or Thoth, or some other imaginary character in the Heathen or Hebrew mythology. Thus he enlarges his present consciousness by recollecting or imagining the past, and is richer for every step he takes in history or fantasy. Not satisfied with this, he reaches forth to the future, with one hand building genealogies and tombs for his grandsires, and with the other houses for his grandchildren.

Thus our cultivated man enlarges his consciousness by the thought of men that are about him, behind him, and before him ; all of these lay their hands, as it were, upon his shoulders, to magnetize him with their manhood, present, past, or to come ; for as there is a long train of men, our brothers, reaching out from you and me to the furthest verge of the green earth, so there is another long train, six hundred or six thousand generations deep, standing behind us, each laying its hands on its fore-runner's shoulders, and all communicating their blood and their civilization unto us who inherit the result of their bodily and spiritual toil.

It is a delight thus to extend our personality in Space, by knowledge of matter and man, and control over both ; and in Time, by our connection with the family, reaching both ways, by our relation to the human race, in its indefinite extent backwards and around us on either hand. Human motives are gathered from the whole range of human consciousness and human knowledge, and our inward life is enlarged and enriched by the sweep of our intellect.

So the daily life of a civilized man in Boston comes to be consciously influenced by his wider knowledge of

the present, by his acquaintance with the past, by his anticipations of the future. This man is checked from wrong and encouraged to good, by the character of his acquaintances about him; some men by recollecting their father and their mother, whose names we would not sully with our daily sin. Almost every parent is animated by the desire to bless his children in generations that are to come. Thus the generations are bound together, and the personality of John and Jane in actual history is carried back to the first man, and in fancy is carried forward to the last. A grandfather in the house, a baby in the cradle, a mother at hand or afar off in the hills of Berkshire, remembering us in her evening prayer,—each of these is a hostage for the good conduct of mortal men. This young man will not dice or drink lest he wound the bosom which bore him. That young woman denies herself for her child, forbears the enormities of life lest she should poison the blood in the veins of one not yet born, or now drinking life from her breast. The wider is the circle of human observation, without or within, the more plenteous is the harvest of motive and delight gleaned up therefrom.

But men go further than that, and extend their individuality beyond the grave. The belief in the future life is at first a dim sentiment, an instinctive feeling, then a conscious desire, a dreaming of immortality; then the hope and fear thereof; and at last it is a certain confidence in eternal life, an absolute delight in immortality.

Thus successively the human landscape widens out from the wolf's den of that savage boy till it takes in family, neighbourhood, nation, mankind, all ages past on earth, all generations yet to come; yes, till our horizon of consciousness in its sweep includes God and Eternity.

There is a God of Infinite Perfection: the Soul of each man is destined to Eternal Life. These are the two greatest truths which human consciousness as yet has ever entertained. They are the most important; and if the human treasures of thought were to go to the ground and perish, all save what some few men grasped in their hands and fled off with, escaping from a new deluge,

should clutch these two truths as the most priceless treasure which the human race had won, and journey off with them to pitch my tent anew, and with these treasures build up a fresh and glorious civilization. When a man is influenced by hope and fear for the Future World, he is a higher being, much higher, than when this life was the limit to his thought.

But the influence of the Idea of Immortality has by no means proved an unmixed good. It has brought much evil on the world. It has been connected with the idea that God was malignant; and then the prospect of future life has been the culprit's anticipation of trial, torture, and damnation without end. Men have believed that the other side of the grave the Devil waited, armed with his torments, to seize poor Dives, who had his "good things in this life," and in the next stage make him smart for the purple and fine linen he wore in this. So the consciousness of immortality has often clouded over the future life with fear. Thus there is a popular ballad of the Middle Ages which describes a boy suffering bereavement, disease, poverty, and many a grief; and he says,

"I would fain lie down and die,
But for the curse of immortality."

I have heard ministers preach whose notions of the future life were of the grimmest sort,—so that with their belief, I would not have sent a rat or a mouse beyond the grave; nor wished my worst enemy to cross over,—and yet they said the common notion of immortal life was "too good to be true!" It was too bad to be true. I knew it was so bad that God would blot it out as a contradiction which could not be, and would never allow it to be a divine fact, only a human folly, which those men dreamed of.

In virtue of this fear, the belief in immortality has secured to the priesthood an immense amount of power, and excessive dominion over mankind; an authority well-nigh irresponsible, and which has led to great cruelty on their part. The priest taught men, "It is a terrible thing to fall into the hands of the living God. He is angry with the wicked every day, and keeps his anger for ever." "Alas," groaned the believer, "what shall I

do to be saved?" Then the priest replied, "I, and I alone, can appease the wrath of God. O selfish Baron Rackrent, full of sin, and waiting to die, give me thy money, give the Church thy broad lands, or else for ever suffer and rot in hell!" And the Baron, extending his selfishness beyond the tomb, frightened at the picture of the "Last Judgment" painted on the walls of the Church, or the "Dance of Death" sculptured in the graveyard, where Death and the Devil waltz and saraband mankind to Hell, gave to the priests the riches which they set their celibate hearts upon, and robbed his own heirs of many a fair rood of upland and of meadow under the influence of this fear and of the priesthood who fanned its dreadful flame.

The thought of immortality has turned men away from natural Piety and natural Morality. The priest declared, "That will do very well to live with, it is good for nothing to die by." So this belief, thus distorted, has led to unnatural modes of life; has crushed the delight out of many a heart, and has hindered the human race in their progress. Even now the fear of death and of torment sickles over the countenance of men when their mortal hour draws nigh: tears, alarm, and whimpering and

to paint it. I never read a "Judgment Hymn" in a Psalm-book, from Origen of Alexandria to Lyman Beecher of Boston,—even Luther's, modified by three hundred years of civilization since his death,—which was not fit to make a man's blood curdle in his veins. Only one sect has taught the doctrine of immortality in such a guise that any man need wish it to be true—the Universalists; and that sect is only a small fraction of the Christian world. If the common notions of eternal life were true, then we ought to call it Eternal Death; immortality would be the greatest curse God could inflict upon mankind. It is too bad to be true. Annihilation would be better:—

"Feelingly sweet were stillness after storm,
Though under covert of the wormy ground."

In the popular mythology, God is represented as turning Adam and Eve out of Paradise, with bitter execrations,—“Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee.” Fortunately that part of the popular mythology was writ by a man who makes no mention of immortality. Probably he had never heard of it. If he had he might have added that God knit his brows at mankind, baring his red right arm, and then said, “Eat also of the tree of life and live for ever, and I will torture you for all eternity.” The Hebrew writer probably had not heard of immortality; he did not add that; he left it for Christian doctors to do. So in the popular theology the Fall was the first misfortune of mankind, and Immortality the last. To die bodily was looked upon as the first curse, but to be unable to die in the soul is looked upon as the last curse. Read sermons—and they are of the commonest—on the fate of the wicked in the next life, and they shall tell you, almost all of them, that the wicked, the reprobate, the damned, will call out for the hills to fall on us, on the mountains to cover us; and the remorseless hills will not stir; the un pitying mountains will not start an inch; man shall ask for annihilation and have Hell for answer.

Yet spite of this horrible doom prepared for mankind, as it is alleged, which makes immortality a curse and the thought of it a mildew,—the doctrine is so dear to the

human heart, to the reflective head of mankind, that it is clung to, loved, believed in, and cherished by the mass of men all over the world. Even the Churches' fabled hell cannot frighten mankind out of their love for eternal life, "This longing after immortality."

— “For who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
These thoughts that wander through eternity ?”

The doctrine of eternal life is always popular. If you were to poll the world to-day and get the ayes and noes of all mankind, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand would give their vote for immortality. Yet few have ever reasoned about it much, and demonstrated their immortality. Most men think that they take it on trust from the mouth of their priest, or from “revelation,”—the Christians from the Bible, the Mahometans from the Koran. But it is not so; we do not take it on trust from a man. Like what else comes from the primitive instincts of the human heart, we take it on trust from the Father; from no less authority.

I mention these things to show, first, how deep is the instinct of immortality in our heart, for all nations above

eternal damnation for the vast majority of mankind, have a good name in every Church,—St Augustine, Gregory, —half a dozen of that name,—St Bernard, a mighty preacher of eternal ruin; and in our own country, Edwards, Hopkins, and Emmons, among the most venerable names of our American Church. But on the other hand, men who have declared that God was too good to persecute His children beyond the tomb,—they have everywhere received a bad name.

If a man denies the immortality of the soul, his oath is not allowed in the courts of Christendom. Even in Massachusetts he is an “outlaw,” and can prove nothing in a Court of “Justice,” except by the testimony of some “believer.” His account-books are no “evidence” in court, his testimony of no value. But a man who teaches that the God of the Christians is a thousand times more cruel than any idol-deity of Scandinavia or Hindostan, who will “torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron,” all but ten in the million, has his oath allowed him in every court!

But we ought to look at the reason which has led the philosophers to deny the doctrine. Some of them have doubtless been low and vulgar men,—as mean as their theological opponents,—and from lowness and vulgarity denied what their lowness and vulgarity hindered them from comprehending. But that is a very small class amongst philosophic men; and it is a rare thing to find a low and vulgar man flying in the face of popular opinion for the sake of an idea. Such men preach the popular doctrine, not the opposite. But it is a fact of history that in old time, from Epicurus to Seneca, some of the ablest heads and best hearts of Greece and Rome sought to destroy the idea of immortality. This was the reason: they saw it was a torment to mankind, that the popular notion thereof was too bad to be true; and so they took pains to break down the Heathen mythology, though with it they destroyed the notion of immortal life. They did a great service to mankind in ridding us from this yoke of fear. The Pagan philosopher and scoffer was a “forerunner” of Jesus,—quite as much so as John the Baptist. Be assured of this; it is a great thing to destroy an organized tyranny, even if at first you set up no govern-

ment in its place ; for such is the creative power of the human spirit that, if it have a free chance to work, it will soon raise up new Romes out of the dust, and leaving the monarchies of the old continent, will build up republics in the new. After you have hewn down the forest and driven off the catamount and the wolf, it is not a hard thing to raise corn and sheep in the new soil.

But soon as Christianity became established in the State, the old tyranny of fear got set up anew ; and as the doctrine of immortality appeared in a more distinct form and became more apparent in the Christian than in the Hebrew or Heathen Church, so this fear of future torment became more distinct and more powerful ; yes, it became absolute. It was connected with the doctrine of the Fall ; with "foreordination by the divine decrees," which is the Fatalism of the Christian Church,—the same thing which had taken a form slightly different in the Greek and Roman theologies, and was again to appear, modified a little further, in the Mahometan theology ;—with the idea of "total depravity," and the "infinite evil" of sin ; and in such bad company, what wonder is it that the doctrine of immortality became what it did become ? It was fear of God, not love of Him. It was fear

"The pope," said Luther, "cannot save men from Purgatory; his tickets will not be taken anywhere on the road. Keep your money and renounce your sin!" The sale of indulgences went down all at once; the market stopped.

But the tyranny of fear was not broken: there was only one mode less of escaping it. You could no longer buy off the wrath of God. There lay the bottomless pit, and there was none to ticket men across. Other men undertook to make a larger hole in that same drum; to smite in both heads of it. They said, "The soul is not immortal: death is the end of you!" These men laboured to destroy the Christian mythology, just as the old scoffers and philosophers had sought to make way with the Heathen mythology. Did that denial satisfy the world? Quite far from it.

The Human Race is under great obligation to these deniers. These "atheists" have done mankind great service. Epicurus, Pyrrho, Lucretius, Bruno, Voltaire, Paine, Hume, are among the benefactors of the race. It is a great thing to destroy a superstition which rides men as a nightmare. But some of them were among the most miserable of all this earth's martyrs that I have ever read of. There they sat, surrounded by jollity and elegance, wine and scarlet women, the victims of circumstances which they could not control. Their fate was far more pitiful than that of St Sebastian or St Catherine. Who would not rather be shot through and through with arrows, or broken for once on a wheel of iron and wood, than be shot at with doubts of immortality and broken constantly with dread of annihilation? Believing men who build up a new religion are always harshly treated, scourged in the market, beaten, let down out of windows in the wall of the city, shipwrecked, persecuted, leaving their heads in a charger, or their bodies on a cross. They have our sympathy, and deserve it,—brave souls in hardy iron flesh. But the unbelieving men who broke down the old religions, and saw no other light in the dusky ruin they made,—they are sadder martyrs in the world's great story! Drop a tear then on the grave of Voltaire, on the tomb of Pomponatius, and on the fires which consumed Jordano Bruno. You and I are made free by their

sufferings ; by their sorrows are our joys made more certain. In a better age Voltaire might have been as devout and religious as Gerson or Luther, and Bruno have been burned not as a heretic, but as a Christian.

The work of theological destruction is not yet over; far enough from it. The popular mythology must go the same way with the old Greek and Roman mythology, and other martyrs are doubtless demanded for that. No Emperor Julian, apostatizing from the progress of mankind, can save what is false, or destroy the true.

The leading philosophers of Europe seem to have small faith in immortality ; some positively deny it ; a few mock at it. Many of the enlightened Germans, whom oppression drives to America, deny the immortality of the soul, some openly scoff at the hope of eternal life ; and say all belief therein is a misfortune, for it clouds over men's happiness now with fear of future torment, hinders their progress, and makes them believe that Virtue and Justice are not good for their own sake, but only as means to another end. There is a good deal of truth in their objections, no doubt ; but they all apply only to a false idea of immortality and a wrong use of it ; not at all against the true doctrine itself. It seems to me these philosophers wholly overlook the deep desire of mankind for personal immortality ;—the natural belief which is so general that it is universal, except in those who have cultivated their intellect at the expense of the conscience, the affections, or the soul ; or in whom, in early life, some prejudice has hindered the natural instincts of mankind. They forget what a powerful motive to good it is, what a present enjoyment it affords to the human race ; and their denial, it seems to me, is most unphilosophic. And yet they are doing the same service now that Zeno and Lucretius and Lucian did for Christianity. They are the forerunners of some better “dispensation” that is to come.

I know some men fear that these bold deniers of immortal life will destroy the belief of mankind therein. I have no fear of that. Spite of the Catholic Church for sixteen hundred years preaching immortality as a curse, and the Protestant Church for three hundred years proclaiming it as a mildew and blight,—men have still en-

tertained the belief; and if all the learned clergy of the Protestant world, if all the Catholic clergy of the dark ages, could not make any considerable number of men doubt of immortality, I do not believe that a handful of philosophers speaking in the name of philosophy or mockery, can ever put down that which has held mankind so strongly for two or three thousand years. Immortality has kept the field against Augustine and Jerome, the Basilis, the Gregories, and Bernard; has held its own spite of Aquinas and Calvin and Edwards and Hopkins and Emmons, and I think it can laugh at Strauss and Comte and Feuerbach. Has it not in its time heard devils roar, and yet held its own against the Hell of the Church? Do you think, then, it has anything to fear from the Earth of the material philosophers?

We know little of the next life; nothing of the details thereof. In all the accounts of the future world which are commonly thought by Christians and Mahometans to come from miraculous revelation, you see how poor is the invention of mankind: the basis of the future heaven is always human, earthly. The Mahometan heaven is only what the Mahometan wishes to make earth, a paradise of the senses; all the passions, littleness, and vulgarity of the Mussulman are carried thither and repeated on a great scale. It was so in the Greek heaven; in the heaven of the ancient Germans. The Book of Revelation in our Bible is the work of some bigoted Jew, apparently not at all improved by the Christianity of his time; and its heaven is only a New Jerusalem, a most uncomfortable place for anybody but male and unmarried Jews. With the Puritans, Heaven was a New Plymouth or a New Boston, where the "Elect" had the monopoly which they wanted to get in the old Plymouth or old Boston, but could not quite accomplish; where all the time was Sunday, and the chief business was going to meeting; the chief joy was psalm-singing and listening to Calvinistic explanations of the Scripture, now and then delighting their eyes with the sight of their former opponents writhing in the pains of damnation. It was the Puritans' earthly life, idealized a little, and made eternal; they hoped to see their enemy tortured in hell whom they could not whip at the tail of a cart on earth. The ancient

ghosts, who used to be seen, and the modern ghosts, who are now only heard, in their "News from Heaven" only reveal things taken from our daily life. The theological details of the future life are chiefly imaginary, and drawn from our daily intercourse with common things.

It seems to me, however, that we may for a certainty know this,—that man is immortal; that I consider as fixed as the proposition that one and one make two. Then that God is infinitely perfect, a perfect Cause and a perfect Providence; that I consider equally certain as that one and one make two. Of course His infinite care must extend over the whole existence of mankind; must make the future life an infinite blessing for mankind on the whole, an infinite blessing for every human soul. This follows from what has already been said of the nature of God; for the infinite God must create His work from perfect motives and for a perfect purpose, form it of perfect material and provide it with perfect means to attain the perfect end He has proposed. Accordingly, His scheme of things must be so contrived as at last to achieve perfect welfare for the whole of mankind, and for each particular person.

Lucian and Lucretius, from Pomponatius and Voltaire, from Thomas Paine and Richter and Feuerbach: their hammer is not at all two heavy for their hard work.

But the idea of immortality as it belongs to the Absolute Religion, consistent with the Infinite Perfection of God, the philosopher need not hate that; for the belief therein is true to the spontaneous consciousness of human nature, to the reflective consciousness of philosophy, and it is of the greatest value to man as a hope, encouragement, and reward. Let me be sure of two things,—first, of Thine Infinite Perfection, O Father in Heaven! then of my own Immortality,—and I am safe, I fear nothing; I am not a transient bubble on the sea of Time, I shall outlast the “everlasting hills,” I am immortal as the monads of matter, immortal as its laws! I may rely on myself, respect myself, feel within me the yearnings after immortality, and I know there is an Infinite Heart which yearns infinitely for me and will take me to itself and bless me at the last.

Then I can rely on something better than I see with my eyes—on the Ideal Excellence which I think in my heart. I can make a sacrifice for it; I can postpone my Now for an immortal Then; I can labour for noble things which it will take a thousand years to accomplish. Things about me may fail, the mountain may fall and come to nought and the rock be removed out of its place, be exhaled a vapour to the sky—I shall not fail. I see

“The Soul is builded far from accident :
It suffers not in smiling pomps, nor falls
Under the brow of thralling discontent ;
It fears not Policy,—that heretic
That works on leases of short-numbered hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic.”

If to-morrow I am to perish utterly, then I shall only take counsel for to-day, and ask for qualities which last no longer. My fathers will be to me only as the ground out of which my bread-corn is grown; dead, they are like the rotten mould of earth, their memory of small concern to me. Posterity,—I shall care nothing for the future generations of mankind. I am one atom in the trunk of a tree, and care nothing for the roots below, or the branch above. I shall sow such seed as will bear harvest at once. I shall

know no Higher Law : Passion enacts my statutes to-day ; to-morrow Ambition revises the statutes ; and these are my sole legislators. Morality will vanish, Expediency take its place. Heroism will be gone, and instead of it there will be the brute valour of the he-wolf, the brute cunning of the she-fox, the rapacity of the vulture, and the headlong daring of the wild bull ;—but the cool, calm courage which, for truth's sake, and for love's sake, looks death firmly in the face and then wheels into line ready to be slain, that will be a thing no longer heard of. Affection will be a momentary delight in other men. The friendship which lays down its life for father, mother, wife, or child, for dear ones tenderly beloved, which sucks the poison from their wounds,—the philanthropy which toils and provides for the friendless, the loveless, the unlovely, and the wicked,—that will only be a story of old time, to be laughed at as men laugh at the tale of the Grecian boy who loved the New Moon as his heavenly bride.

But if I know that I am to live for ever, and when yonder sun has seen the whole host of heaven circle about the centre of the universe a million million times, that I still live on, making a greater progress in every forty years than what I have grown to since first I left my mother's arms ; if I know that Mankind will still survive with ever-greatening faculties in some other life, directed by the same Infinite Mind and Conscience and Heart and Soul that made us first, and guides us in our heavenward march ; if I know that each beggar in the street, that every culprit in the jail, or out of it, or haling men thither, has an immortal soul, and will go on greatening and beautifying more and more,—then I shall take the highest qualities which I know, or feel, and work with them ; and I shall feel that my personality is one of the permanent forces of the universe, and shall toil with conscious dignity and loving awe. I shall respect myself, and so respect each brother man.

In a hostile country the enemy builds his house of tent-poles and cloth, to last a single night ; pillages the neighbourhood, hews down the tree to eat its half-ripe fruit, careless of the toil which planted and the hope that waits therefor ; and to-morrow he marches away, his city of a night reduced to tent-poles and canvas, packed up in

his cart : a bit of vari-coloured bunting on a stick, is the symbol of his nomadic havoc. But the resident farmer carefully gathers and providentially plants the seed, and painstakingly rears up the tree, prunes it, grafts it, waits his score of years, and then, apple by apple, he gathers its fruit, the soft for present use, the sound for future store ; and his broad barn of limestone, his house of brick, and his marble church,—these are the symbols of the resident. So, under the stimulus of immortality, we shall cultivate those plants of the soul which take deep root, which require years, even ages, to grow, and slowly bear their fruit, a blessing for generations yet to come.

If I know that I am to live for ever, in the heat of sensual passion, I shall not set my heart on lust and mere bodily delight ; I know something more delightful. In the period of ambition, I shall not set my heart on gold only, or the praise of men ; I know what is richer, I know a fame better than fame. I shall remember that I am more than passion's slave, or the madman of ambition ; I shall give both their due,—passion its own, and ambition what belongs thereto. Riches and honour,—I shall give them both their own. Then I shall go deeper down, and bring to light the brighter diamonds which I quarry in the human mine.

Consciousness of immortality will not lead to contempt of this life, to weariness of it, to neglect of its duties. Looking up, I shall wish to set my foot on every round of the human ladder. In the dark places of the earth the candle of the Infinite will shine on the habitations of cruelty ; and I shall see the way to stave them to the ground, and in their place build up fair-faced dwellings for the sons of men.

To the mortal eye this is a sad world. What a history it is before me,—looking out of these four or five thousand eyes ! What day dreams of yours and mine have broke into nothing ! What toils unrequited, what sorrows which the world did not know,—all laid away in our consciousness, stratum over stratum, deposited under tranquil or troubled seas !

Look at the world ;—at Boston, with all the sorrow which festers in her heart ; at happy America, with her dreadful evils ; at Europe, with her France, so high, and

then so low ; with her Germany, full of contemplation,—and a chain on her neck ; with Italy and Spain ground under a tyrant's foot ; look at Asia, "the cradle of the human race," the cradle turned over and the child spilled out ;—at Africa, the nursery of the slaves of the world ;—at the Islands of the Sea ;—and consider that man is only mortal, and what a spectacle it is ! I should die outright at the thought of that ! But as I know that I shall live for ever, and that the Infinite God loves you and me, each man that walks the ground,—I can look on these evils of the world, on America, Europe, with her France, Germany, Italy, Spain ;—I can look on Asia, Africa, and the Islands of the Sea ;—and it is all only the hour before sunrise, the light is coming ; yes, I am also to light a little torch to illuminate the darkness, while it lasts, and help until the dayspring come.

How heavy are the griefs of personal mortal life ! Health decays into sickness, hope into disappointment ; death draws near to our little troop of pilgrims, and when we pitch our tent he takes away some beloved head,—a baby now, then an old man, then a father or a mother, a husband or a wife, a relative or a friend,—and at last we sit there, near the end of our pilgrimage, solitary, over

ness he stares upon. No rainbow beautifies that cloud ; there is thunder in it, not light. Night is behind—with-out a star. His dear one has vanished, her light put out by thunderous death, not a sparklet left. There is no daughter for him—but alas, he is a father still ; yet no father to her. For her whose life the blameless baby took, long years gone by, there is no mortal husband, no immortal mother. Child and mother are equal now ; each is nothing, both nothing. “I also shall soon vanish,” exclaims the man, “blotted out by darkness, and become nothing—my bubble broke, my life all gone, with its bitter tears for the child and the mother who bore her, its bridal and birthday joys, which glittered a moment—how bright they were, then slipped away,—my sorrows all unrequited, my hopes a cruel cheat. Ah me ! the stars slowly gathering into one flock, are a sorry sight—each a sphere tenanted perhaps by the same bubbles, the same cheats, the same despair—for it is a here with no Hereafter, a body with no Soul, a world without a God !”

Hard by in the same village, the selfsame night, a thoughtful man, born, baptized, and bred a theological Christian, full of faith in the popular mythology of the churches, accepting its grimmest ghastliness, sits down by the bedside of his prodigal son, his only child, —life’s substance squandered on harlots, wasted in riotous living. Death knocks at the profligate’s oft-battered door : no syren shakes the wanton windows now. The last hour of the impenitent has come. The father looks on that face so like its mortal mother once, now stained by riot, and scarred by lust, the mother’s image broke and crushed : so in the sack of a city, a statue of Mary is whelmed over a church portal, and thrown down, and the fragments of shattered loveliness are crunched to dust beneath the lumbering cannon wheels and vulgar drays, while from the street the artist eyes the shards of beauty wrought from his dreams and prayers. The father feels the breath of the vampyre of the tomb as it slowly numbs the youthful limbs,—joint by joint, finger by finger, hand by hand : he sees the mist cloud over the inanimate and soulless eye. Life slowly ripples out from that once manly heart. Telescopic memory sweeps the horizon of the father’s consciousness. He remembers the cradle,—

bought with such triumph ; the birth-night ; the little garments previously made ready for the expected guest ; the prayer of gratitude for the given and the spared when first he saw his first-born son ; he recalls the day of his marriage, when he stood on the world's top and Heaven gave him that angel—it seemed so then—to be loved, a real angel now, long since gone home to Heaven, her heart broken by the son's precocious waywardness. The father watches the ebb of mortal life, it is the flood of hell, bitter, remorseless, endless hell ; his son sinks into damnation—joint by joint, and limb by limb. Now he has sunk all over ! The mortal father turns to religion for comfort. Theology tells him of the fire that is never quenched, of the worm which dieth not, the torments of his child—the smoke ascending up for ever and ever, and bidding him be glad at the eternal anguish of his only son. His Bible becomes a torment ;—in the “many mansions” of its Heaven he knows none for the impenitent prodigal whom Death drives from husks and swine. He looks up after God ; a grisly King makes the earth tremble at his frown—angry with the wicked every day, and keeping anger for ever ; there is no Father. He turns to the “Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief,” asking “will not Mary’s Son help me in peril for mine ? for a sword pierces through my own soul also.” But the Crucified thunders, “Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels ;” and all the host of theological “Christians” respond—“He shall go into everlasting punishment ! Amen !” For him there is no Christ—nor never shall be one. Religion is a torment, immortality a curse, and God a devil ! “Is there no Mother for my son ?” he cries. The finger of Theology, hiding the morning star, points down to Hell, and the voice of Night with cold breath whispers “For ever.”

At the grave the “Atheist” and the theological “Christian” look each other in the face ; one has laid away his daughter for annihilation—he is the father of nothing ; the other has buried his son in eternal torment, the father of a devil’s victim, of a soul for ever damned ! What comfort has the one from Nothing, the other from Hell ? Human Nature tells both, “it is a lie. Atheism is here a lie ; the popular theology is there another lie.”

Yes, it is a lie. Eternal morning follows the night ; a rainbow scarfs the shoulders of every cloud weeping' its rain away to become flowers on land and pearls at sea ; Life rises out of the grave, the Soul cannot be held by festering flesh. Absolute Religion puts this ghastly theology to everlasting rest ; the Infinite Mother will mercifully chasten, heal, and bless even the prodigal whom death surprised impenitent ; Love shall cast out fear.

But conscious of the infinite perfection of God, with the consciousness of immortality in my heart, all this time I smile through my tears, as Death conveys in his arms, one by one, the dear ones from my side. I see them go up like fabled Elijah in his car of flame. I see their track of light across the sky, and I am contented ; I am glad ; I also shall presently journey in the same chariot of fire, and sit down again beside the dear ones who have gone before ;—

“Nightly I pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.”—

I smile on it all, and am a conqueror over Death.

My friends, I look at things as they are, at least strive to do so, and if I had come to the conclusion that man was mortal only, I should proclaim my conscientious conclusion strongly, and clearly, and right out. If I thought in my heart that there was no God, why, then I should proclaim that odious conviction. Nay, if I believed in the God of the popular theology, the God who retails agony and damns babies, paving his spacious hell with “skulls of infants not a span long,”—that He made religion a torment, immortality a curse, and was Himself a devil, why I should tell that too,—and would never hold back from mortal men what I thought Truth, howsoever much it might tear my own heart to get it, or my lip to proclaim it. But, looking with what philosophy I have, with what nature God has given me, I come to the other conclusion, and wish only that I had poetic eloquence to set it forth till it went into every man's heart, and drove fear out therefrom, and planted everlasting life therein.

I see not how any man can be content with blank annihilation, to have no consciousness of immortality, no consciousness of God.—Chance ! Fate ! Annihilation !

"Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of fame ?
Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,
Children of Truth, and champions of her cause ?
For this hath Science searched, on weary wing,
By shore and sea—each mute and living thing ?
Launched with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and islets beyond the deep ;
Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
And wheeled in triumph through the signs of heaven ?
Oh ! star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there
To waft us home the message of despair ?—
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf and death-distilling fruit !"

"What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain ?
I smile on Death, if heavenward Hope remain !
But if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life ;
If Chance awaked,—inexorable power !—
This frail and feverish being of an hour ;
Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep ;
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep, a little while ;
Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain
This troubled pulse and visionary brain ;
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom !
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb ! "

VIII.

A SERMON OF PROVIDENCE.

GOD WILL PROVIDE.—GEN. XXII. 8.

In a previous sermon I have already spoken of the Infinite God as Cause, and as Providence. But the constant Relation of God to the world which He creates and animates, is a theme too important to be left with the merely general treatment I have bestowed upon it. Atheism and the Popular Theology are both so unphilosophical in their Theory of the Universe; the function ascribed to finite Chance, the Supreme of the Atheist, in the one case, and to the Finite God, the Supreme of the theologian, in the other, is so at variance with the primitive spiritual instincts of human nature, and so unsatisfactory to the enlightened consciousness of cultivated and religious men, that the subject demands a distinct and detailed investigation by itself. It will require three sermons:—the first going over the matter very much at large and treating of Providence in its universal forms, the others relating to the application thereof to the various Phenomena of Evil—to Pain and Sin. I shall not hesitate to repeat the same thoughts and even the same forms of expression, previously made use of in these sermons. I do this purposely, both to avoid the needless multiplication of terms, and the better to connect this whole series of discourses together.

The notion that God continually watches over the world and all of its contents is one very dear to mankind. It appears in all forms of conscious religion. The worshipper of a fetiche regards his bit of wood, or amulet, as a special Providence working magically and exceptionally for his good alone. Polytheism is only the splitting up of the idea of God into a multitude of special Providences—each one a sliver of deity. Thus man has

“Parcelled out the glorious name.”

The Catholic invokes his Patron Saint, who is only a mere symbol and mind-mark of that Providence which is

always at hand. Pantheism puts a Providence in every blade of grass, in each atom of matter. The Epicureans of old time denied the Providence of God and dreamed of lazy deities all heedless of the Universe. But their theory is eminently exceptional in the theological world, yet performing a service and correcting the extravagance of men who run too far, in devout exaggeration attributing all to God's act.

In virtue of the functions of Providence ascribed to God, He is called by various names: Lord, or King, means providential Master ruling the world and exploitering its inhabitants for His good, not theirs. That is the favourite Old Testament notion and title of God: He is King, men are subjects, or even slaves. Yet other names therein appear, for the Old Testament is not unitary. In the New Testament, from His providential function God is often called Father, indicating the affection which controls His power: He is not merely King over subjects, and Lord over slaves, but a Father who rules His children for their good, restrains that He may develope, and seemingly hinders that he may really help. Hence in the Old Testament, slaves are bid to fear God; in the New Testament, children are told to love Him. However, the New Testament is not more unitary in this respect than the Old, and the cruel God appears often in the Gospels, the Epistles, and the Apocalypse, not a Father, but only a Lord and King, exploitering a portion of the human race with merciless rapacity.

A king is bound politically to provide for his subjects, inasmuch as he is king; political providence is the royal function. A father is affectionally and paternally bound to provide for his children, inasmuch as he is father; affectional providence is the paternal function. But as the father, or the king, is limited in his powers, so the paternal or political function is limited; for duty does not transcend the power to do. Their providence is necessarily imperfect, not reaching to all persons in the kingdom, or to all actions of their subject. A good king and a good father, both, wish to do more for their charge than their ability can reach. Their desirable is limited by their possible.

The Infinite God is infinitely bound to provide for His

creatures, inasmuch as He is Infinite God; Infinite Providence is the divine function, His function as God.

A Duty involves reciprocal obligation; a Right is the correlative of a Duty. There is a human Duty to obey, reverence, and love God, with our finite nature; but also, and just as much, is there a human Right to the protection of God. So there is a divine Duty on God's part, of Providence toward man, as well as a divine Right of obedience from man. I mean to say, as it belongs to the finite constitution of man to obey, reverence, and love God—the duty of the finite toward the Infinite; so it belongs to the Infinite constitution of God to provide for man—the duty of the Infinite toward the finite. Obedience belongs to man's nature, Providence to God's nature. We have an unalienable lien upon His Infinite Perfection.

I know men often talk as if God were not amenable to His own Justice, and could with equal right care for His creatures or neglect them; that His Almighty power makes Him capable of immeasurable caprice and liberates Him from all relation to Eternal Right. Hence it is often taught that God may consistently make a vessel of honour or of dishonour out of this human clay, as the potter does; or may consistently jest with His material, waste it, throw it away, destroy it, as the potter's apprentice does for sport in some moment of caprice; or may break the finished vessels as the potter himself does when drunk or angry. In virtue of this general notion, it is popularly taught in all Christendom that God will thus waste some of His human clay, casting human souls into endless misery; and in the greater part of Christendom it is taught that He will destroy the majority of mankind in this way; that He has a natural Right to do so, and man has no Right to anything but the caprice of God.

This doctrine is odious to me; and I see not how men can entertain such an idea of God, and still call Him good. This doctrine is equally detestable whether you consider it in relation to the condition of men consequent thereon, or to the character of God which causes that condition. This false idea tends to unsettle men's moral convictions. The consequence appears in various forms. The State teaches in practice that national Might is national right; that so far as the state is concerned there is no right and

no wrong ; whatever it may will is justice, the nation not amenable to moral law. The Church theoretically teaches that Infinite Might is infinite right ; that God repudiates His own Justice ; that so far as God is concerned there is no right, no wrong ; with Him caprice stands for reason. The atheist agrees with the theologians in this, only he rejects the ecclesiastical phraseology, knowing no God.

I will not speak of Mercy, commonly conceived of as the limitation of Right, strong manly Justice obstructed by womanly sentiment and weakness. But speaking of bare Justice I say, that from the Idea of God as Infinite it follows that He has no right to call into being a single soul and make that soul miserable for its whole life ; or to inflict upon it any absolute and unrecompensed evil ; no right to call into life a single worm and make that worm's life a curse to itself. It is irreverent and impious to teach that He could do this. It is a plain contradiction to the idea of God. It is as impossible for Him to create anything from an imperfect motive, for an imperfect purpose, of imperfect material, or as imperfect means, as it would be for Him to make Right wrong, the same thing to be and not to be, or one and one not two, but two thousand. I as finite man am amenable to the laws of my finite, human nature ; He as Infinite God to the laws of His infinite, divine nature. To say that God has a right, or a desire, to repudiate his Infinite Justice, that He will do it, or that as God He can, is as absurd as to say that He will and can make one and one two thousand

to pass ; or a defect of Holiness—He would not use the power, love, justice, and wisdom for His creatures' sake. This might be said of conceptions of God as finite,—of Baal, Melkarth, Jupiter, Odin, Jehovah ; never of the Infinite God ; He, inasmuch as He is God, must exercise an infinite Providence over each and all His works. The universe, that is, the sum total of created matter and created mind, must be perfectly fitted to achieve the purpose which God designs ; that must be a benevolent purpose, involving the greatest possible bliss for each and all, for the Infinite God could desire no other end.

From this it follows that the material part of the universe, and its spiritual part also, must be perfectly adapted to this end. A perfect whole, material or spiritual, consists of perfect parts, each answering its several purpose, and so the whole fulfilling the purpose of the whole. No part must be lost ; no part absolutely sacrificed to the good of another, or of all others, and to its own harm and ruin.

All this follows unavoidably from the idea of God as infinitely perfect. Starting from this point all is plain. But concrete things often seem imperfect because they do not completely serve our transient purpose, while we know not the eternal purposes of God. We look at the immediate and transient result, not at the ultimate and permanent. Thus the mariner cannot come to port by reason of the storm and rocks which obstruct his course ; he thinks the weather imperfect, the world not well made, and you often hear men say, " How beautiful the world would be if there were no storms, no hurricanes, no thunder and lightning." While if we could overlook the cosmic forces which make up the material world, we should see that every actual storm and every rock was needful ; and the world would not be perfect and accomplish its function had not each been put there in its proper time and place.

An oak-tree in the woods appears quite imperfect. The leaves are coiled up and spoiled by the leaf-roller ; cut to pieces by the tailor-beetle ; devoured by the hag-moth and the polyphemus, the slug caterpillar and her numerous kindred ; the twigs are sucked by the white-lined tree-hopper, or cut off by the oak-pruner ; large

limbs are broken down by the seventeen-year-locust; the horn-bug, the curculio, and the timber-beetle eat up its wood; the gad-fly punctures leaf and bark, converting the forces of the tree to that insect's use; the grub lives in the young acorn; fly-catchers are on its leaves; a spider weaves its web from twig to twig; caterpillars of various denominations gnaw its tender shoots; the creeper and the woodpecker bore through the bark; squirrels—striped, flying, red, and gray—have gnawed into its limbs and made their nests; the toad has a hole in a flaw of its base; the fox has cut asunder its fibrous roots in digging his burrow; the bear dwells in its trunk which worms, emmets, bees, and countless insects have helped to hollow; ice and the winds of winter have broken off full many a bough. How imperfect and incomplete the oak-tree looks, so broken, crooked, cragged, gnarled, and grim! The carpenter cannot get a beam, the millwright a shaft, or the ship-builder a solid knee for his purpose; even the common woodman spares that tree as not worth felling; it only cumbers the ground. But it has served its complicated purpose; given board and lodging to all these creatures, from the ephemeral fly, joying in his transient summer, to the brawny bear for many a winter hibernating in its trunk. It has been a great woodland caravansary, even a tavern and chateau, to all that heterogeneous swarm; and though no man but a painter thinks it a perfect tree,—and he only because the picturesque thing serves his special purpose,—no doubt the good God is quite contented with His oak, and says, “Well done, good and faithful servant.” He designed it to serve these manifold uses, and also to furnish beauty for the painter’s picture and meaning for the preacher’s speech. Doubtless it enters into the joy of its Lord, having completely served His purpose; He wanted a caravansary and chateau for these uncounted citizens. To judge of it we must look at all these ends, and also at the condition of the soil that had a superabundance of the matter whereof oak-trees are made.

We commonly look on the world as the carpenter and millwright on that crooked oak, and because it does not serve our turn completely we think it an imperfect world. Thus men grumble at the rocky shores of New England,

its sterile soul, its winters long and hard, its cold and biting spring, its summers brief and burning, and seem to think the world is badly put together. They complain of wild beasts in the forests, of monsters in the sea, of toads and snakes, vipers, and many a loathsome thing—hideous to our imperfect eye. How little do we know! a world without an alligator, or a rattlesnake, a hyæna, or a shark, would doubtless be a very imperfect world. The good God has something for each of these to do; a place for them all at His table, and a pillow for every one of them in Nature's bed.

Though Theologians talk of the infinite goodness of God and the perfection of His Providence, they have yet a certain belief in a Devil; even if it is not always a personal devil, at any rate it is a Principle of Absolute Evil, which they fear will, somehow, outwit and override God, getting possession of the world; will throw sand into the delicate watch-work of the Universe and completely thwart the Providence of the Eternal.

This comes from that dark notion of God which haunts the theology of Christendom; yea, of the Hebrew, the Mahometan, and Hindoo world. It is painful to see how this notion prevails amongst intelligent and religious men. They tell you of the greater activity of the Evil Principle; they see it in the insects which infect the grain and fruit-trees of New England, forgetting that God takes care of these insects as well as of man. When we study deeper, we see that there is no evil principle, but a good principle, so often misunderstood by men. If we start with the idea of the infinite God we know the purpose is good before we comprehend the means thereto.

There are two ways in which men assert the doctrine of God's Providence, two philosophical and antagonistic doctrines thereof.

I. One makes God the only Will in creation; animals are mere machines, wholly subordinate to their organization; man is also a mere machine, wholly subordinate to his organization. Thus all the action in the world, material and spiritual, is the action of God. The universe consists of two parts, one real, the other phenomenal. First, there is God the Actor; next, a parcel of Tools or Puppets, wholly passive, having no will or life of their own; and

with these God works, or plays. On this supposition His Providence has a clean sweep of the universe ; every sentiment, good or bad ; every thought, true or false ; every deed, blessing or baneful, is His work. The sun is an unconscious instrument of God ; I am a conscious instrument but still a bare tool in God's hand, not a free agent.

This comprehensive scheme, reducing life to mechanism appears in many forms. It belongs to the gross philosophy of the materialist ; it is the cardinal doctrine of the pantheist, material or spiritual, the most offensive and dangerous of his doctrines. It is the great idea with the fatalists of all classes. But it appears in the theological sects also, as well as in philosophic parties ; for man cannot escape from his first principle, neither in philosophy nor in theology. It lies at the basis of the Catholic and Protestant theology. Calvin and d'Holbach agree in this. The contradiction it leads to is plain in the preaching and writings of almost every Calvinistic or Catholic theologian who tries to reconcile his theology with the common facts of consciousness. Now he says you must do for yourself and then God will help you ; but adds you can do nothing till God begins it for you. The popular hymn contains

On this hypothesis the function of Providence appears quite simple; all action is God's action. The phenomenal actor may be human, but the only real agent is God. For example: Cain kills Abel with a club, the spite of his heart flashing from his angry eye. That is the phenomenon. But the fact is God killed Abel with Cain's arm; Cain and the club were equally passive instruments in the hand of God. Here the intervention of Cain, with his malicious feeling and flashing eye, is only a part of the stage machinery, for theatrical effect, but the contriver and worker of it all is God. His ways are simple; matter and man have really nought to do. This doctrine shocks common sense and is at war with the consciousness of every man. It is eminently at war with religious feeling; for on this supposition actual suffering and sin are of no human value; they lead to nothing; it is in vain for the grass to grow, the human hay is cut and dried by foreordination.

II. The other doctrine of Providence makes man's will free, absolutely free, not at all conditioned by circumstances, bodily organization, and the like. The philosophical question of freedom and necessity I do not design to enter upon. It is one of the most difficult questions in metaphysics, and I certainly am not able to solve the riddle. There are difficulties in either hypothesis, and I have not psychological science enough to explain them in the court of intellect. Philosophy is intellect working in the mode of art; Common Sense is intellect working after its natural instinct, not in the technical mode of art. Philosophy demonstrates; common sense convinces without demonstration. In default of philosophy, we must follow common sense; that does not settle the matter scientifically and ultimately, but practically and provisionally, subject to revision in another court. But common sense decides in favour of Freedom. Every man acts on that supposition; and supposes that other men are likewise free. Courts of law proceed on this hypothesis; public opinion distributes praise or blame; my own conscience commends, or else cries out against me. I am conscious of freedom.

But a little experience shows that this freedom has its limitations, and is not absolute. It is conditioned on every

side,—by my outward circumstances, the events of my history, the accidents of education, the character of my parents and daily associates ; by the constitution of my body—its varying health, hunger, and thirst, youth, manhood, and old age. In comparison with a shad-fish, or a blackbird, Socrates has a good deal of freedom, and is not so much subordinate to his organization, or his circumstances, as they ; but in comparison with the Infinite freedom of God his volitiveness is little. To speak figuratively, it seems as if man was tied by two tethers—the one of historic circumstance, the other of his physical organization—fastened at opposite points, but the cord is elastic, and may be lengthened by use, or shortened by abuse and neglect ; and within the variable limit of his tether man has freedom, but cannot go beyond it. Still further, to carry out the figure, one man gets entangled in his confining line, and does not use half the freedom he might have ; another continually extends it, and becomes more free.

It is plain that however these circumstances may or may not limit our ideas, or will, they must determine the form of our conceptions and our power to execute them in

the world.

cases. God's special providence attends to particular cases, not otherwise provided for, and disposes of them. One is a court of common or statute law, the other a court of equity. In special providence God is supposed not to act by general laws, but without them, or against them. All normal action in Nature comes from general providence; all Miracles from special providence. Thus a freshet in the Connecticut, and the annual rising of the Nile, belong under the general providence of God and come by the action of steadfast laws; but the miraculous Flood in the time of Noah came of God's special providence, having no cause in Nature, only in the caprice of God. This form of special providence in Nature is known only to the theologian, not to the man of science.

To take examples from human affairs, it is maintained that God's general providence waited on the whole human race, but the Hebrews were under His special providence, and He went so far in their case as to make a contract with Abraham, which St Paul thought God was under an obligation to keep, and could not invalidate.

All men in general are under the general providence, but Christians enjoy the special providence of God, or, as Dr Watts has it,

“The whole creation is Thy charge,
But Saints are Thy peculiar care.”

It is said that the forms of religion in China, India, Egypt, Greece, and Mexico, came by the general providence of God, growing out of the nature of man, or coming at the instigation of the devil, having their root in the human or the infernal nature; while the Hebrew and the Christian forms of religion came by His special providence, started in God, and were miraculously transplanted to human soil.

Certain Christians are thought still more eminently under God's special providence. They are the “elect,” and the world was made for them. The Mahometan thinks the same of his form of religion and of the elect Mussulmans. Christian theologians say that saints, the elect, share the “covenanted mercies” of God and are favourites, enjoying His special providence, while the rest of men are left to His “uncovenanted mercies,” and have

need to tremble. The governor of Massachusetts a few years ago, in his proclamation for a day of fasting, invited men to pray God to bless the whole United States in general, but to have "a special care of the good State of Massachusetts." The Hebrews, thinking God cared nothing for the Gentiles, praised him saying, "Thou didst march through the land in indignation. Thou didst thrash the heathen in anger; Thou wentest forth for the salvation of Thy people;" "Thou didst drive out the heathen with Thine hand."

So Christians think God has His favourites amongst men, and, like a partial father, takes better care of some of His children than of the rest: you and I share His common concern and are under His general laws; Jesus of Nazareth had his special care and was under special laws. It would be thought a great impiety to suppose that God felt as much concern for Judas as for Jesus, and would no more suffer the son of Simon to be ultimately lost, than the son of Mary. Yet if you think twice you will see that the impiety is on the other side; for if God does not care as much for Iscariot as for Christ, as much desiring and insuring the ultimate triumph of the one as the other, then He is not the Infinite Father whose ways are equal to all His children, but partial, unjust, cruel, wicked, and oppressive. You do not think so well of the British government because it neglects its feeblest subjects, the labouring millions, making England the paradise of the rich and strong, the purgatory of the wise and good, and the hell of the poor and weak. You condemn the government of the United States because it has its favourites, and oppresses and enslaves the feeblest of its citizens to increase the riches of indolent and cruel men. You would not employ a schoolmaster who turned off the dull boys and beat the bad ones, disposed to truancy and mischief, driving them out into the streets to shelter in crime, to fester in jail, or rot on the gallows. What indignation would suffice towards a mother who neglects a backward boy, takes no pains with the girl that is a cripple, or with a son who has an organic and hereditary tendency to dissipation and licentiousness? I do not like to say a man is impious without proof that he means it; but to attribute so base a character and such unjust conduct to God

as you would not respect in a government, allow in a schoolmaster, or endure in a mother, is thoughtless, to say the least of it. But that is the common idea of God in the Christian churches, and the common idea of His providence.

The modern notion of a special providence, wherein God acts without law or against law, is the most spiritual and attenuated form of the doctrine of miracles, the last glimmering of the candle before it goes out. Men who give up the miraculous birth of Jesus still claim that he was under the special providence of God. As the State has general laws which apply well enough to the majority of cases, but has special legislation for the exceptional cases which were not provided for by the general statutes; and as it has a jury whose function is to determine if the law shall punish this or the other man who has violated it, so the popular theology teaches that God's providence has its general legislation, which applies well enough to the majority of cases, and its special legislation, which applies only to the exceptional cases, with its particular mercy, which, like the jury, refuses to execute the law when it seems too hard. For it is tacitly taken for granted by the popular theology that God did not foresee and provide for all the wants of the Universe, material or spiritual, but is sometimes taken by surprise, things not turning out as He designed or expected, and so He must interfere by special miracles, mend His work, set up makeshifts and provisional expedients. Thus it is represented that the loneliness of Adam in Paradise, his seduction and fall, the subsequent wickedness of his descendants, the transgressions of the Hebrews, and the general sinfulness of mankind at a later day, were all a surprise to the Creator, things not turning out according to His thought. New expedients must accordingly be devised to meet the unexpected emergency.

In like manner it is taught that Jesus of Nazareth was under the special providence of God; that all history prepared for him and pointed to him; that he had a special mission; while you and I are only under the general providence, history has not prepared for us, does not point to us, and we have no special mission;—in short, that Jesus is a providential man, with a providential function

and history, while you and I are not providential men, and have no providential history or function.

This common theological notion of the limited general providence and limited special providence of God belongs to the very substance of the popular theology, and springs from its idea of God as finite in power, in wisdom, in justice, and in love. Some ancient and some modern philosophers, seeing the change and progress in manifestation, believe there is a corresponding change in the manifestor, and declare that God is not a Being but a Becoming. The popular theology has the same vice,—though the theologians are not conscious thereof, and denounce it,—believing that God grows wiser by experiment, and must alter His plans. Yet in contradiction of their own statements, they declare Him without variableness and shadow of turning; while according to the popular theology the history of God is a history of revolutions, even in His dealing with His chosen people, the revelation through the Messiah being flat opposite to the revelation through Moses which it annuls. Pantheism and the popular theology, hostile as they are, agree in this strange conclusion—the negation of the Infinite, and the affirmation of a variable God. The pantheist consciously denies the one and affirms the other, in laying down his premises; the theologian does it unconsciously, in developing his conclusion.

From the Nature of God as Infinite, from the relation He sustains to the creation, as perfect and perpetual Cause thereof, it follows that His Providence must be not barely special—eminently providing for certain things,—or general—taking care of the great mass but letting exceptional particulars slip through his fingers;—it must be universal. It must extend to each thing He has created, to all parts of its existence and to every action thereof. If it be not so, then either some parts of creation are entirely derelict of God, destitute of His Providence, without His care, neglected by Him and outlaws from God, put to the ban of the Universe; or else destitute of His Providence during some portions of their existence, or in some acts of their lives. Either case is at variance with the Infinite nature and function of God. For when the Infinite God created the universe, it must

have been from a perfect motive, of a perfect material, for a perfect purpose, and as a perfect means thereto ; and He must therefore have understood it all completely—in each of its parts, and perfectly—in all the details of each part ; and, knowing all the powers, he foreknows all the actions, necessitated or contingent, and provides for each. This must be true of the Universe as a whole ; and of each part thereof. All its actions must be thus provided for. The laws of the Universe, the constant modes of operation of the material or human forces, must be founded on this complete and perfect knowledge, and co-extensive therewith, and be exponents of that motive and servants of that purpose. This is what is meant, when it is said the laws of matter and of mind belong to the nature and constitution of matter and of mind. These laws are formed after a complete knowledge of all the properties, functions, and consequences of matter and mind. Before there were two particles of matter in existence, the Infinite God must have understood the law of attraction, in its larger form as gravitation, its smaller as cohesion, and have known that thereby the tower of Siloam would one day fall and slay eighteen men ; that many a beetling crag would tumble to the ground, and Alpine landslips bring thousands of men to premature destruction. But all those laws, thus made, must coincide with the motive of God and be means for His purpose ; they must suit the welfare of the whole creation and of each part thereof. This must be true of the material world which is unconscious and not free ; of the animal world which is not free yet partially conscious ; of the human world which is conscious and partially free ; and of all superhuman worlds with higher degrees of consciousness and freedom.

To this universal extent must all things be under the Providence of God ; to this extent His constant modes of operation must needs reach out.

Then if you look at the relation of God to any one thing, say the grub of a Buprestian beetle boring into the bough of the oak I just now spoke of, it seems as if God made the bough of the tree expressly for that little incipient insect ; and the oak for the bough ; and the soil for the oak : the globe, with all its ups and downs, which

Geology relates, seems made for the soil; and the Universe for the globe. So it appears that that little larva of a beetle is the end, or final cause, of the Universe, stands on the top of the world, and has all creation to wait on him, with the God thereof as providential overseer. Then regarding this grub as the one thing the Universe was designed to serve, theologians might say, "Behold, God's providence is special; He has special legislation to suit this Buprestian grub, and has aimed the whole world at this mark. See how all things prepare for that; the sun and moon are only its forerunners, and in the fulness of time behold a grub!"

But when the theologian studies the condition of the next grub in an oak-apple, or a gall-nut, or in the nearest bough, he finds them all as well conditioned, and sees that God takes care of the Lymexylon, the Hylecaetus, and the Brenthus as well as of the Buprestian; that each of them stands just as much on the top of the world, with the universe to wait thereon and God as overseer. You may study all the inhabitants of the oak tree—the toad, the squirrel, the fox, the bear, it is true of them all. Yes, it is true of every special thing in the world, when you fully understand that special thing in all its existence, in each

also completely general, providing for all. In other words, it is universal. God's Providence must be infinite, like His nature. Special and general are only forms in which we conceive of that providence ;—in its relation to a single thing men name it special, to many things, general, while it extends to all and is universal. Accordingly it neither requires nor admits of miraculous makeshifts and provisional expedients, which theologians think indispensable to their finite God.

When God created mankind He must have given thereto the powers which are requisite to accomplish all His purpose. This must be true of mankind as a whole, and of Amos and Habakkuk, of each man as a part thereof ; of each man considered individually as an integer, and considered socially, or humanly as a fraction of the community, or race, and so a factor in the social, or general human result of the life of mankind. Of course God must foreknow what use or abuse would be made of these powers, given in their present proportion, just as well as He knows it now, after all the experience of centuries. Knowing human nature, He must foreknow human history. For example, God must have foreknown that young children would stumble bodily in getting command of their limbs, in learning to walk, and suffer pain in consequence thereof; that older children would stumble spiritually in getting command of their spirits, in learning to think and to will, and suffer in consequence of that ; that mankind as a whole would stumble in getting command of the material world, and the development of their human powers ; and accordingly there would be suffering from that cause.

Now God, inasmuch as He is God, acts providentially in Nature not by miraculous and spasmodic fits and starts, but by regular and universal laws, by constant modes of operation ; and so takes care of material things without violating their constitution, acting always according to the nature of the things which He has made. It is a fact of observation that in the material and unconscious world He works by its materiality and unconsciousness, not against them ; in the animal world, by its animality and partial consciousness, not against them. Judging from the nature of God and of man, it must be concluded that in the providential government of the human world,

He acts also by regular and universal laws, by constant modes of operation; and so takes care of human things without violating their constitution, acting always according to the human nature of man, not against it, working in the human world by means of man's consciousness and partial freedom, not against them.

Here in the human world God's providence must be as complete and as perfect as there in the material or animal world, in each department acting by the natural laws thereof, not without or against them. As by the very constitution of material or animal things God's providence acts by the natural laws thereof—statical, dynamical, and vital laws; so from the very constitution of man it appears that His perfect Providence must work according to the spiritual laws thereof; for it is not conceivable either that God should devise laws not adequate for His purpose, or capriciously depart from them if made adequate. Call this Providence special as it applies to Hophni and Phineas, or general as it applies to all the children of Jacob, it is plain that it must be universal, applying to all material, animal, and human things.

If these things are so, if God be Infinite, then the Hebrew nation is under His universal Providence; but the Amalekites whom the Hebrews overthrew, and the Romans who captured the conquerors, and the Goths who vanquished the Romans, are all and equally under the universal Providence of God, who cares equally for them all. Not only are the nations under His Providence in their great acts, but in their little every-day transactions. Theologians love to think that God was present with the Hebrews in their march out of Egypt, at Mount Sinai; that their exodus and legislation were providential. It is all true; but the same Providence watched equally over the English Pilgrims in their exodus; over the British Parliament making laws at Westminster, the American Congress at Philadelphia and Washington. It is well to see this fact in Hebrew history; well also to go further forward and see it in all human history, and to know that human nature is divine Providence.

The common theological notion of a special Providence, with its special favourites, is full of mischief. Some intensely national writer in the Hebrew Old Testa-

ment tells us that Noah cursed the descendants of Ham for their father's folly ; theologians inform us that in consequence thereof his descendants are cast-off, outlaws from God. But there are no outlaws from the Infinite Father : to say He casts off any child of His, Hebrew or Canaanite, is as absurd as to say He alters the axioms of mathematics, or the truths of the multiplication table. It is inconsistent with the nature and constitution of the Infinite God ; it is as impossible as that one and one should be two thousand, and not two. The African nations, whom the Caucasians enslave, must be as dear to God as the pale tyrants who exploiter them, just as much under His infinite Providence, which will not suffer any ultimate and unrecompensed evil to befall the black or white.

All individuals then must be equally under the same providential care of the Infinite God ; not merely great men, the Charlemagnes, the Cromwells, the Napoleons, "men of destiny" as they are called, but the little men ; not merely the good men, the heroes of religion, the Moseses and the Jesuses, but the ordinary men, and wicked men, not barely in their great moments, when they feel conscious of God, but in their daily work and humble consciousness. Then it is plain that not only Moses and Jesus are providential men intrusted with a special mission, but you and I and each man are just as much providential men, equally intrusted with a mission, not the less special because it is humble and our powers are weak. The unnatural Spartan father rejects and despairs his idiot girl, leaving her to perish on Mount Taygetus ; the theologian casts off his son, grown up wicked and a public criminal, leaving him to perish unpitied in his jail. But the loving-kindness of the Infinite Father watches over the fool ; the tender mercy of the Infinite Mother takes up the criminal when mortal parents let him fall. There is no child of perdition before the Infinite God.

Now God, as the infinitely perfect, must accomplish His providential function by the laws which belong to the nature and constitution of things ; that is, by the normal and constant mode of operation of the natural powers resident in those things themselves ; in material

and animal nature by the forces and laws thereof; in human nature by its forces and its laws. For as Providence is the divine execution in time of the eternal divine purpose, it is absurd to say that God supersedes or annuls the means which he primarily designed for that purpose. The classic deist supposed the material world was the work of one God; and the arrangement of human affairs the work of another. Between the two there was a collision and a quarrel, the world-governor must interfere with the work of the world-maker; Causality and Providence were antagonistic. But with the idea of the Infinite God this antithetic dualism vanishes at once away.

The creative Causality of the Infinite God is likewise conservative and administrative Providence.

So from the nature of the infinitely perfect God and the consequent perfection of His motive, material, purpose, and means thereto, it follows that He will not destroy as infinite Providence what He created as infinite Cause; that He will not violate the laws and break the constitution which He Himself has made. Accordingly, in the midst of God's Providence working from a perfect motive for a perfect purpose and by means of the

human faculties become then the instruments of Providence. Every man is under the protection of God—and all fear of the final result for you, or me, or for mankind, quite vanishes away. The details we know not; experience reveals them a day-full at a time; the result we are sure of.

Timid men who think that God is miserly and the great Hunker of the Universe, sometimes fear the material world will not hold out; some little "perturbations" are discovered, now the Earth approaches the Sun for many years, perhaps never twice has described exactly the same track; so they fear the earth will fall into the fire and the world be burned up. But by and by we find that these "perturbations" only disturbed the astronomer, doubtful of God; that to the Cause and Providence of the world they were eternally known, foreseen for; that they are normal acts of faithful matter, and so all undisturbed the world rolls on. Constant is balanced by constant. Variable holds variable in check. In her cyclic rotation round the earth the Moon nods; the Earth oscillates in her rhythmic round, while the Sun nods also, as the centre of gravity of the solar system shifts now a little this way, then a little that; nay, the whole Solar System, it is likely, swings a little from side to side: but all this has been foreseen, provided for, balanced by forces which never sleep, and one thing set over against another in such a sort that all work together for good, and the great Chariot of Matter sweeps on through starry space keeping its God-appointed track. Such is the Providence of God in the Universe, not an atom of star-dust is lost out of the sky, not an atom of flower-dust is lost from off this dirty globe; such are the laws by which God works His functions out in Nature. Ignorance is full of dread and starts at terrors in the dark, trembles at the earthquake and the storm. But science justifies the ways of God to matter, knowing all and loving all, discloses everywhere the immanent and ever active force. Where Science does not understand the mode of action, nor read the details of perfection clearly in the Work—it points to Infinite Perfection in the Author, and we fear no more.

IX.

OF THE ECONOMY OF PAIN AND MISERY UNDER THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

HE HATH MADE NOTHING IMPERFECT.—ECCLESIASTICUS XLII. 24.

LAST Sunday I spoke of Providence in its most general form, as the universal execution of the perfect purposes of God by the perfect means He had originally devised. Closely connected with this are two things which demand attention, namely, the phenomena which are called Evil and Sin, and the relation thereof to the causal and providential function of the Infinite God.

To understand this matter of Evil, to know its mode of origin and of operation, and the purpose it serves, considerable nicety of thought is necessary; and of course considerable precision in the terms which express and define thought.

transgression of a natural law of the body or the spirit ; that is Sin, meaning thereby the transgression with all its subjective and objective consequences.

So much also for the definition of these terms.

To-day I shall speak only of Pain and Misery ; and of them chiefly in the form of Physical Evil.

In the world of mere Matter, there is no consciousness, no freedom, no will. It is subject wholly to statical and dynamical laws in their various forms ; and there is therefore no Pleasure and no Pain. That department of creation seems designed merely for a theatre on which animated beings are to find scope for action, and whence they may obtain their means of livelihood. I think no man pretends to find any evil there.

But there is the world of Animals and of Man conscious in higher or lower degrees, and with more or less of freedom, gifted with partial power of will. Here is the field for Pleasure and Pain—the elements of Happiness and of Misery, the two poles of life. Here occur the phenomena of Evil.

By Pleasure I mean the state which comes from the fulfilment of the natural conditions of animate existence ; from the normal satisfaction of natural desires. By Pain I mean the state which comes from non-fulfilment of those natural conditions ; from the absence of the normal satisfaction of those desires. Of course I include in that state not only the negative form of evil—lack of the desirable, but the positive form of evil—presence of the hateful. Happiness is prolonged pleasure ; Misery is prolonged pain.

Happiness is great in proportion to the greatness of the faculties which seek their natural satisfaction ; and in proportion likewise to the completeness of the satisfaction itself. So there is a qualitative distinction, of the specific modes of Happiness—as it comes from satisfying high or low desires ; and a quantitative distinction, of the particular degrees thereof—the satisfaction being partial or total. On the other hand, Misery is great or little in proportion to the faculties and their satisfaction ; and there is the same qualitative and quantitative distinction—of modes and degrees thereof.

Let us now look at some of the phenomena of Physical

Evil. And for clearness' sake let us attend first to the simplest forms thereof, and thence ascend up to the more complex and difficult.

In the Animal world happiness usually preponderates over misery. The two most powerful groups of instincts in the animal world are those which relate to the preservation of the individual and the perpetuation of the race. Those instincts are commonly satisfied. Hence comes the general aspect of happiness throughout this department of the universe. Not one mosquito in a million, it is probable, ever tastes of blood; and not one in a million ever suffers from hunger. You never saw a melancholy fly, or a wild squirrel that was unhappy; the elephant, the lion, the monkey, and the crocodile seem to have a good time in the world. Happiness is obvious in the young of animals; but it is just as actual in the old, only it assumes a graver form, and so is not so apparent to the careless or inexperienced eye:

"Thy creatures leap not, but express a feast,
Where all the guests sit close, and nothing wants."

Still some animals, it is obvious, suffer pain; all are capable of it; perhaps all the higher animals, some time

learn the use and function of things by themselves, by an inductive study of the facts, and not be constrained to deduce the conclusion merely from the idea of God. In some instances this is not difficult; nay, in the present condition of science, it is not hard to learn the general tendency of things in Nature, and thence get the analogy of the whole to help explain particular parts. But no man I think as yet has been able to explain all these cases by the purely inductive process. To do that he must know all the powers and consequent actions and history of each thing in the universe.

All finite things must needs be conditioned; the Infinite alone is absolutely self-conditioned. Thus the bodies of animals must needs depend on the world about them; wherein are things helpful—meant for the animals they serve, and things harmful—not meant for the animals they hurt. Continued use of the harmful things would destroy the individual and so the race.

Accordingly the animal frame is made susceptible of Pain from the use of the harmful Substances, and of Delight from the use of the helpful.

Sometimes this pain comes before the consummation of the use: thus poisonous plants are commonly odious to the eye, or nauseous to the smell, or hateful to the taste of the creature they would injure. Here the momentary pain, the transient disgust, comes as a fore-warning against a foe. Poisonous plants, it is said, have somewhat in their structure which warns off the animals they would else destroy, some special ugliness telegraphing to the senses the unfitness of the thing for use. "The Devil," says a chemist, "is always chained." If not he is painted black, to scare away the creatures he would molest. How nicely the sheep and horses avoid all noxious things. Lobelia would kill horses; the pungent plant reads the riot-act of Nature as soon as it is tasted and warns the offenders of their transgression. The benevolent motive and purpose of this form of pain is obvious at once.

Then there are Modes of Action which are possible to an animal, but which would be fatal if persisted in: these also are attended by pain. A young rabbit heedlessly running through briars tears his tender skin and smarts;

and so avoids this rending of his coat. If the pain did not warn him, he would tear his skin to pieces and lose his life in seeking to save it. A dog running over sharp stones would soon wear out his feet; the pain warns him of the peril before it is too late. If he were to lose a limb he must go limp and lame all his life, for another leg will not shoot out to take the place of the one he has wasted and used up. The suffering makes him careful; he keeps his feet, and goes four-legged all his days.

The lobster and the crab have a thick and nearly insensible shell, for protection against ravenous enemies; but such is the nature of their covering that their limbs are brittle and easily rent off, another soon taking the place of that which is lost. The animal suffers but little pain from that injury. With him it is no great hardship to lose a limb which is so easily supplied anew. But the lobster cannot bear any great change of temperature, such is his constitution; it would destroy his life. So his shell is a good conductor of heat, and he is keenly sensitive to the alternations of heat and cold. This sensitiveness and the pain it brings if he goes out of his proper temperature, keep him always in such places as suit his organization in a temperature congenial to his nature.

would speedily perish. The pain of both is only adequate to keep each in his proper place: it is the tether by which they are bound out and kept from harm.

Such is the general use of this form of pain in the animal world; it is a natural warning against ruin, a sentinel for ever mounting guard over the natives of the earth, the sea, and air, giving early admonition when danger draws nigh.

If you look widely and carefully, you will find there is always the most nice and cunning adaptation of the pain to the end it is to answer. Is a condition of existence neglected, an instinct left without its satisfaction; is a wrong mode of action resorted to, or improper food eaten, uneasiness and pain warn the offender of his mistake, and drive him from it. This pain is so effectual that the master-instincts of an animal become irresistible: only external violence can check the rush of Nature, and if driven out she soon comes back. How uneasy are the birds of passage at the time of their annual migrations! Their pain warns them against the ruin which a northern winter, or a southern summer, would bring upon the Swallow, or the Stork.

The pain which comes from Fear is of the same remedial character. The Hare has a feeble body; a rude touch drives her life out of the thin walls of its habitation. She is the natural prey of the hawk, the fox, and the wild-cat; even the mink and the weasel easily master her. See how she is furnished with quick, capacious, and variable ears, with prominent and ready eyes; nimble to start and swift to run. She is cautious, timid, and fearful to a remarkable degree; she runs from any danger, facing nothing that is formidable. She has no power to resist any of her natural enemies. Fear is her sentinel. When her last hour comes, she dies almost at a touch from her enemy, apparently with little pain. Her chief suffering is from fear, and that is only adequate to attach her life to her.

So far as I have seen, or read, this is true in all departments of animal life—the ordinary mode of death, though often a violent one, is attended with very little pain; and the suffering from fear is only sufficient to keep the creatures on their guard. The bull is strong and tough,

able to endure a severe contest with a powerful enemy. He is constitutionally courageous, and marches forth to meet the danger which threatens him. The timidity of the hare would be ridiculous in the bull, and his fearlessness fatal to her.

Then there is the pain which animals suffer at the loss of their Mates, or their Young. You see examples of this in all animals that match in pairs, and guard and protect their little ones. The monogamous robin mourns at the loss of his mate, or at the plunder of his nest. The ferocious white bear, it is said, moans like a human mother at the loss of her cubs. The suffering of sheep and cows when their children are torn from them, is too well known and very sad. But this pain, with the attendant fear of the loss, is only sufficient to lead the mates to protect each other, the parents to watch over and defend their child. This fear often creates a certain heroism in the bosoms of animals which are otherwise cowardly. The hen is commonly a garrulous and restless busybody, bustling about all day, a weak and timid animal, fleeing from every trifling danger. When the maternal instinct moves her to brood over the eggs which contain her unseen progeny, how all is changed! The restless busybody sits silent and patient as a stone all day, and least

In all these cases the conservative function of these four forms of pain is evident at once, as soon as the facts are made known. And the balance between the provisional pain and the final purpose it is to serve is so exactly sustained, that it is a delight to the thinking man to see the ways of Providence with these little children of the common Father.

“ Each creature hath a wisdom for his good :
The pigeons feed their tender offspring, crying,
When they are callow ; but withdraw their food
When they are fledge, that Need may teach them flying.”

Still there are sufferings in the animal world for which I can see no present recompense. Some lose a limb in youth and suffer all their life ; others are scantily fed. Those in the hands of man are often maimed, ill-treated, and hindered from developing their nature as animals, and so made to suffer. Man “ improves ” the breeds of cattle. He does not always improve them as horses, cows, or swine, but only as animated tools for his service. Sometimes he only exploiters them. His “ racers ” and “ draft horses,” his “ Ayrshires ” and “ North-Devons,” his “ Merinoes ” and “ Saxonies,” are as much works of human invention as the spinning-jenny and the printing-press. Very useful contrivances for man’s purpose, they are less horses, oxen, and sheep, it seems to me, than were their savage progenitors thousands of years ago. They have suffered a change. They cannot defend themselves if turned out in the forests, nor find their food in the wild where the Aurochs rejoices to live. But I doubt that this change is attended with any necessary unhappiness. The domestic dog seems to me quite as happy an animal as the wild dog. If we take into the account all the animals connected with man, with or without his consent, they have far more happiness than misery. The horse and the cow seem in part designed for the use and service of man, and may perform that service with no unnatural harm to themselves. Their nature is exceeding pliant under the plastic hand of man ; the artificial forms of the cow-kind seem to me as happy as the wild forms.

But still there is pain and misery in the animal world.

Now howsoever Paul may interpret the Hebrew Bible, it is plain the Infinite God "doth take care for oxen." The injuries of a whale that in his childhood gets his jaw broken, and goes all his life with a twisted mouth, a deformed and most unlucky whale; the misfortunes of a horse owned by some master more beastly than the brute, must have all been known by God at the creation, provided for and compensated in some way. The use of animal pain in the majority of cases, it is easy to discern, and to see that it has a benevolent function to accomplish. The general analogy of Nature leads to the inference—it is no more,—that it must likewise be so in these exceptional cases. But from the Idea of the Infinite God we know it must be so; that this exceptional pain must not be absolute evil to the individual sufferer, but disciplinary—leading to some good else not attainable; and so compensated by the ultimate welfare which it helps attain. I do not pretend to know how this is brought about; I know not the middle terms which intermediate between the misery I see and the blessedness I imagine. I only know that the ultimate welfare must come to the mutilated beast overtired by some brutal man. If it be not so then the universe is not a perfect world; it is imperfect.

the analogy of Nature, rational, benevolent, and beautiful. Many of the arguments for human immortality apply as well to the case of the bee and the elephant as to John and Paul. The argument from consciousness is here out of place—as man knows nothing of the consciousness of the sheep and swine. There are but two arguments which I have ever heard brought against the immortality of animals—one is drawn from the selfishness of man, who wants a monopoly of all desirable things, and so would shut beast and bird out of heaven; the other comes from the common notion of the Deity, that He is a mean and stingy God, making heaven little and hell large. Let both pass for what they are worth. If the Spanish Inquisitor and the American Kidnapper can be thought immortal and capable of eternal happiness, I see not how we can deny eternal life to any Abyssinian Hyæna, or to a Rattlesnake from Kentucky, far less ugly and venomous. It seems to me that philosophical theology confirms the instinctive nature of the “poor Indian,”

“Who thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.”

If this be so, then pain or misery in the animal world is not an Absolute Evil; in the majority of cases it is a beneficent sentinel to warn creation of the approach of ruin, and in the exceptional cases is a servant that by some unknown way conducts to bliss,

“Making a chiming of a passing bell.”

In the World of Man the affair is much more complicated; but if the animal world be rightly understood, this other is not difficult to comprehend. The amount of individual freedom is so much greater with men than with animals, that we commonly say, man is free—self-ruled,—while beasts are bound, ruled wholly by some objective force, tools and not agents. Man’s tether is indeed much longer than theirs; and his margin of possible oscillation is much greater. For man having powers so much more various, and consequently an immediate destination so much nobler, stands, in general, in more complicated relations with Nature, and the individual with his species,

and is subject to a greater variety of conditions. Accordingly there is with him so much the more room for generic and individual caprice, for violating the conditions of welfare and of material existence; so much more room for pain and misery. This is so with mankind, and with each man, at every particular stage of his conscious existence.

But in addition to this statical complication of his nature, man has other dynamical complications which take place in his historical development. Man is progressive; each man advancing not only from babyhood to manhood,—for that is so with the lion and the lobster,—but also from manhood till death. Not only is each man thus progressive as an individual, but each nation as a people, and mankind as a race. Amid the fluctuations of individuals the nation rolls on from its babyhood to its manhood; and amid the fluctuations of states and families, of nations, the mighty Stream of Humanity sweeps on to its destination, bearing in its eternal bosom every human excellence which any individual or any people, has developed and brought to light.

At every step the individual, the nation, and the race are subject to the natural conditions of personal, social, and general human welfare; conditions which are rigorous and unavoidable. All this development of the individual and the race is progress by experiment; for while the crystal is formed, and the tree grows, by processes which have their origin solely in the Infinite Cause; while each individual lion and the whole lion-kind grow up with little conscious thought, or personal will, the individual man, and the man-kind do to a considerable extent shape their own forms of being. This progression by experiment involves both experiments that fail and experiments that succeed. The failure brings pain; if long continued, misery. This is so with the merely speculative experiment, with thought: the faulty demonstration, "the sum which will not come out right," pains the boy at school; the halting tragedy racks the feeble-minded poet; nay, the imperfections in the works of Homer and *Æschylus*, of Dante and Shakspeare, tortured those mighty bards. Still more is this the case with practical experiments, with deeds: the little girl, learning the limits between

the Me and Not-me, mistakes and burns her fingers in the candle's flame; the great nation learning the limits between the Just and the Unjust, or the Expedient and Unprofitable, mistakes and loses millions of men. Necessity confines the beasts within a narrow road where instinct impels them on; they cannot wander much. Freedom opens for us a long and wide field, with opportunity for pain and misery. The child makes unsuccessful experiments in becoming a man; the man in reaching after more manhood; mankind, in all our history, makes experiments that fail; all are painful. Such are the conditions of our human lot, conditions which to the nature of a finite, progressive, and free being seem as much indispensable as gravitation to atoms of matter representing the primary law.

The actual amount of pain and misery is far greater in the human world than in the animal world. It seems to me greater in proportion to their respective quantity of being. The Caucasian baby is a grief to her mother before she rejoices that a child is born; he is a torment to himself before he has his first teeth; a trouble to his father in growing up. Man has all the animal sources of pain, and many more peculiar to himself, springing from his more mountainous quantity of being, its nicer quality, and the greater complication thereof. The grown animal is not capable of progressive development; has no experiments to make, no failures to mourn over, nor suffer from. The race of animals makes no failures, no progress, no experiment. No lion in Africa weeps for his prodigal son. The tigress is not crossed in love. No patrician game-laws hinder the fox from "free warren" everywhere. The hippopotamus has no feudal superior; the wild-cat has eminent domain in the woods, "free fishing and fowling." There is no despotic Nicholas or Ferdinand to torture the race of wild swine, with unreasonable institutes hedging in the liberty of Nature. No revolutionists, no red-republicans, jostle the rulers of the woods and seas; no progressive Kossuths and Mazzinis overturn the oligarchy of white or black elephants, and form a democracy among the cattle. There is no pain from bad institutions,—no failure to have good ones. No timid owl or monkey is ever alarmed at the "Spread of

Infidelity." The ravens that wander crying for lack of meat and finding it as they fly, have no fear of eternal damnation, no "Adam's fall" to make their faces gather blackness; the "federal head" of the crows never "fell." There is no popular theology, no atheism, with the pigeons and blackbirds.

The aspect of the world of animals is one of happiness. What a contrast between that and the condition of man! The bob-o'-link in the grass under my window seeking food for her little nest-full of promises, is happy as a bird can be; her joy runs over in delightful song. Her beauty of sound meets the morning beauty of light, and what a psalm they sing, the sunrise and the bird, to eye and ear! Compare her with the mothers in the houses all about me, and in the great cities of the world, the mothers who groan in labour—of beggary, of prostitution, of drunkenness, of many-liveried sin! Not one mosquito in a million suffers from hunger; of the thousand million men how many will die outright of starvation; how many go stooping and feeble for want, and will at last be thereby shuffled off the stage of life! How contentedly this caterpillar makes ready for her transfiguration, one day to come out fairer than light with moon, stars, and sun!

leech has no concern for the marriage of his two proverbial daughters. Every oyster is contented with his own "bank." There are no changes of tariff to perplex the free-traders of sea, and land, and sky. No protective system is repealed to the damage of the insect-manufacturers—of the bee, or the spider, or the silk-worm. The Providence of God is the great Protective-system for all these children of the world. The universal laws—they never change. The aristocracy of the ant-hill does not exploiter the common people; not a queen bee feared a crisis in "the year of revolutions." Compare a hive of bees—in woods or garden,—or a family of beavers, with Boston or Lowell, with Paris or Lyons; and what an odds betwixt the welfare of the two! Consider the poverty, the want, the ignorance, the disease, the drunkenness, and vice, and crime, and shortened life, which make up the misery of the poor; consider the anxiety and servility, the disappointed ambition and defeated affections, which so mar the welfare of the thriving and the rich; and what a difference there is between this human misery and the contentment of the beast;—a difference which, at first sight, seems out of proportion to the different degrees of power and of freedom—misery increasing as the square of the amount of freedom! The whole world of Nature does not furnish a St Giles parish for the beasts; not a human city is without one!

Still, omitting nothing and extenuating nothing, it seems to me the proportion of misery in the world is overrated by benevolent men. Happiness, contentment of the actual wants, surpasses unhappiness, that discontented hunger after what cannot be reached. It is so in convents and asylums, with the poor in large towns like London and New York,—such is the human power of accommodation to circumstances. Plastic man is pliant also. Take any settlement of men, Esquimaux, Pawnees, Turks, Chinese, Gaboons, Bushmans, Britons, happiness far surpasses misery. Go into the lowest parts of Boston, or London, to the abodes of want and crime, it is so there. True it is a low form of happiness, and you mourn at so much contentment with so little welfare.

Yet there is pain and misery of the saddest sort. It comes from non-fulfilment of the conditions of animal life

—from want of food, of fire, air, and water, of shelter and raiment; from sickness, fear, grief; from the lack, or the loss, of objects of passion and affection; from defeated ambition, defeated love; from want of culture—of one or all the faculties.

All this must have been foreseen; it is a part of the scheme of things—the calculated consequence of man's ignorance, or want of self-adaptation to the world of matter. It can be no astonishment to God. Yet at first sight it appears as if there was an imperfection in God's work. This misery, which haunts mankind, seems a disgrace to the world and a standing impeachment of the Providence of God. "Call this a perfect world," says some kind-hearted man, "a perfect means for a perfect purpose? Under the Providence of the Infinite God is it!—Then whence this vermin pain which bores into every house and every heart? The world is full of Evil, Absolute Evil; this toad, ugly and venomous, squats, full of poison, in every garden which man plants. Could not God make a world without Misery?"

Well, the finite must needs be conditioned—its existence one of limitation. The question is whether the

vated to the highest degree of our present civilization—to the intellectual condition of the philosophers who make up the Academies of Paris, of Berlin, and of London; surrounded with all the circumstances which suit that stage of development; as fully satisfied as the oyster, and as incapable of any progress—individual or generic;—incapable of pain; without freedom of further development; by his organization bound fast to the actual, no ideal beauty—intellectual, moral, affectional, or religious,—hovering about his head; and that an undisturbed satisfaction filled up the consciousness of man. Would that be a better state of things than the present condition of Germany, France, and England—better as a finality than the present as a stage of progress in the ever-unfolding growth of man? No thinker will think so. For those philosophers are as far from a full enjoyment of all the powers of their human nature almost as the Bushmans.

We are made with a nature which demands continual progress; the instinct of development is amazingly powerful in the race. Mankind is not content to stand still, stopping at the Bushman's elevation, or at the stage where the modern philosopher gathers into his comprehensive mind the riches of present human consciousness. The Ideal haunts the human race, and through eminent tongues calls out to man continually, "Onward, onward." All advance is progression by experiment; many an attempt fails of its end—the human child is born with pain. But who is there that does not see that man has a higher, nobler destiny than the creatures which have no freedom,—bound to the present?

Suppose man made capable of progress, and—as finite—of experiments that fail, and yet incapable of pain. Would that be a good exchange? Look at some examples. A man will not eat when he is hungry: suppose God by a transient miracle, or a permanent law, forbid the pain which now comes from lack of food; the man would die of inanition, die without warning. Suppose he would eat when not hungry, or in excessive quantity, and no pain followed this violation of the natural rule of temperance; he would die of repletion, die unwarned of his peril. Suppose he would eat what was harmful, things

not meant for human food ; would it be well if there were no disgust of any sense, to notify the man before the mistake, no torture in any member to warn him of the error ? Would it be well to have an amount of pain not adequate to remind him of the peril ?

What if a man would not work even for the most needful things ; and God, like a foolish mother, to spare him the present consequences of laziness, either by special fleeting miracles, or by general and permanent law, gave him all the desirable outward things which now come from the long-continued toil of men. What if all things came at his desire ; he

“— need but wish and instantly obeyed,
Fair ranged the dishes rose and thick the glasses played !”

Why what a world it would be, where “wishes were horses and beggars might ride ;” a universal lubberland, peopled by beggars on horseback riding after their proverbial wont ! If man lived he would be a suckling for ever, never attaining the dignity of stripling. But he would not live, thus conditioned only by his wishes. This suckling of caprice, like a kite without a string, would soon come to the ground, unwarned by any pain till death finished him. A child not conditioned by its parents, is a spoiled child, father and mother only special providences of ruin. A school of children with no schoolmaster to regulate them with “Thou shalt,” and “Thou shalt not,” what a hurly-burly is it of most unprofitable going which yet goes nowhere ! A young man suddenly made master of an unexpected fortune, and so presented with the freedom of riches he had never won, is always brought thereby in great peril, and commonly finds the excessive fortune a misfortune.

Imagine men so active that they will toil all the time, and neither rest nor sleep ; would it be wise and well to leave them with no possibility of pain to warn them before the frame lay there worn out and dead ? Suppose they wrought by night and not by day, would it be an improvement on the present state of things if no inconvenience and no pain attended the capricious violation of Nature’s law, until death ended the mistake ?

Suppose a man worked at the right time and in the

right proportion, but worked wrong, against the nature of things ; that he planted his pear-trees with the roots up and the branches down ; or set the roots in husks of corn, in straw, in dried moss, in the feathers of birds, or the hair of beasts ; and made his own bed out of moist rich earth, every night covering up the limbs in that. Suppose God should alter the constitution of things to suit our man, so that his accommodating pear-tree grew and bore fruit, the roots up, the branches down, or grew out of husks and hay, hair and feathers ; and that his body did not suffer from sleeping wrapped up in garden mould ; that the pear and the man changed beds capriciously and God made the world accommodate the silly whim : would that be an improvement, better than the present rule—"As you make your bed so you must lie?"

What if a man put things to the wrong use—making wheaten bricks of the corn he grew, piling them into walls for his house, and roofing over this paste-board palace with tiles of bread ; would it be a misfortune if the next storm soaked through his roof and walls, and brought this whole mass of unleavened bread upon the head of its maker ?

What if he made his bread of wood and sand and clay, not of corn, and God interfered with our booby and allowed him to suffer no pain for his stupidity ? Would that be a good plan ? What a school the world would be with no regulation but the finite caprice of each John and Jane !

If a man provides the proper articles for food and shelter, but gets them in insufficient quantity, or of a quality which will soon perish, or lives in a spot which is unhealthy ; would it be well for God to twist the material world so as to accommodate the human folly and let him off with a whole skin ? Should you think the world well made if it altered to suit the caprice of each man in it ; and if every whimsey had a universal right of way over all the world—Nature a " servitude " to nonsense ! If a man makes a cart to carry himself and his chattels from place to place, and makes it ill, or drives it badly, if it breaks down when overloaded, or turns over when one wheel is driven into a ditch and the other into the air, and if the man be hurt and his goods spilled out, is there a

flaw in the world, think you, because he suffers chagrin at the failure, and pain by the bruise ? When his carriage, ill made, overladen, driven badly, was about to overturn, suppose its owner prayed to all the saints in heaven, you would not think it a kindness in the Infinite God to alter the laws of Nature to suit this ill conduct of a cart. Would you have the man turn out for gravitation, or have God push the planet to the wall to let our lubber's cart go by ?

A boy makes a kite with a frame of iron, and planks it over with live-oak. The thing would sink in water ; shall God alter the constitution of the world and make it float in air ? or leave the boy to profit by his chagrin, and try till he learns the laws of Nature and makes a kite to correspond ? If a man gets displeased with this planet, and wishes to ride round the sun in his own gig, is God to pave the road and furnish him a horse ? Shall God give the new moon to every baby who cries for it ? The girl pricks her fingers in learning to sew—shall God make the hand as senseless as the needle to spare little miss the use of her wits ?

A man sails the sea, he gets a poor and leaky ship, ill-moulded, ill-built, ill-rigged, and overloaded too, manned and mastered badly ; he takes no pains to learn the coast he sails from, or to ; little care to look out for rocks, or shoals, but drives up towards land, all heedless, in a storm ; then, when his crazy hulk is in imminent peril, he and his miserable crew—all ignorant and half drunk—for safety pray lustily to God. Is it a hard thing that he gets the ocean for answer ; that his planks go to pieces and he is strangled in the deep ; or if with much ado he treads the waters under him and comes alive to land, has he a right to complain of hard usage because the fatherly Providence did not empty the waters out of the sea to save a foolish man the trouble of thinking ?

In making the world, what if God had fashioned it so that shipwreck was impossible ; that when a vessel approached a rock, of her own accord she wore off, or tacked and stood away ; that it was needless for the mariner to study navigation, or seamanship, or the art of building ships, but every tub would sail perfectly, with any requisite speed and burthen, and find its own way to any destined haven ; so that you need only write thereon,

"Bound for London," and put off from land, and the craft found its way there as surely as a stone to the bottom of a well when dropped in at the top ; that a mariner need take no thought at all, for God tempered the wind to the sailor self-shorn of his wits ! Would that be so good a scheme as the present one which demands stout ships—built with all the art of human science to correspond with the Nature which God has made,—prudent masters, careful men, a compass in the binnacle, a chart and chronometer in the cabin, lighthouses along the coast, scrutinizing surveyors to scan the heavens, to search the bosom of the sea and learn to trace the footsteps of the storm, and so be served by wind and tide, by star and sea and land ? The shipwreck brings loss of goods and loss of life, pain to full many a heart ; but you see what all this suffering means. If I, standing on the shore, saw a vessel about to go to pieces in a storm, dashed on a rock, had I the power, doubtless in my human weakness and ignorance, I should rend the rock in sunder, or should chide the sea, and held it back ere it should swallow down the ship, strangling such hopeful life. But at the creation the Infinite God knew all the powers of the sea, the storm, the future ship, the men therein ; foreknew their history, and doubtless arranged all well. For answer to our special prayers comes the eternal action of the universal law. Thus we learn by the elements ; the winds are our ministers, the sea not only a constant ferryman, that huge St Christopher, fetching and carrying from land to land, but a teacher also. Yea, all Nature is a "Schoolmaster to bring us to Christ."

What sufferings have we seen of late years on emigrant ships, crowded with passengers without fire, water, or even air, heedless, ill-fed, unclean ! What if God "interposed" at the prayer of some mortal and allowed no man to suffer from cold, hunger, or ship-fever ? Would that be better than to leave man to suffer till the nations learned the laws of Nature, and enforced them by statutes of their own, and then came safe across the sea, not sick, not cold, not wet ? God makes the elements as perfect Cause, administers them as perfect Providence, and made the mind of man one element whereby to work out human welfare. Shall not that factor perform its function ?

Men build iron roads, and put thereon a train of iron cars, drawn by the iron horse. The axles are iron, the wheels iron ; the friction is great, the draught is difficult, the metal wears out. What chagrin of engineers, what complaint of shareholders ! Shall God, by permanent law, or fleeting miracle, alter the constitution of things to abate the friction ; or leave men to study the structure of their own limbs, and make an artificial cartilage of compounded metals, and moisten it with such synovial liquor as science can devise, and so save the wear and tear of their machine ? If a stone gets in the boy's shoe, shall God all at once soften the stone, or harden the foot ; or shall he leave the boy to suffer till he shakes the annoyance from his own shoe and walks off erect and easy ? If God give adequate intellect at first, is he to supersede the necessity of using it ? What a Providence that would be, at cross purposes with itself !

Here is a lazy young man, yet very exorbitant ; he wants the power of riches, the honour of office, the enjoyment of high culture—the distinction of all the three ; but he devotes himself only to his moustache, his cigar, and his dress. Is it the fault of Providence that he continues a most uncomfortable dunce, neither respected nor

a world it would soon be, each hairy Esau turning out a whining clown, not a valiant hunter, the world a fool's paradise, where betwixt man and God it was always "Hail fellow ! well met."

If a nation does not work, or works wrong,—brewing its corn into beer, not baking it into bread, producing rum and tobacco, not houses and cloth ; if it applies to a wrong purpose its sea-chariots, or land-chariots ; will build forts and not cities, breed soldiers and "nobles," not farmers and mechanics,—loaf-consumers, or destroyers of loaves, not loaf-makers,—has the nation a right to complain against God for its want of bread ? Or when complaining with many prayers, shall God send a miracle to feed the men, not leave them to hunger till their own hands stop their mouth ? If half the people are left uncared for by the powerful class and turn out badly, steal, rob, and murder, knowing no better, have the men who have been careless a right to complain at the result ? Nay, when all African Hayti arises "in blackest insurrection," what right has the master to complain ?

Not long ago there was a famine in Ireland. It was thought a most hideous famine even in that land where hunger is the constant condition. England kept a day of fasting and prayer, asking God to "interpose, and withdraw His hand !" Ah me ! The prayer was sadly unwise and sounded irreverent. Had the Father meddled unwisely with His world ? The good God had done no wrong ; His hand is never out of place. The famine came in mercy to man ; England had oppressed Ireland, pushed the Irish to the brink of ruin, and did not seem to care much how soon they went over. The Irish had not planted corn, nothing but the potato. And that would decay ; not all at once, but little by little. Long years ago the potato prophesied, rising early and warning men whether they would hear or forbear : "I am not fit to be a nation's bread. If you do not learn the lesson, why I shall rot in the ground, and you will starve above it !" That was the word of the Lord by the mouth of His servant Potato. No prophet ever spoke plainer, neither Trojan Cassandra, nor Elias the Tishbite. He spoke to deaf ears. The many were too ignorant, or feeble ; the few too idle, or selfish, to heed the word. So after the

oracle came the history, and then the lamentation, the fasting, and the prayer. In other lands, here in America the potato also failed, but men died not in consequence they had bread to eat and lived on. What did the famine mean? It spoke plainly as tongue could tell, "Grow more and better food; eat and live, O ye Irishmen! for why will ye die?"

Not many centuries ago there was a famine every ten or twenty years in the most refined nation of Europe,—there were ten dreadful famines in France in a single century. The priests prayed, and said, "The world is coming to an end. God is angry because you do not come to mass, you unbelievers, you! He will starve you to death; and then torture you in hell." But the prayer brought no bread. Shall the prophet wait for the crow to feed him? The feeding will be of ravens, not prophets. Whence came the famine? Men had fought each other instead of conquering the forces of Nature; had raised soldiers, not farmers and clothiers. The famine warned them of their error,—a painful warning, but the misery not excessive. It sowed wheat.

A little while ago there came the cholera, scaring the world. Men attributed it to the "wrath of God," be-

“In every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sickness makes him pale and wan !”

All these forms of pain and misery are clearly of a remedial character, and come to warn us of a mistake, to drive us from error before we are ruined. Without the pain, we should have been yet more pained. If our request could be granted without the fulfilment of the natural condition thereof, it would send leanness into our souls.

“To have my aim ; and yet, to be
Further from it, than when I bent my bow—
To make my hopes, my torture ; and the fee
Of all my woes another woe—
Is in the midst of delicacies to need,
And e'en in Paradise to be a weed.”

The pain we feel at the premature death of our associates is of the same character. Old age, I take it, is the only natural death for man. That we never mourn at, nor regard as evil. My father, a hale man of three-score, laid in the ground his own mother, fourscore and twelve years old. She went thither gladly, with no anguish, no fear, with little pain ; went as a tall pine tree in the woods comes to the ground at the touch of a winter wind, its branches heavy with snow, its trunk feeble, its root sapless, worn-out, and old. He shed no tears, he was not sorry that the shock of corn fully ripened on earth was, in due time, gathered to Heaven. He need not mourn ; he should not mourn. It was the course of Nature ; and the child piously buried the venerable, hoary head of his mother, long knocking at the gate, and asking to be let through. But if he lost a child it was a sad day, a dark year ; for the child perished immature. Sadly in June or July the gardener sees his unripe apples scattered on the ground, disappointing his hopes of harvest. But when

“An apple, waxing over mellow,
Drops in some autumn night,”

he only rejoices that Nature's ways come rounding to their appropriate end. When the father buries the child, the mourning Rachel, refusing to be comforted, shows

there is a mistake somewhere ; the pain warns us thereof before we all perish.

This seems to be the meaning and the merciful use of the grief we feel at lying down our dear ones immature, when these leaves of our tree are shattered "before the mellowing year." At the present day such is the state of medical science that the Doctors of Medicine know almost as little of man's body as the Doctors of Divinity know of his spirit. Between disease and the doctor there is a wall, thick and high, with here and there a loophole which some scientific man has made. Men look through and see dimly in spots ; and pass through some medicines and advice, to palliate the mischief a little. The pain we feel when our friends die an unnatural death ; our own reluctance to depart—life's duties not half done, nor half its joys possessed ;—the sympathy which all men feel with those that suffer thus, making another's misery our own,—these drive us to break down that wall, to cure the disease, to learn the law of health, that all may ride in sound bodies the stage of mortal life, check the steeds at the proper bound, dismount from the flesh, and continue our journey in such other chariot as God provides for the ascension.

A child plays on the edge of a rock ; the mother creeps up stealthily, and suddenly plucks away the romantic boy loving to look down into the deep darkness. Pain comes on the same motherly errand. Shall God let us fall in, not warned of the pit ?

The terrible diseases which sweep off half the human race before they count three summers and those which decimate the ranks of adult men, are a warning to mankind showing that we live unwisely yet. The result of the pain we suffer is a continual effort to live wiser, better, longer, and so the term of human life continually grows more and more.

All the pain and misery of the character thus far spoken of, are plainly medical and benevolent. If it did not hurt the hands to burn, or freeze them, who of us would grow up with a finger ? If feet did not smart with abuse, they would be treated as shoes, worn out in childhood, and no hardy boy would have a foot left. If broken teeth did not ache, so long as walnuts have a shell, no child would

be safe ; the world would be full of toothless striplings. The pain of poverty and want, of ignorance, of disappointed ambition, of affections bereaved or disappointed in a sadder sort ; of the accidents to individuals by flood and field, to nations by war ; of the diseases which prey upon mankind—the rats and mice of the world's housekeeping,—it all has this meaning and this use. See with what scorpion whips Poverty drives the Irishmen out of Ireland ; and pursues them in America, forcing them to work and think. The American beggar hears the lash which once he felt, and avoids the blow. In half a century we shall see the result—the Irishmen will be also industrious, thoughtful, well-fed, well-clad. Men run trains of railroad cars together, or attempt to pass a river when the drawbridge is up ; and there is the wreck of matter and the crush of men. The remedy for the pain is at hand. The great annual destruction of human life in America, by the carelessness of men who control the land and water carriages wherein the public ride, is a warning against our folly ; the evil perfectly within our own control. All these things must needs have been foreseen. The attendant pain is the perpetual check on human caprice, the constant of Nature which controls our variable whim.

See how pain occasioned by loss of friends, with the wide sympathy it calls out, forces us to study the laws of health, to cure the sick, to keep men sound. Famine makes men creative to produce, and prudent to spare. The cholera teaches temperance and cleanliness, which once the plague bid mankind learn. Every case of typhoid warns us of broken law ; a shipwreck rings the bell to notify us to have stouter vessels, or have them better sailed, with fitter apparatus on board, and better beacons on the coast. If men are too indolent, and will not rule themselves, the tyrant binds on his burdens, which grow more and more difficult to be borne. The suffering from bad political institutions in Naples, Spain, Hungary, and all the world, is not more than sufficient to warn mankind, to make them seek out and avoid the cause of smart. A nation, like a man, shivers long at night, before it gets courage to rise, to hew wood, to build a fire and so be warm again. Is the pain of Europe at this day too great for this end ? The frost

does not yet bite sharp enough to wake mankind from savage sleep. Before us Pain, a flitting messenger, hurries to warn us; behind stands Misery to drive. But the one warms us from our bale; the other drives us to our bliss.

If we pursue the inductive course as far as we can see, and then follow the way of deduction from the Idea of the Infinite God, to this conclusion must we come at last—that the present physical pain and misery in the world of animals and men is not an Absolute Evil; quite far from it, it is a partial Good; that it is disciplinary, preparing us for the Ultimate and Absolute Good.

But after all this is clearly made out, it must still be confessed that there are millions of men who from no conscious evil of their own suffer a great deal of misery, and pass out of life apparently unrecompensed;—the men who are cut off in early life, tortured by disease, stung by poverty, sacrificed to the purposes of the race, and leave their lesson to others; men disappointed in their tenderest affections; those whose hearts are so sadly bereaved that they go mourning all their days. For the negative, or positive, evil they suffer here, the only adequate compensation must come in another state of being, beyond the grave. I know not the means, no man knows; perhaps no man can ever know in this life. But as God is Infinite, and creates all from a perfect motive, of perfect material, for a perfect purpose, and as a perfect means thereto, it is absolutely certain that the ultimate welfare of each animal or human creature must at last be made sure. This does not follow from any of the finite conceptions of Deity—from Jupiter or Zeus, from the Jehovah of the Old Testament, or the God of the popular theology; but it follows unavoidably from the idea of the Infinite God. As a fluent point generates a line, so the Infinite God generates blessedness, and ever blessedness, and only blessedness. So all the pain and misery God's creatures suffer, must one day be abundantly repaid. It was all foreseen and provided for by Him

“Who is of all Creator and Defence,”

as a part of His scheme, here a resultant of necessitated force, there the contingent of individual freedom acting in contact with other forces. But in both cases must it

be perfectly provided for. This is as certain as that one and one make two. For as the last conclusion of a geometric demonstration follows unavoidably from the axioms of mathematic science and the data of the problem, so ultimate, complete, and perfect Welfare follows from the Infinite Perfection of God. He has made pain and misery part of the discipline of this life; it must have been in infinite benevolence that He did so. Mankind is doubtless saved by present suffering from suffering worse. Not by the pains of Jesus, but its own, is mankind saved. Our own pain and misery are educational discipline; if the roots of culture be bitter, doubtless the blossom will be fair and fragrant, and the final fruit sweet to our soul. The pain and misery which others suffer from ignorance, and causes beyond their own control, help teach us charity; the time, the means, the effort we expend in their behalf is often so much devoted to our highest culture,—the education of Conscience, of the Affections, yea, of the Soul which by nature turns to God.

Now then where is the Absolute Evil of Pain and Misery of this character? There is none such! Two angels, archangels if men will name them such—Gabriel and Michael,—come to warn us; not exceptions to God's Providence, ministers thereof, they come to man and bird and beast, on the same errand of benevolence—to warn us of a mistake; not angels with a flaming sword turning every way to keep us from the Tree of Life; angels they are who walk between us and the Tree of Death to keep man from the Upas of ruin.

If the universe were to end to-day, it would seem a failure, for now only the spring-time of the world's long year is present, and man goes forth, ignorant and weeping, and with pain scatters seed which one day, all and each, are to bear manifold the bounteous harvest of immortal joy. But all around us seems made for stable duration, and is auspicious of a glorious future for mankind on earth. The coldest of men feel deeply and by instinctive nature, that the misery of the world is only a pain of growth, not of decay.

“ Slight symptoms these; but shepherds know
How hot the mid-day sun shall glow
From the mists of morning sky.”

I have often asked you to notice how the material forces of Nature work together, how wisely they are distributed; how beautiful are its statical and dynamical laws; how wonderfully Centripetal and Centrifugal, those two strong horses of the Almighty, sweep this earthly chariot through the sky; how chemical and vital forces serve the economy of the Universe, and how the minimum of means produces the maximum of end therein. Yet even there, in Nature, we see but little of the whole, and know but little of what we see. Things yet uncomprehended continually appear. It is but a single page in Nature's book we have learned to read.

So far as human science reaches it is plain that the sensibility to suffering is distributed with the same wisdom as the organic forces of the world; that Pain and Pleasure have each their calculated work to do, both fore-known at creation, and eternally provided for. In this vast and much-entangled labyrinth of living things it is more difficult to see our way than among the material elements,

“—the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things.”

But when we see the whole we recognize the bountiful benevolence of God. Bacon devised his New Instrument for human thought, the *Novum Organum* of physical science; Newton wrote out in mathematic poetry the Principia of the Universe, the laws that govern quantity in space; La Place yet more magnificently set forth the fair Mechanics of the Sky, the mathematic laws of the heavenly machine, of whose composite forces Beauty and Harmony are the perpetual result; Von Humboldt—laborious still, grown old in being taught and teaching, his mind youthful with all the scientific riches of the world swept into the German Ocean of his long living consciousness,—groups into a harmonious whole this Kosmos of material force, painting in words the Universe, this majestic, Amazonian Flower of God floating upon the sea of space. And what a world of harmonious beauty it is, as seen by the material eye and then reflected in the educated mind of these philosophers!

But when some man, with mind greater than the greatest of these, shall gather into his more affluent consciousness a corresponding knowledge of the world of animals and men ; shall devise the New Instrument of a higher science ; write in more than mathematic poetry the Principia of this sensitive universe, the Laws that govern Life in time and space, magnificently setting forth the fair Mechanics of the Vital World, its Metaphysic Laws, whose ultimate resultant is lovelier Beauty and Harmony of a yet more sweet accord ; and grouping to a harmonious whole this other Kosmos of vital and personal forces, painting in words this white, Amazonian Lily of Human Life floating on the river of God—why, what a wealth of wisdom, of justice, of love, and holiness will it not reveal in the Infinite Father and Mother of all that are ! Then by the inductive mode alone, without deduction from the idea of God, but only by the study of facts and history, shall men prove, what I can only postulate, the perfect workmanship of God.

In the pain and suffering of mankind, and of our feebler attendants, I see the promise of a glorious future for mankind. I know there is a recompense for every sparrow robbed of her young, or prematurely falling to the ground ; that the infinite Herdsman of the universe takes thought for oxen, and is a perfect Providence for the individual and for all mankind. The history of the world is indeed the judgment thereof, but not the final ; and what it bears off unrewarded it carries to the great ocean of Eternity, where exact justice shall be done in love to every creature of the dear, eternal God.

X.

THE ECONOMY OF MORAL ERROR UNDER THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

HE HATH MADE NOTHING IMPERFECT.—ECCLESIASTICUS XLII. 24.

LAST Sunday I spoke of one form of Evil, of the physical Pain and Misery in the World of Animals and

Men, which come from violating the physical conditions of welfare ; designing to show the Function and Economy thereof in the Providence of God. To-day I wish to speak of the other form of Evil, of the Pain and Misery which comes from violating other conditions of welfare ; of Moral Error and Sin, with their consequences ; designing to show the Function and Economy thereof in the Providence of God. The two departments of inquiry are lands, lying side by side, indistinctly separated, looking into each other by many plies and folds, so that the stream which rises in one runs into the other, and it is difficult, perhaps impossible, in all cases to say where one begins and the other ends, so indistinct are the boundaries. In both these sermons I often cross the lines.

In Theological Ethics there are some broad distinctions of things, marked by corresponding distinctions of language, which ought to be borne in mind. Here are some of the terms I shall use in a technical sense in this sermon.

A mistake is the violation of some Rule of Correctness, or of Expediency. To do inexpeditely is a mistake. It produces an experiment which fails, because the calculation on which it is founded is incorrect. Jehu would go

this sermon, I will use the word Mistake, to reserve the term "Error" for another and strictly technical use.

An Error is the unconscious and involuntary violation of some Rule of Right, of the Moral Law of God. It is to the Conscience what a mistake is to the intellect—it is a moral mistake, as a mistake is an intellectual error. To do unjustly is an Error, as to do inexpeditely is a Mistake. One violates the Rule of Right, the other the Rule of Expediency. Every Error is also a mistake, for what is really wrong is always partially and ultimately inexpedit; but every Mistake is not also an Error. Jehu did no moral wrong by mistaking the high road to Bethlehem for that to Jerusalem.

Here is an example of Error: the ill-bred boys steal apples from Ahab's garden; to correct them he shuts the offenders up in jail with old and accomplished rogues, where they grow worse by their confinement; the well-meant correction wrongs and worsens the boys. He has violated a moral law of God, the natural rule of right, seeking to overcome the evil in them by another evil out of them, setting his vengeance against their trespass. But he did this unconsciously and involuntarily: he did not know there was such a natural law; he had no intention of doing wrong; he knew no better way to guard his orchard and correct the young marauders.

Error comes from deficiency of moral power—general, or special, from a lack of moral knowledge: Ahab never knew the Rule of Right which applies to such cases, that justice is the medicine for injustice, love for hate, and good for evil; or he had forgotten, and did not recollect it at the time; or, if he did, his general human conscience was borne down by his special and particular sense of the loss; and for a time it seemed as if he had never known any better. There are men of weak conscience—such as do not discern morally, or whose moral perceptions do not much influence their will,—moral simpletons, moral idiots, moral fools. They often commit Errors, as feeble children stumble, and mouths ill-formed stammer and cannot talk.

A Crime is a Violation of some Human Statute—some positive rule of conduct laid down by the government. To do illegally is a crime. Thus it is a crime in Boston

to drive a waggon on the left-hand side of the street, in Berlin on the right-hand side. In the District of Columbia it is a crime to harbour or conceal a slave who has run away from one of the Barbary States of America ; in the District of Tunis it is a crime not to harbour and conceal a slave who has run away from one of the Barbary States of Africa. In Boston it is a crime to take a white dollar which is not yours and appropriate it to your use, and the man who does this is put in jail ; while it is no crime, but a legal service, to take this black man, who belongs not to you, but to himself, and appropriate him to your use. The man who does such deeds is held in social and ecclesiastical honour. Christianity is a crime at Constantinople, Mohammedanism at Rome, and effective humanity shown to a black woman escaping from her "owner" in Carolina, is a crime in Boston. To help Shadrach out of the hands of the man-stealers of Boston was the highest crime known to American law ; it was "levying war," treason, liable to be punished with death ; in Halifax it would be the fulfilment of the golden rule, and rendering a service unto Jesus Christ. To protect Ellen Craft while kidnappers were clutching at her life, was a crime in New England ; in old England it is an honour. If a man in this city should seize and force into bondage Cuban negroes escaping hither from a monarchic fetter, he would commit a crime : but there are persons here whose official and legal function it is to seize and force into bondage American negroes, escaping hither from a democratic fetter ; commissioned for that very purpose. To kill an unoffending man for your own personal pleasure or profit in Massachusetts, is a crime ; in New Zealand it is a matter of common practice. The professional man-butcher has a legal existence in New Zealand, I am told, as much as the professional manstealer in Boston. It is a crime to resist either in his local function.

A Crime may be a mistake, or it may be an error ; for the human statute violated may represent the natural rule of expediency, or of right : or it may be neither an error, nor a mistake ; for the human statute violated may itself be both inexpedient and unjust, as in the acts establishing the man-butcher at New Zealand and the man-stealer at

Boston. It is no function of the official executors of the statute to inquire whether it corresponds to the Rule of Right. The judge and the hangman are to be just as active in punishing a man for rescuing Shadrach from the kidnappers, as in punishing the worst of pirates, red all over with human blood; for such officers are of law, not Justice, and a crime is an Offence against Law whether just or unjust.

A Sin is a conscious and voluntary or wilful violation of a known law of God. To do wickedly is a Sin. This does not come from lack of intellectual perception, nor from lack of moral perception; but from an unwillingness to do the known Right, and a willingness to do the known Wrong. It comes from some other deficiency, a compound deficiency—from lack of affectional power, or of religious power, or from a perverse will.

Here is an example: Henry honestly owes John a talent of gold, and can pay him, but will not, though John needs the money. The Non-payment is a negative Sin. William knows it is naturally wrong to steal, he is rich and has no material occasion to make stealing excusable, but he robs Dorcas, a poor unprotected seamstress. The Theft is a positive Sin.

Sin is a violation of the Rule of Right; and so is distinguished from a Mistake. It is conscious and voluntary; and so is distinguished from an Error. It is a violation of a Natural Law of God; and is thus distinguished from a Crime.

I might discriminate a little more nicely and make a distinction between a Subjective Sin—which is a conscious violation of what is thought to be a natural law, but is not; and an Objective Sin, a conscious violation of what is a natural law. In each case the integrity of consciousness is disturbed.

So much for the definition of terms.

There may be various degrees of Error and of Sin. It is not easy to say where one begins and the other ends; for in ethics, as in all science, it is not easy to distinguish things by their circumferences, where they blend, but only by their centres, where the difference is most clearly marked.

It is sometimes said there can be no such Error, or Sin,

as I speak of. This is one doctrine of that pantheistic scheme, before mentioned, which appears in so many forms and under such antagonistic names. A natural law of God, it is asserted, can no more be violated, consciously or unconsciously, by man than by matter. A Sin, therefore—in the meaning just affixed to that word—is as impossible as a solar eclipse at the time of full moon ; or as a straight line which is not the shortest distance between two points ; it is the law of God, and so the will of God, that William should rob the seamstress, Henry neglect to pay John, and Ahab clap the boys into jail for pilfering his apples.

The distinction between the normality of matter and the normality of man, if not obvious, is yet clear enough. In physical science we learn the law of matter by seeing what is done ; it is derived from facts of observation ; by a natural intellectual process, from all the facts we know we gather the Law of the Facts, that is, the Natural Mode of Operation of the material forces we study. Thus we know the law by seeing its observance ; know it to be binding by seeing things bound by it, as far as we see at all. It is found solely by the inductive process, by observation and demonstration. It is an Idea which, so to say, rests always on two pillars of fact,—Facts of Observation, Facts of Demonstration. There is no actual exception to the general law ; a single contrary fact would show us there was no such law as we supposed. In Nature the ideal and the actual are the same,—the ideal law and the actual fact. This is true in mathematics, true also in physics. Theory and practice are identical.

In ethical science, we learn the law of human nature—that is, the Natural Mode of Operation of the human forces in Thomas, or in mankind—not by observation and demonstration, but by an intuition of consciousness. The law is not a fact of observation or demonstration, but of consciousness. It is just as much a law of human nature if Ahab, Henry, and William have violated it all their lives, as if they had consciously complied therewith. If we merely take all the facts of observation made upon man and thence induce a law, we can only see what has worked well hitherto, and get an empirical knowledge of the expedient in time past ; the conclusion represents the

facts of human history, not the facts of human nature ; it applies, at best, only to those faculties already developed and enjoyed, not to those others yet undeveloped. And of course our scheme of ethics will have the imperfections which belong to the persons or actions, who furnish us the facts. The Ideal will not transcend the Actual, but be identical with it. Man has uniformly exploited woman ; the government, the people ; the strong, the weak ; "it is the natural ethical law of human nature that this should be so." That would be a fair conclusion from this mode of procedure. Indeed the atheist—who studies man in this way—tells us it is so ; the consistent popular theologian, who follows the same course, assures us that we can get nothing better from "the light of Nature;" that all higher ethics come only of "miraculous revelation."

But by attending to the facts of consciousness, to the moral instincts ; and by the direct action of the moral faculties which do not follow, but anticipate, experience, we learn from human nature, not merely from human history. Thus we get knowledge of a law of human nature which is an Ideal of Consciousness, though not yet the actual of experience. It is in a great measure a matter of will whether we follow this law and realize this ideal or not. It is our duty to obey this ideal law when we know it ; consciously and wilfully to violate it is Sin.

Philosophically to deny the possibility of this kind of Error and of Sin, you must deny either that there is any difference between Right and Wrong ; or else that man has any Freedom to choose between them. Some men have denied each ; but it appears to me that both are facts of consciousness. I feel conscious of a difference and antagonism between Right and Wrong ; that is an ultimate fact of consciousness. The greater part of mankind feel the same thing, and have words to express that fact. I feel conscious of freedom, to a certain extent ; that also is an ultimate fact of consciousness. The greater part of mankind feel the same thing. In a matter of this sort my own consciousness is of the utmost value to me ; the opinion of the human race has much weight, for this is one of the cases in which mankind is a good judge.

Now, much of the Pain and Misery in the world of man

comes from a violation of the moral laws of Nature, from Error and Sin. Can this evil be reconciled with the Providence of the Infinite God; or is it an Absolute Evil? Let us first look at Error, then at Sin, at each with its consequences.

In treating of the misery which comes therefrom, I will speak of it, first, on a large scale—in its Political Form, of the Errors men make in their Civil Government.

The natural moral law, in its political operation, requires that in the State there shall be complete and perfect National Unity of Action,—the nation being as complete a whole as a man's body,—that is necessary for all, that there may be a complete Whole; and a complete and perfect Individual Variety of Action—each man doing just what he is fittest to do and can do best,—that is necessary for each man, that he may be a complete person, with free spiritual individuality, as free and independent in the State, as my hand and feet are in the body, and as much in his proper place and about his proper function. By this means there will be a combination of efforts, but a distribution of functions; national unity of end and design with personal diversity of means thereto. The centripetal power, the Government, and

weakness. If the failure is persisted in misery follows and at length destruction; the pain warns us of the blunder.

Now I have not heard enough to show in all cases how this suffering proves remedial, and to demonstrate the perfect Providence of God in the history of man. For, to do that it would be necessary to have an amount of knowledge, both of human nature and of human history, which no man possesses as yet; which perhaps it is not possible for mortal man ever to possess. But I can see the beneficent effect and tendency of this in so many cases, that the general analogy is clearly made out, even without recurring to the Idea of God as Infinite to " vindicate the ways of God to man." Yet without that Idea I confess I should feel little general confidence in such a vindication.

Look at some of the examples of this kind of suffering. Here are nations which eminently lack National Unity of Action. That is the case with all the governments in Spanish America. The Hispano-Americans have not yet made a national harness which will hold all the people. Their political experiments have not succeeded very well. Their civil instrument is a poor tool, which works rather badly and hurts the nation's hand. As a consequence there follows a great deal of suffering; the nations, each taken as a whole, are poor and weak; the individuals, taken separately, are also poor, ill-educated, oppressed, or oppressing, and not enjoying high modes of happiness. Their suffering is the consequence of their economical Mistakes and moral Errors.

But how shall they ever get a better form of government? Only by making the trial. And if they suffered no pain from the present failure they would make no effort for future success. The pain urges them continually to alter and mend. They cannot be rich, happy, well educated, nor even tranquil, until they have this national Unity of Action. Hence they are in a state of continual disturbance and fermentation. Mexico alone has had twenty-seven revolutions in less than thirty years. Would it be a good thing if God were by miracle to remove this power to suffer on account of these causes? Shall He miraculously give them a constitution and frame of go-

vernment; and miraculously dispose all men to accept it? That would be to treat those creoles like mules and oxen, not like men. A woman wishes to walk cool in the summer's heat; shall God miraculously give her the great shadow of a peculiar cloud, or leave her to make her own umbrella, and walk rejoicing in its shade?

Here are other nations which as eminently lack Individual Variety of Action—Spain, Italy, Austria, Turkey, Russia, not to mention others. A great amount of force must be misdirected by the nation, as a whole, to keep the individuals in their unnatural condition: as a consequence there is a diminution of the productive power of the people as a whole—soldiers and policemen so numerous, mechanics, merchants, farmers, so rare,—and accordingly the nations are poor, and the government unstable and corrupt. Individual men suffer from the unnatural restriction. This twofold misery is the unavoidable consequence of their political Error, it notifies men of the failure of their experiment. But the mischief can only be got rid of by making new political experiments. The national tool works badly, it hurts the hands of the People; they must take it again to the forge, heat and warm it over anew in some other revolution, and

sharpen his wits, like hunger and thirst to make him work in other forms. Thus man gets his political education and political enjoyment. He tries despotism—that tool does not please him; then a monarchy, then an aristocracy, then a republic, and improves continually in his constitutions as in his agricultural and military tools. Man in his political development hitherto has not suffered proportionately more than a little girl, under ordinary circumstances, in growing up to womanhood. But no one complains and thinks it an Absolute Evil that the wind sometimes blows off the hat of the little maiden; that she now and then falls down and soils her frock; that her hoop runs off the side-walk; or that she fails to get the right conjunction in her French exercise and cries with chagrin at the recitations. Mankind, like little Miss, suffers from corresponding evils, has the diseases of childhood, in a political form. Anarchy, despotism, revolutions,—these are the measles and whooping-cough of the human race, one day to be outgrown. The present political condition of mankind as much belongs to the present age of mankind, and comes as naturally in the process of human development, I take it, as the greenness of apples belongs to the month of June, and the immaturity of boyhood to early years. Shall we complain that the boy is not born a man grown; that the apple is not mature in June instead of October?

Political Oppression in its many forms is one of the worst evils which now afflict the enlightened nations. But it comes unavoidably from the nature of man—finite and progressive in his social as well as his individual condition. For human development it is necessary that men should gather in large masses, in nations; to accomplish that political experiments are necessary; the first attempt of a finite and free creature is not likely to succeed and produce the effect which is ultimately desirable; the experiment may fail, and its failure must bring pain. Besides, man is politically progressive, and outgrows his institutions as the individual his baby-clothes. Those which pleased him once become a source of pain, no longer suiting the altered condition of the race. Here, as elsewhere, the pain is a warning.

Sometimes we can see the particular good results

brought about by some special evil. The Boston Port-Bill, the Stamp Act, with the other oppressive legislations of England, hastened the separation of the American child from her mother—to the lasting gain of both and also of the human race. A thinking man sees manifold examples of this sort in all the history of mankind, God

"From seeming evil still educating good,
And better thence again, and better still
In infinite Progression."

Suppose man had been made incapable of suffering from political Errors, when they came in the experiments of the race. The Hebrews would have been content under the taskmasters of Egypt, and so have continued slaves until they were degraded beyond possibility of elevation on earth: till they perished outright. If the Puritan had not smarted from the oppression he suffered, he would have borne it patiently till now; and have become what despots love—a passive tool of tyranny; the world would have lost the brave development of manhood which has come from that hardy stock. The horse and the sea are the *countenances* of man; they do not suffer

with pain under analogous thraldom, when treated well, well fed, well clad, and not over-worked, the nations had been slaves this day to a few men with minds full of mastery.

The ruder a nation is, the less developed in the higher faculties, the more external force is necessary to keep individuals together and in order. But the less is such force debasing or painful to the sufferer. It requires more external force to establish national Unity of Action in Russia than in America ; the constraint which a Russian needs and bears without pain, would be intolerable to a New-Englander, or a Briton.

Much misery appears in a Social Form, the consequence of Errors made in organizing men into communities. The ethic ideal of society is an organization of men and women so skilfully constructed that each man shall do the normal work which he can do best, with the most advantage to himself and to all his fellows ; that he shall develope harmoniously all his faculties with entire natural freedom, and at the same time have the advantage of the aid and companionship of other men, all likewise doing their best thing. Here there will be a perfect Social Unity of Action and at the same time perfect Individual Variety of Action—normal personal freedom. On the one hand, there will appear the Solidarity of Mankind, at least of the special community ; on the other the Sacredness of the Individual. Each man will be deemed a Fraction of society, and so a factor in its product, but also an Integer ; and both the functions, that of the fraction and the integer, will be sacredly respected. In this case the social usages, and the public opinion they rest on, will correspond exactly with the faculties of man in their actual state of development ; and with the natural moral laws of God. There will be the same blending of the centripetal power of the whole and the centrifugal power of the individual into that cosmic harmony which I spoke of before, whereby “the most ancient Heavens are fresh and strong.” Then the various persons of the community will work together with as little friction as the Planets in their course ; with as little waste as the forces which form a rose or a lily. The laws, customs, and habits of society will be just and

natural. There will be no crime,—no man sacrificed to another man, or to the mass of men. There will be no pauperism because no laziness, no waste, and no rapacity: a diversity of functions, but concentric unity of purpose and a combination of efforts to achieve it. Every man will be in perfect harmony with himself, with his fellow-men, and with Nature,—in perfect circumstances. So he will be in perfect health both of body and spirit. Labour will be as delightful to men as to emmets, beavers, and robins building their nests: birth, life, death, all will be natural, all beautiful. Such is the ethic ideal of a community. Nothing less will correspond to the nature of man and the normal mode of action of the human powers; nothing less to the social moral law of God.

But there is no such community in the world; there never has been. Behold what pain and misery come of our attempts to organize men! A community is at present a jumble of human forces; not a concord, but a discord. How many men are out of their natural sphere! This man was born a hunter, but he sits uneasily on a shoemaker's bench all his life, dyspeptic and ill-tempered. How many an idle profligate is cursed by the money which his ancestors gathered together, his riches hindering his manly development! How many are covetous and grasping! Think of the want and the crime; think of the licentiousness and intemperance; of the sickness which cuts off such hosts of men in childhood, while only here and there one dies a natural death. Consider all the ghastly forms of irregular action which you find in a great city, in Boston, New York, London. Think of the indispensable attendants of a great town—hospitals, asylums for the crazy and the old, for orphan babes, almshouses, jails of manifold denominations—the moral sewerage of the town,—of the police, swarming like buzzards in the streets to remove the refuse of mankind. The constable never sleeps. The jail-van is always in motion. Law and crime jostle each other in all the street. Gluttony and beggary meet at every corner. St James and St Giles glower at each other in Christian London. The angel of mercy follows the footsteps of the prostitutes, and watches over the bedside of her

brother who made them such. What pain and misery in modern society ! Boston is one of the most favourable specimens of a modern town, almost equally charitable and rich, but even here a good man can hardly walk the public streets and then repeat his private prayers without a shudder,—his heart making great leaps as he remembers the ignorance and misery about him.

This suffering is an “abomination to the Lord,” as much as the older heathen form of making children “pass through the fire unto Moloch ;” it is against the ideal of human nature. But if you look a moment you see the cause of the misery and its function. Man is finite, social, gifted with partial freedom, progressive also. Sociality on a large scale is indispensable to his development ; great cities are as necessary for mankind as a garment for a boy. They have ever been the fire-places of human education—intellectual, moral, and religious development. Man’s advance in general development must take place by the aid, in part, of large combinations of men. To form them, nay, to group a hundred men together, he must make experiments. They may fail through Errors or Mistakes. All human advance, social or individual, is progression by experiment. If men do not suffer from the failure they will not know it is a failure ; will continue it and perish.

Suppose men made a social experiment and it failed in consequence of the intellectual or moral deficiency of the projectors, because it did not fulfil the economical or moral conditions of social well-being ; suppose we did not suffer pain from the consequences of this Mistake and Error, and consequently continued in it and never rectified what was amiss in our experiment ; would that be a better scheme than the present one ? It is as idle to grumble at Providence because men suffer from social Mistakes and Errors, as to find fault with God because a mill does not grind corn when its wheels are placed on the wrong side of the dam. I wish to write, but have put no ink in my pen. Shall God fill it for me miraculously ; or enable me to write with a dry quill ? He gave me the head and hand to furnish ink withal ; mankind the head and hand to organize communities aright. My disappointment and the world’s misery notify us to take heed.

When the social machine is so constructed that it provides shelter, food, raiment, education, deficient in quality or in quantity, or distributes these needful things in an unnatural and therefore unsatisfactory manner, is it not a wise and benevolent contrivance that pain should warn us of the Mistake and Error? If the bodies of the neglected poor did not shiver with cold and damp and wet; if they did not ache with hunger, with fear, and the troop of ghastly diseases which invade the rearward ranks of men in all our human march; if enmity and the multiform maladies of body and spirit did not attack and disturb the class of men whose natural social burdens are borne by others; if crime did not rise up and cry with its inarticulate mowings against the social waste and wrong; if the exploitered servant did not take his revenge by unfaithfulness; if the neglected, the poor, the outcast, did not steal and rob, burn houses, and murder men; if the slave did not run away, did not waste his employers' goods, and slay their children; if the spoiled child did not turn out a profligate, and gnaw the bosom which bore him,—men would persevere in their social folly and perish. Animals are unconsciously taught by instinct—gregarious not social. Their organization into packs and flocks and herds

me when the north air bites, shall God abolish winter to save me the trouble of thought? If I have sense enough, and yet will eat green apples and not ripe ones, is it not well that I suffer?

Suppose that men not only suffered no pain in consequence of their social folly in violating the natural law of the universe, but they did not die in consequence of the error. Then the first experiment would be the last; there would be an end of progress. We should advance no more than the beavers, or the bees. So there would be no continued growth of the faculties of mankind, no consequent increase of happiness, no qualitative advance in mode, no quantitative in degree. Man would have stopped long ago in some low stage of development; perhaps never have advanced beyond the culture of the men who have grown up amongst wolves in Hindostan,—a barking, a ferocious, and a stupid pack.

I know how terrible this suffering is, how much in quantity, of a quality how sad; how many innocent men suffer from the average folly of mankind, through no Mistake or Error of their own. But take the whole world together this pain is not in excess, and its function is plainly benevolent. Before us marches the attractive Idea of better things, a pillar of fire continually advancing towards the promised land which flows with milk and honey; behind us, the Egyptian host of ignorance, and fear, and tyranny, and want, drive us on. Both are ministers of God's Providence.

See what evil comes in the Domestic Form. The ethic ideal of a family demands the marriage of loving men and women to their loving mates, two equivalent and free persons uniting in connubial love, manhood and womanhood combining into humanity. But are such marriages common? Is the wife thought the equal, the equivalent of the husband; is the family always based on love, connubial, parental, filial, friendly love? The masculine element oppresses and enslaves the feminine. Man exploiters woman all the world over. How many live unmarried—against their nature, against their conscious will. Polygamy prevails "over three quarters of the groaning globe." In Christendom the marriage of one to one is the ecclesiastic and legal ideal, the marriage-type. Is it

also the fact? How much is there of involuntary singleness—painful and against nature; how much vice of many forms, odious to the thought; what unhappiness from ill-assorted wedlock begun in haste, repented of at leisure, but made permanent by statute and public opinion? What a world of misery comes from the Mistakes and Errors men have made in the domestic organization of mankind and womankind!

Here the same reasoning applies—the proximate cause of the misery is the Mistake; the function thereof is to warn men and stir them to better experiments. All this matter of love might have been settled by laws that could not be broke, and like oaks, with no chance of mistake, men might

“ languidly adjust
Their vapid, vegetable loves with anthers and with dust,”

or, like the free birds of heaven, be mated by instinct. Does any one think that would be an improvement? Attracted by the Ideal of a perfect family, driven by pain from the actual, mankind moves on, each generation of Jacobs and Rachels improving over the family of their predecessors, and with a continual increase of domestic bliss. The pain which comes from married and unmarried Error is not excessive for its work. Look the world over, disquising nothing, and you see how nicely this misery is fitted for its function, and one day it will end. Only the boy cries over his multiplication table.

See the evil which comes of Mistakes and Errors in Religion—from Errors about Piety, its sentimental part, about Theology, its theoretical part, and Morality, its practical part. Absolute Religion is the service of the Infinite God by the normal use, development, and enjoyment of every limb of the body, every faculty of the spirit, every power which we possess over matter or man. This is a service which is “perfect freedom.” This is the Ideal of religion; nothing short of this answers to the spiritual nature of man and the natural law of God. Everything short of this is an Error, or a Mistake.

But no considerable body of men has yet attained this Form of Religion. It is not consciously made the ideal of any sect of religionists in the world. How much suffering arises from the common notions of religion in the most

enlightened nations ! I have spoken of this so often in previous sermons that it is needless to say much now. But what fear among "Believers" of the popular theology, what littleness, what absurd singleness of the soul which longs for union with God ; what meanness and cowardice is found in men who try to wring and twist themselves into the spiritual contortions demanded by Hebrew, Mahometan, or Christian Priests ! What spiritual hunger is there of Unbelievers ! The ecclesiastical bodies founded on the popular Mistakes and Errors—how impotent they are to lead the nation to any great good work ! What manifold evils come of this cause ! Look at the condition of the Christian world : its general Theology scornfully rejected by scientific men ; the Roman Church dead ; the Greek Church for many centuries without life ; the Protestant Churches of Europe divided, feeble, ruled like armies by kings ; and in many places what is officially called "Religion," exacted of the people by the tax-gatherer and the constable ; the Churches of America divided, wrangling, and all unable to direct in natural ways the immense energies of this great Commonwealth ;—nay, not daring to oppose the colossal Errors and Sins of the nation, or even to rebuke the political atheism which denies the Higher Law of God ! See what imbecility comes from a theology which calls on its followers to renounce reason ; for the sake of being spiritual, to give up the exercise of their spirit. What pain comes from belief in eternal punishment, the priest tormenting men before their time ! What misery comes from fearing a dreadful God ! Look at the oppression still practised in the name of religion—in Italy men shut in a Christian jail for reading the Christian Bible ; in almost every Christian state laws forbidding freedom of speech on matters relating to Christianity, the gallows reaching its arm over the pulpit. See how many men in America are driven to infidelity, to denial of all conscious religion, by the absurdities taught in its name ; how many are annually forced to hospitals for lunatics, incurably crazed by what is called religion. Acquisitiveness is doubtless the disease of America just now ; but the lust of money is less powerful than the popular theology in bringing men to public Bedlam.

The theological mistake is incidental to human nature,

—finite, free, progressive ; the misery is an unavoidable result of the mistake, and has a benevolent function under the Providence of God. As perfect Cause He fore-knew the history of mankind, all our Mistakes in religious matters, and wisely put pain as an unavoidable consequence of avoidable Mistakes and Errors. If the mass of men in Northern Europe had not suffered from the false theology, false morality, false piety, and manifold oppression in the name of God imposed on them by the Roman Church, the world had been under Leos and Juluses and Adrians to this day. Had not the unsatisfactory schemes of the Roman, Grecian, Hebrew theologies given pain to mankind, Christianity would have perished with Jesus; nay, if men had not suffered from the mistakes of Egyptian priests, Moses would never have led Israel out of the iron house of bondage and the gross darkness which covered the people. The oxen suffer not from the letters which their master burns upon their horns ; the Roman ass is not pained by the image of St Anthony which his superstitious master puts on him with a priestly blessing ; if men suffered no more from false ideas of religion, we should be as oxen and asses, driven by other masters, and that to our ruin.

the Jewish form of Christianity rose far above Moses ; the Pauline form transcended that ; Romanism is a compromise between the Christianity of Paul, the Mosaism of the Hebrews, and the Polytheism of the Greeks and Romans. The human race went forward as they became Catholic Christians. Luther took a step in advance of Rome ; Zuingle, Calvin, his fellow-reformers, great men all of them, helped us still further on. But, pained by their imperfections, cheered by the Spirit of God in the soul of man which still tells of lands of promise before us, and still sends fire-pillars in every night to show the way over sands that furnish water, and through rivers which dry up to let us pass—the race still journeys on from Thebes to Jerusalem, from that to Rome, thence to Wittenberg, Basle, Geneva, Westminster ; and there is no end. Every step in religion is an experiment ; if a wrong step it is painful. But the pain is medical. The fires of Moloch in Syria ; the harsh mutilations in the name of Astarte, Cybele, Jehovah ; the barbarities of imperial pagan tormentors ; the still grosser torments which Romano-Gothic Christians in Italy and Spain heaped on their brother-men, the fiendish cruelties to which Switzerland, France, the Netherlands, England, Scotland, Ireland, America have been witness, are not too powerful to warn men of the unspeakable evils which follow from Mistakes and Errors in this matter of religion. The present sufferings from belief and unbelief, it is easy to learn the lesson which they read. If we misuse the deepest and most powerful force in man, the pain which comes therefrom must needs be great. To pluck out a hair brings little pain ; but to rend off a limb, to tear out an eye—a dreadful misery forbids that sacrilege. Did not pain warn the Christian nations, the Protestant and the Catholic, as it ever has warned all loiterers, all wanderers, we should stray further and further from our God, or else stop in our onward march ; and in either case lose the progressive joy of manly development of our religious powers.

There is now intellectual and moral power enough active in the present generation to correct the evils of the popular theology of Christendom, the defects of its ecclesiastical machinery, and so to remove the suffering which comes from that. If we fail to apply these powers to this

work, it is surely wise in the great Father to have so made the world that pain shall at length compel us to put off the shoe which pinches, and not suffer the foot to be spoiled.

This fourfold Error in the formation of the State, the Community, the Family, and the Church—has brought a flood of misery upon the world. But it has forced mankind to a fourfold improvement—political, social, domestic, religious ; to a fourfold increase of human delight and blessedness. Every age has power to mend its machinery and to devise better. These Mistakes and Errors were foreseen by the Infinite God, at the creation, provided for, and the checks to them all made ready beforehand. Even here there is nothing imperfect, but the motive, material, purpose, and means continually reveal infinite perfections of God.

You see how a child makes Mistakes in getting command of his body ; how he stumbles in learning to walk and hurts his limbs by the fall ; but his wise mother cheers and encourages him. How he hurts his hands and feet before he learns the qualities thereof, and their normal relation to the things they touch ! What experiments he makes that fail before he learns the economic conditions which hedge him in ! See how mankind toils and experiments in getting the entire command of any of our present instruments, living or inanimate. What pain comes of each Mistake ! The ox gores his master ; the horse throws him ; Actæon's hounds devour their lord—it is more than fable ; the Pine-bender is snatched up in his own tree. What a useful thing is fire ; what a powerful instrument in the world's civilization ! It has been domesticated, I doubt not, some twenty or thirty thousand years. But even now what Mistakes we make in its use ; what evils it brings ! not a venturesome baby in the best ordered family, but puts his finger to the flame and starts when that schoolmaster sharply reminds him of the distinction between the Me and the Not-Me ; not a little village, never so dull, but it loses now and then a house, or barn, by this unruly servant ; not a city but has its conflagration, its police and engines to quell the element and keep the fire within its limits. Condense a thousand million men to one great consciousness ; consider the hu-

man race as one man twenty or thirty thousand years old, all his burnings do not make a greater proportionate amount of suffering than what befalls our venturesome weanling who puts his disobedient fingers in the candle's flame. Would it be benevolent in God to take from boy or man the possibility of a Mistake in the use of fire, the consciousness of pain from such a Mistake?

Steam will probably work as great a change in the affairs of man, in domestic, social, political relations, as fire has done hitherto. But see what havoc it now makes of human life, with such reckless men in America tumultuating over land and water so heedless of the unchanging laws of God. What pain we suffer in getting command of this instrument! It has been so with all the forces of Nature which man has tamed and domesticated. The entire amount of suffering is always proportionate to our lack of skill to manage the instrument; the more valuable the forces are, the longer it takes to learn all their powers and acquire the full mastery over them. It is easy to tame a dove, hard to domesticate thunder and lightning.

In the fifteenth century there were three Magi in Europe, new-comers, looking for One born king of the world,—Mariner's Compass, Gunpowder, Printing-press, such were their titles. What a world of mischief they wrought, disturbing everybody,—coasters, crossbowmen, scribes! What spread of mischievous falsehoods took place; what slaughter of men; what shipwreck in mid ocean! How grim they looked! But those Magi, all three of them, came out of the eternal East of human consciousness; following "the star which once stood still over a stable," they now fall down before Democracy, the Desire of all Nations; while Herod seeks the young child's life to destroy him, they open their treasures and present gifts, their gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

Now to get the full mastery over the spirit of man, to learn all the complicated powers of mind and conscience, heart and soul, so that mankind shall know all their modes of action, individual and social, as the chemist and the housewife know the powers and modes of action of fire, or as the engineer knows the powers and capabilities of steam; to provide these various complicated and progressive faculties with their proper harness and machinery

— political, social, domestic, ecclesiastic,— for all their manifold purposes—that is a task far greater than the taming of cattle, the domestication of fire and steam; far more difficult, requiring far more time for the work, and demanding innumerable experiments, continued for thousands of years, each incidentally subject to failure, and that unavoidably attended by pain and misery which can only be removed by correcting the Error, and mending the Mistake. But the misery is all along remedial, is never excessive for its work and function. God achieves the maximum of effect with the minimum of means; the maximum of welfare with the minimum of misery. The whole amount of pain endured by mankind from political, social, domestic, and religious Mistakes and Errors, in the whole human history, is of a merciful and educational character; comes from the same cause, for the same purpose, as the pain of burning the finger when thrust into a flame, and bears no greater relation to the whole consciousness of mankind than the suffering of an ordinary child in growing up to maturity.

It is true the sufferings are often borne by such as had no part in producing the cause of suffering, nay, who sought to remove it, and on earth their misery is not ade-

the Infinite God. The warrant of ultimate human welfare is indorsed on every person, on each living thing, in the handwriting of the Infinite God ; and though I could not trust the promise of any of the popular finite deities, I am as sure of the Infinite God as I am that one and one make two, or that I myself exist. The instinctive desire of human nature is God's Promise to pay ; Eternity His time.

Then look at the pain and misery which come from the intellectual Mistakes and moral Errors of mankind ; leave out nothing, diminish nothing, look St Giles' in the face ; study the sufferings of all the Irclands of the earth ; confront all the wars of the world ; meet eye to eye that most hideous of living monsters, American Slavery, the lifeblood of three million men dripping from the democratic hand ;—examine the political, social, domestic, and religious wretchedness of mankind, does it amount to Absolute Evil ? Is there any reason to think so ? Surely not. Are present pain and misery excessive for their unavoidable and merciful function ? Scrutinize with the nicest analysis of science, and you must confess that so far as the facts are known the benevolence of Providence perpetually appears ; and so far as the analogy reaches the same conclusion follows.

Then comes the scientific idea of the Infinite God to fill up the chasms which science leaves unfilled. A church, a family, a community, a State, is each a machine formed of human materials, wherewith to achieve the religious, domestic, social, and political welfare of mankind : if the machine be a poor or ineffective tool, is it plainly wise and merciful, nay, just and loving, that pain should warn us of the insufficiency of the instrument ; and repeat the warning till we have abandoned it and made a wiser experiment ? As the centripetal and centrifugal forces in the solar system are just sufficient to keep each planet in its orbit, rhythmically wheeling about the sun, with no deficiency, and no redundancy, so is the pain which follows human Error but just enough to warn us of the ruin and hold us back. The astronomical conclusion is mathematically demonstrable from the facts of observation and the intuitions of consciousness ; the human conclusion is not yet inducible from facts of observation, but deducible

with most rigorous science from the idea of God as Infinite. The amount of misery is a variable quantity, controlled by the conduct of mankind; we diminish it just as we learn and keep the natural laws of God, the original human means He has provided for His divine purpose.

So much for the Evil which comes from Mistakes and Errors.

Look next at the Evil of Sin—the pain and misery which come thereof. A man knows the moral law of God; he has learned it by experiment, or by intuition which anticipates experience; he knows the true, the most beautiful, the just, the affectional, the holy. Conscience is powerful enough to say “Thou oughtest!” There it stops and leaves us free to obey, or disobey. It does not say, “Thou must! Thou shalt!” It does not hold us bound. I know the right; I have the power to do, or to refuse to do it. That is my freedom, my most subtle, most dangerous gift; it is the most precious too. Perhaps I shall not do the right I know I ought; I will not make the ideal of my moral nature the actual of my daily work. If the moral or religious faculty compelled me, I should be its slave; not a free man, only a bare tool of the Almighty. If conscience compels me to realize the

and inwardly tormented because the ideal of my mind and conscience, heart and soul, is not the actual of my conduct.

This is the first subjective consequence of Sin ; it is a form of pain peculiar, distinct from all other modes of suffering. I suppose every grown man knows what it is. I will not speak from observation of others, but from consciousness and my own inward experience ; I know the remorse which comes from conscious violation of my own integrity, from treason to myself and my God, from consciousness of sacrificing my universal Ideal of the true, the just, the moral beautiful, the affectional, the holy, to some private personal caprice. It transcends all bodily pain, all grief at disappointed schemes, all anguish which comes from the sickness, yea, from the death, of dear ones prematurely sent away. To these afflictions I can bow with " Thy will, not mine, be done." But remorse, the pain of Sin—that is my work. This comes obviously to warn us of the ruin which lies before us ; for as the violation of the natural material conditions of bodily life leads to dissolution of the body, so the wilful, constant violation of the natural conditions of spiritual well-being leads to the destruction thereof. So the pain of remorse comes wisely and mercifully to warn me from my ruin. It anticipates the outward consequence ; it comes as the disagreeable smell, or warning look, or repulsive taste of poison. A State with no statute against high-treason, no punishment therefor, would be exceedingly imperfect. Remorse is the subjective consequence, the penal retribution, yea, the medicine and cure for this high-treason against the soul and against its God.

The outward consequences of Sin are the same as those of Error or Mistake, and require no specific description.

Sin is a wrong choice ; a preference of the wrong way to the right one. No man loves the wrong for its own sake, as an end, but as a means for some actual good it is thought to lead to. It is one of the incidents of our attempt to get command over all our faculties. In learning to walk, how often we stumble ; we stammer in attempts to speak ; and babies babble long before they talk. In learning to read, to write, how children mistake the letters, miscall the sounds, miswrite the words ! Sin

is a corresponding incident—we learn self-command by experiments, experiments which fail.

I think this evil is rather underrated. Consciously to violate the integrity of your spirit is a worse evil than men seem to fancy. Oh! young man, expect Error of yourself, expect Mistakes. Your eye deceives you, so may your mind and conscience, your heart and soul. Expect also analogous wanderings in getting self-command. But do not tolerate any conscious violations of your own integrity; the experience of that will torment you long, till sorrow has washed the maiming brand out of your memory, and long years of goodness have filled up the smarting scar. Men grown see the right, see it plainly; it does not serve their special turn, in trade, in politics, in the pursuit of pleasure or of power. They trample their ideal under-foot. The subjective pain and misery which comes thereof, is a just and merciful contrivance of the eternal Father.

There are men of little excellence, but of great conceit, bigoted men, wonted to the machinery of social and ecclesiastical routine, their wheels deep in the ruts of custom, omitting the weighty matters of love to men and God; who tithe mint, anise, and cumin, and thank God

uses of the will, to keep the law of God when known. It is only in this way that the individual, the family, the community, the State, the world knows the power of the personal or the accumulated will, and how to keep the law of God when known. So there are moral experiments in all these forms, and Sins of the Family, the Community, the Nation, and the World, which come as incidents of human development. The pain thereof is an unavoidable consequence of the transgression, and a warning that the trespass has been wrought. I am glad it cost me efforts to learn to speak, to walk, to know the rule of right, else were I less a man. The pains I have felt from Errors here are joyous pains at last. So too am I glad God gave me power to go astray even when I know the right; glad that it costs me hard efforts to learn the uses of my will, to subject the transient caprice of personal desire to the eternal true, right, moral, beautiful, lovely, and holy of the Infinite God. And though remorse has been my keenest pain, I know it is my highest birthright, which the pain stands over and guards as watchful sentinel. At the creation, the perfect Cause knew all the future wanderings of each man, the Mistakes of the intellect, the Errors of the conscience, the Sins of the will; and as the check thereto He mercifully appointed pain to come to the individual, family, community, the nation, and the world.

Theologians often talk mythologically about Sin, as if there was something mysterious in its origin, its cause, its process, its result, and final end. They tell us that as it is a transgression against the Infinite God, so it is an Infinite Evil, meaning an absolute evil, demanding an eternal punishment. To this scholastic folly it is enough to reply, that if sin be for this reason an Absolute Evil, then, the smallest suffering coming from an Infinite God is an Infinite Suffering, and cancels the Sin.

Sin is said to be a "Fall;" yea, as the child's attempt to walk is a stumble. But the child through stumbling learns to walk erect; every fall is a fall upward. Creeping is an advance over stillness, stumbling over creeping. In the yearling boy the feet are soft and tender, the legs feeble, unable to sustain the pulpy frame. But the instinct of motion stirs the young master of creation to

press forward; not content with creeping, he tries to walk, he falls, and cries with pain. He dries at length his tears, and tries and falls again, again to weep. But gradually, by trial, the limbs grow strong, the eye steady; he walks erect; he runs down steep places; up and down the snow-clad Alps Hannibal marches through the winter, leading his army of men each a stumbling baby once.

Through weakness of mind and conscience we may err—the Error has its check, and Nature has the cure. No mistake is eternal. At first the little child pricked with a pin only feels pained in his general consciousness, not discriminating the special spot that smarts. By and by, instructed by experience of pain, and so familiar with the geography of his little world of flesh, when hurt he lays his hand on the afflicted spot to localize the grief; at length he learns to scrutinize the cause and to apply the cure. Thus is it with mankind. Weakness of the Affections, of the Soul, of the Will, is not eternal. Sin, with its consequent pain, is transient as Errors and Mistakes. Stumblings of the body, the mind and conscience, heart and soul, belong to babyhood—the early or the late; incidents of our development. If the first step is a fall—the step is still a progress, the fall is forward. In the days of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, how poorly women spun and wove. But the bungling craft of Sarah, Rebecca, and Rachel, does not retard the mill of Manchester, of Lowell, and Lyons. From Sarah to Jacquard what a stride! millions of experiments that failed strew all the way. The mistakes of the first farmers nobody copies now; but the cereal grasses, which, as the story tells, a mythologic queen first brought to Italy, all round the temperate world grow corn for daily bread. What have I to do with the stammering of my fathers ten thousand years ago, when the language had but a hundred words, perhaps? Does it bar me from eloquence and all the nice distinctions of scientific speech? Nay, my own blunders in babyhood, boyhood, manhood—blunders of the body, of the spirit—do they disturb me now? They are outgrown and half-forgot. I learned something by each one. So is it with Sin, the world's Sin, your Sin and mine. Pain checks all heedless motion; we learn the lesson, but forget the pain.

Men start, in these times, with the idea of a dreadful God, who made men badly at first, and then set them a-going ; when they stumble He falls on them, brings them to the ground and crushes them down to endless hell ; only a few He sends His Son to help and lift up—all the rest lie there and rot in everlasting woe. The pain of this folly will one day drive us from the greatest Error of the Human race—from the belief in a devilish God and an eternal Hell. Our successors will forget it as we the follies of our sires who worshipped stocks and stones before they dreamed of Odin and of Thor.

See now the obvious use of Pain and Misery,—they are plainly beneficent. In the State, the Community, the Family, the Church, the Individual Man, it is not hard to see their general function. Evil is partial. There is no Absolute Evil. Man advances for ever—the perfect means goes forward to achieve the perfect purpose. Man oscillates in his march as the moon nods in her course. Pain marks the limit of his vibration ; the variables of human caprice are perpetually controlled by the constants of divine Providence. Once man, prone and mute, was the slave of Nature, the absolute savage, the wild man of the woods, over-mastered by his elementary instincts which so jealously keep watch over the individual and the race ; that comrade of the wolf, with many a painful step has journeyed on—his life a progress, his march triumphal. See what the past life of mankind has brought about—fixed habitations; language, letters, arts, science, literature, laws, manners, religion. What a growth from the time when these ten fingers were the only tools of man, and all his mightier faculties lay below the horizon of his consciousness !

Look at the evils of our time—as political oppression, the strong nations ruling the weak with iron rods, the government exploitering the people ; look at war, at social oppression, the strong laying their burdens on the weak, in this age of commercial tyranny, at despotism by the dollar which takes the place of the old despotism by the sword ; look at slavery—total in Carolina, partial in all Christendom ; domestic oppression, woman exploited by man ; ecclesiastical oppression—false Ideas of God, of man, of the Relation between the two, form a three-

pronged spear wherewith Superstition goads the race of men in all lands. Look at poverty, ignorance, drunkenness, prostitution, murder, theft, and every vice. What misery comes of all these evils! But they were all foreseen and are provided for in the careful housekeeping of God. The past history shows what checks there always have been; what powers come forth equal to each emergency. If the world were to end to-day—it would seem a failure, man's desires not satisfied, the budding promise of the race not growing into fruit, or even flower. But this is only the beginning of the history of man on earth,

"A thousand years scarce serve to form a State;"

many a thousand years there must be to form the great Commonwealth of Man where the perfect State, Community, Family, and Church shall have their home.

The pain of Sin is the pain of surgery, nay, the pain of growth. My sin-burnt soul dreads the consuming fire, its pain a partial good. God provided for it all, making all things work together for good. My suffering shames me from conscious wrong, stings me into efforts ever new; and I flee from consuming Sodom with a swifter flight. The loving-kindness of the Infinite Mother has provided also for this evil, for its cure. There is retribution everywhere—for I am conditioned by the moral law of God. In youth Passion tempts me to violate the integrity of my consciousness with its excess, I love the pleasure of the flesh; in manhood Ambition offers the more dangerous temptation, I love the profit of selfishness. If I yield and sacrifice the eternal Beauty of the true, the just, the good, the holy to the riot of debauch, or to the calculated selfishness of that ambition, there comes the subjective consequence,—a sense of falseness, of shame, a loathing of myself, the leprous feeling that I am unclean, the sleepless worm which gnaws the self-condemning heart; then comes the outward evil, the resultant of my wrong,—men band against me, to check my wicked deeds. One wheel is blocked by remorse; and human opposition holds the other fast. So suffering keeps my wrong in check. I am thus pained by every evil thing I do. In the next life I hope to suffer till I learn the mastery of myself, and keep the conditions of my higher life. Through the Red Sea

of pain I will march to the promised land, the divine Ideal guiding from before, the Egyptian Actual urging from behind.

Liability to Mistake, to Error, and to Sin, is the indispensable condition of human freedom. That is not absolute, but partial, relative. I know the Infinite Father holds the line which tethers me; that He gave to man this human nature in us all, with just the quality and quantity of powers needful as means to execute His perfect purpose and fulfil His perfect motive. I know that He will draw us back and lead us home at last, losing none of His flock, dropping no son of perdition by the way; but a great way off meeting His prodigals a-coming home, or if they only will to come; yea, He has means which move their will without constraint, for He is Infinite God, the perfect Cause, the perfect Providence. The world He makes, from a perfect motive, of a perfect material, for a perfect purpose, and as a perfect means, is the best world which the infinite God could make; the best of all possible Creators must make the best of all possible worlds—with the minimum of pain securing the maximum of bliss.

Men often exaggerate the amount of Sin—its quantitative evil, not its qualitative. Much which passes by this name is Mistake, or Error; many depraved deeds are done with little depravity, perhaps with none. I see the evils which come of conscious or unconscious wrong. Here are men who walk the streets self-mutilated of limb, or feature, by violation of the body's laws; others maimed, still worse, of limb, or feature, of the spirit. Is their Error, their Sin, an Absolute Evil? The Infinity of God forbids. The Man-butcher of New Zealand, the Man-stealer of New England have not fallen beyond lifting up. One day the better nature of each shall be wakened. Even such transgression is not absolute. The high-priests in Jerusalem who paid Judas his thirty pieces, the price of blood shed by his treachery; the low priests in Boston who paid the latest kidnapper his fee, their praises and their prayers, alike the price of blood shed by his treachery, they are under the Providence of the Infinite Mother who at the beginning provided for all of her children. All

these shall one day measure their lives by the golden rule of Love.

I see the enormous mass of human misery which comes of Mistakes, Errors, Sins. I see its cause; I know its prophecy. It tells me of the vast powers of man—of the individual, and the race. The power of wrong is but a mistaken power of right. The wicked Statutes men enact, come as incidents in the nation's moral growth; the wars, the tyrannies, the slaveries of old time and modern days, are wanderings from the path we are to take; local, partial, only for a time. The devastations wrought by misdirection of the religious faculty reveal its power, and foretell its normal triumph in time to come. I lift my eyes from the present to the past. What a triumphal progress has been the march of man! Still is the human face set forward. The Cannibal in New Zealand is far above the wolf-bred child in Hindostan; far before the merely savage man. Even the Kidnapper of New England is in advance of the Cannibal of the Pacific. The increase of crime in all Europe since the revival of letters, marks a step forward. Immortality is for each man. Eternity stretches out before the race. And in the protracted childhood and great Errors of man I foresee his manly and majestic march in days to come. God bound the beasts; it was in mercy to them. Only by change of body can the adult animal advance. For them there is no progress of the family, the tribe, or race. Little is left for their free choice; so as they venture little, they win no more. The God of oxen provides for them as Infinite Providence, by His will, not their own. But the larger venture in man is liable to worse contingencies of ill; destined also to produce a higher resultant of bliss.

Tell me of war, of slavery, of want, of political, social, domestic oppression; tell me of the grim terrors of the Popular Theology—its religion a torment, its immortality a curse, its deity a devil; tell me of Atheism, its doubts, its denial, its despair,—its here and no Hereafter, its body without a Soul, its world without a God;—tell me what pain and misery come of all these, and by the greatness of the aberration I measure the greatness of the orbit and the orb; for in the centre of the universe, its ever-present Cause, its ever-active Providence, I see the

Infinite God, I feel Him immanent in every particle of matter, in each atom of Spirit; and how can I fear? The nodding of a school-boy's top is not the measure for the oscillations of a world.

The greatest present evil is small compared to what man has already lived through and so far overpowered, that most men deem it blasphemy to say they ever were. Absolute Evil is not in Error, its misery is its check, points to its cure, helps to its end. Is it in Sin? Yea, if Sin were endless; to act wrong, think wrong, feel wrong, be wrong,—at variance with self, with Nature, and with God—that is misery, absolute evil were it endless. Not only is all the analogy of the universe against the monstrous thought, each drop of Science drained off from the world of space and time corroding and eating away this ugly thing; but the Idea of God's Infinite Perfection annihilates the boyish dream. Suppose I am the blackest of sinners, that as Cain I slew my brother, as Iscariot I betrayed him—and such a brother,—or as a New-England kidnapper I sold him to be a slave,—and blackened with such a sin I come to die,—still I am the child of God, of the Infinite God; He foresaw the consequences of my faculties, of the freedom He gave me, of the circumstances which girt me round, and do you think He knows not how to bring me back, that He has not other circumstances in store to waken other faculties and lead me home, compensating my variable hate with His own Constant Love!

"Come, then, expressive silence, muse His praise."

THE END.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

THE
COLLECTED WORKS
OF
THEODORE PARKER,

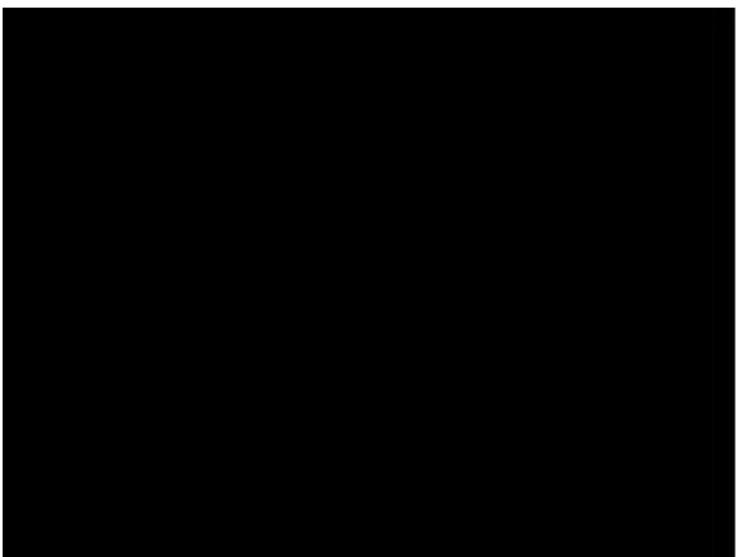
MINISTER OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGREGATIONAL
SOCIETY AT BOSTON, U.S.

CONTAINING HIS
THEOLOGICAL, POLEMICAL, AND CRITICAL WRITINGS,
SERMONS, SPEECHES, AND ADDRESSES,
AND LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

EDITED BY
FRANCES POWER COBBE.

VOL. XII.
AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

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1865.



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AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

THE LIKE AND THE DIFFERENT.

A FEW months ago, the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, the member of the British Parliament for Oxford, published "Two Letters to the Earl of Aberdeen on the State Prosecutions of the Neapolitan Government." Mr Gladstone appears to be one of the most conservative Commoners in England; and he writes, if I mistake not, to one of the most conservative of the Lords. The letters have filled England with amazement. The work was published last July, and it is now the twenty-fourth of October while I write; but ten editions have already been exhausted in England, and the eleventh has had time to travel three thousand miles, and find its way to my desk.

Mr Gladstone makes some disclosures which have astonished the simplicity of Father England. He accuses the Government of Naples, in its treatment of those accused of political offences, of "an outrage upon religion, upon civilization, upon humanity, and upon decency." What is more, he abundantly substantiates his accusation by details so horrible, that he thinks they will not be credited by his countrymen; for the actual wickedness of the Neapolitan Government surpasses all that Englishmen had thought it possible for malice to invent or tyranny to inflict.

the perjury of a monarch, and announces the theory of crime, is published by authority, and in the name of "the Most Holy and Almighty God, the Trinity in Unity."

The disclosures in Mr Gladstone's letters filled England with horror. Even Naples fears the public opinion of Europe, and the Neapolitan Government became alarmed. Some attempts have been made by its officials, it is said, to deny the facts. The British thought them too bad to be true.

Yet the Government of Naples is not wholly inaccessible to mercy. For Mr Morris, the American minister at Naples, becoming interested in a young man, Signor Domenico Nostromarina, confined in the island of Capri for some alleged political offence, asked his pardon of the king, and it was granted.

The American Declaration of Independence announces it as self-evident, that all men are created equal, and with certain unalienable rights, and amongst them the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and the design of Government is to secure those rights.

The Constitution of Massachusetts provides that "Every person has a right to be secure from all unreasonable searches and seizures of his person," and "all warrants

At the request of Mr Simms, I visited him in his place of confinement, where he was guarded by about a dozen men who were in the same room with him. One of them had a drawn sword in his hand. I learned some facts from him which need not be repeated here.

After what was called a trial, before a single man, and he a creature of the Government, who was to be paid twice as much for deciding against his prisoner as for him, a trial conducted without "due form of law," Mr Simms was sentenced to bondage for his natural life. Yet he was accused of no offence, except that of escaping from those who had stolen him from himself, and claimed his labour and his limbs as theirs.

When he was to be carried off, and delivered to his tormentors, fifteen hundred citizens of Boston volunteered to conduct the victim of illegal tyranny out of the State, and deliver him up to the men who had taken him at first. Some of these volunteers were said to be men of property and standing in the town.

A brigade of soldiers, since called "The Simms Brigade," was called out at the expense of the city, and by direction of its magistrates, and kept under arms day and night, to aid in violating the laws of Massachusetts, and profaning the laws of God. Their head-quarters were in what was once called the "Cradle of Liberty," in Faneuil Hall.

The court-house was surrounded by chains for several days, and guarded by mercenaries of the city, hired for the purpose, and armed with bludgeons. I counted forty-four of these men on guard at the same time. They molested and turned back men who had business in the court-house, but admitted any "gentleman from the South." The Judges of the State Courts stooped and crouched down, and crawled under the chain, to go, emblematically, to their places.

A portion of the city police, armed with swords, was drilled one day in a public square, and the movements of the awkward squad were a little ridiculous to such as had never seen British clowns under a drill serjeant. One of the by-standers laughed, and the chief police officer on the station threatened to lock him up in a jail if he laughed again.

The mayor of the city rose, soberly, and with two or

three hundred of the police of the city, armed with bludgeons and swords, in the darkest hour of the night, took their victim, weeping, out of his jail. Some benevolent men furnished him with clothes for his voyage. He was then conducted by this crew of kidnappers through the principal street of the city to a vessel waiting to receive him. As he went on board, he burst into tears, and exclaimed, "This is Massachusetts liberty!" Several of the inhabitants of the city attended their victim to Savannah, in Georgia, whence he had fled away. There they were honoured with a public entertainment given by the citizens of that place.

Their victim was conducted to jail, and severely flogged. He was not allowed to see his mother, or any other relative. It was afterwards related that his master, still keeping him in jail, ordered him to be tortured every day with a certain number of lashes on his bare back, but once offered to remit a part of the torture on condition that he should ask pardon for running away: he refused, and took the blows. But one day, the jail-doctor, finding the man feeble and daily failing, told the master his Slave was too unwell to bear that torture. The master said, "Damn him, give him the lashes if he dies!" and the lashes fell.

The last legal effort to save the man from the terrible punishment which the Bostonians were desirous of inflicting upon him, was made by a distinguished citizen of this State, before the circuit Judge. I shall not now tell all I know about the matter here ; but when the Judge decided against his victim, and thus cut off his last hope, the sentence was received by the rich and mercantile audience that crowded the court-house with applause and the clapping of hands.

The leading citizens of Boston rejoiced at the transaction and its result. Some of them publicly mocked at all efforts made in behalf of the unfortunate man who had been kidnapped. The commercial and political newspapers of the city gave expression to the common joy, that an inhabitant of Boston had, for the first time for many years, and at the expense of the city, been doomed to eternal bondage by the authorities of the place. It was thought trade would improve ; and it is now stated that Boston has had more Southern "patronage" since the kidnapping of Simms, than in any previous six months since the adoption of the Constitution.

The leading clergy of the town were also deeply delighted at the success of this kidnapping ; several of them, in their pulpit services, expressed their approbation of the deed, and gave God thanks, in their public prayers, that the Fugitive Slave Law had been executed in Boston. One of them, the most prominent clergyman in the city, declared, in private, that if a Fugitive should seek shelter of him, "I would drive him away from my own door." Another had previously declared, in public, that he would send his own mother into Slavery to keep the law. At a subsequent period, the President of the United States, in his visit to Boston, congratulated the authorities of the State on this execution of his law.

The laws of Massachusetts are flagrantly violated in Boston ; especially the usury laws and the licence law. At this moment there are, probably, at least a thousand places in the city where liquor is publicly sold in violation of the law. It is notorious that even the Banks daily violate the usury law. These are matters of continual occurrence. But, last spring, a citizen of Boston was assassinated, in broad daylight, in Haymarket Square. The

assassin was well known, but he has not been arrested. The city government has, as yet, offered no public reward for his apprehension. It is rumoured that the man was murdered by one whom he had complained of for violating the licence law.

The Fugitive Slave Law drove into exile about four or five hundred inhabitants of Boston in less than a year. They had committed no crime, except to believe themselves the owners of their own bodies, and act on that belief.

Several Unitarian clergymen have been driven from their parishes in consequence of opposing that law. It has been proclaimed by the most eminent politicians of the nation, that there is no law higher than the statutes of Congress. Prominent clergymen assent to the doctrine. Thus the negation of God is made the first principle of politics. In a certain town, in Massachusetts, the names of all anti-Slavery men are rejected from the list of jurors. Some of the leading commercial newspapers of Boston advise men not to employ such as are opposed to the Fugitive Slave Law.

Many clergymen declare that Slavery is a Christian institution; some of great eminence,—as men estimate clerical eminence,—have undertaken to support and justify it out of the Bible. Several wealthy citizens of Boston are known to own Slaves at this moment; they buy them and sell them. There is one who has made a large fortune by selling rum on the coast of Africa, and thence carrying Slaves to America. In Boston it is respectable to buy and sell men,—the Slave-hunter, the kidnapper, is an “honourable man,”—even the defender of kidnapping and Slave-hunting is respected and beloved, while the philanthropist, who liberates bondmen, is held in abhorrence. The blacks are driven from the public schools by a law of the city. There is a church in which coloured men are not allowed to buy a pew. They are not permitted to enter the schools of theology or of medicine. They are shut out from our colleges. In some places they are not allowed to be buried with white men. An episcopal church, in New York, holds a cemetery on this condition, that “they shall not suffer any coloured person to be buried in any part of the same.” A presbyterian

church advertised that in its grave-yard "neither negroes nor executed felons" should ever be buried there. No sect opposes Slavery; no prominent sectarian. The popular religion of New-England teaches that it is Christian to buy Slaves, sell Slaves, and make Slaves. "Slavery, as it exists at the present day," says an "eminent divine," "is agreeable to the order of divine providence."

One of the newspapers in Boston, on the 10th of October, 1851, speaking of the Abolitionists and Liberty party men, says: "Such traitors should every one be *garrotted*,"—strangled to death. Another, of the same date, says that Mr Webster's "wonderful labours in behalf of the Constitution" "have vindicated his claim to the highest title yet bestowed upon man." The Church and the State alike teach that though the law of God may be binding on Him, it is of no validity before an act of Congress.

America is a Republic; and Millard Fillmore is by "accident" President of the United States of America. Naples is a Monarchy; and Ferdinand is, by the "grace of God," King. Such is the Different; oh, reader, behold the Like!

Boston, Oct., 1851.

DISCOURSE
OCCASIONED
BY THE DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

PREACHED AT THE MELODEON, ON SUNDAY, OCT. 31, 1852.

PREFACE.

It is now four months since the delivery of this Sermon. A phonographic report of it was published the next morning, and quite extensively circulated in all parts of the country. Since then, I have taken pains to examine anew the life and actions of the distinguished man who is the theme of the discourse. I have carefully read all the

judgment pronounced on any of his actions, words, or motives. I can only say I have done what I could. If I have committed any errors, I hope they will be pointed out. Fifty years hence the character of Mr Webster and his eminent contemporaries will be better understood than now; for we have not yet all the evidence on which the final judgment of posterity will rest. Thomas Hutchinson and John Adams are better known now than at the day of their death; five and twenty years hence they will both be better known than at present.

Boston, March 7, 1853.

INTRODUCTION.

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF AMERICA.

GENTLEMEN,—I address this Discourse to you in particular, and by way of introduction will say a few words.

We are a young nation, three and twenty millions strong, rapidly extending in our geographic spread, enlarging rapidly in numerical power, and greatening our material strength with a swiftness which has no example. Soon we shall spread over the whole continent, and number a hundred million men. America and England are but parts of the same nation,—a younger and an older branch of the same Anglo-Saxon stem. Our character will affect that of the mother country, as her good and evil still influence us. Considering the important place which the Anglo-Saxon tribe holds in the world at this day,—occupying one eighth part of the earth, and controlling one sixth part of its inhabitants,—the national character of England and America becomes one of the great human forces which is to control the world for some ages to come.

In the American character there are some commanding and noble qualities. We have founded some political and ecclesiastical institutions which seem to me the proudest achievements of mankind in Church and State. But there are other qualities in the nation's character which are

mean and selfish ; we have founded other institutions, or confirmed such as we inherited, which were the weakness of a former and darker age, and are the shame of this.

The question comes, Which qualities shall prevail in the character and in the institutions of America,—the noble, or the mean and selfish ? Shall America govern herself by the eternal laws, as they are discerned through the conscience of mankind, or by the transient appetite of the hour,—the lust for land, for money, for power, or fame ? That is a question for you to settle ; and, as you decide for God or Mammon, so follows the weal or woe of millions of men. Our best institutions are an experiment : shall it fail ? If so, it will be through your fault. You have the power to make it succeed. We have nothing to fear from any foreign foe, much to dread from Wrong at home : will you suffer that to work our overthrow ?

The two chief forms of American action are Business and Politics,—the commercial and the political form. The two humbler forms of our activity,—the Church and the Press, the ecclesiastic and the literary form,—are subservient to the others. Hence it becomes exceedingly important to study carefully our commercial and political action, criticising both by the Absolute Right ; for they control the development of the people, and determine our character. The commercial and political forces of the time culminate in the leading politicians, who represent those forces in their persons, and direct the energies of the people to evil or to good.

It is for this reason, young men, that I have spoken so many times from the pulpit on the great political questions of the day, and on the great political men ; for this reason did I preach and now again publish, this Discourse on one of the most eminent Americans of our day,—that men may be warned of the evil in our Business and our State, and be guided to the Eternal Justice which is the foundation of the common weal. There is a Higher Law of God, written imperishably on the Nature of Things, and in the Nature of Man ; and, if this nation continually violates that Law, then we fall a ruin to the ground.

If there be any truth, any justice, in my counsel, I hope you will be guided thereby ; and, in your commerce and politics, will practise on the truth which ages confirm,

that righteousness exalteth a nation, while injustice is a reproach to any people.

WHEN Bossuet, who was himself the eagle of eloquence, preached the funeral discourse on Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry the Fourth of France, and wife of Charles the First of England, he had a task far easier than mine to-day. She was indeed the queen of misfortunes ; the daughter of a king assassinated in his own capital, and the widow of a king judicially put to death in front of his own palace. Her married life was bounded by the murder of her royal sire, and the execution of her kingly spouse ; and she died neglected, far from kith and kin. But for that great man, who in his youth was called, prophetically, a "Father of the Church," the sorrows of her birth and her estate made it easy to gather up the audience in his arms, to moisten the faces of men with tears, to show them the nothingness of mortal glory, and the beauty of eternal life. He led his hearers to his conclusion that day, as the mother lays the sobbing child in her bosom to still its grief.

To-day it is not so with me. Of all my public trials, this is my most trying day. Give me your sympathies, my friends ; remember the difficulty of my position,—its delicacy too.

I am to speak of one of the most conspicuous men that New-England ever bore,—conspicuous, not by accident, but by the nature of his mind,—one of her ablest intellects. I am to speak of an eminent man, of great power, in a great office, one of the landmarks of politics, now laid low. He seemed so great that some men thought he was himself one of the institutions of America. I am to speak while his departure is yet but of yesterday ; while the sombre flags still float in our streets. I am no party man ; you know I am not. No party is responsible for me, nor I to any one. I am free to commend the good things of all parties,—their great and good men ; free likewise to censure the evil of all parties. You will not ask me to say what only suits the public ear : there are a hundred to do that to-day. I do not follow opinion

because popular. I cannot praise a man because he had great gifts, great station, and great opportunities; I cannot harshly censure a man for trivial mistakes. You will not ask me to flatter because others flatter; to condemn because the ruts of condemnation are so deep and so easy to travel in. It is unjust to be ungenerous, either in praise or blame: only the truth is beautiful in speech. It is not reverential to treat a great man like a spoiled child. Most of you are old enough to know that good and evil are both to be expected of each man. I hope you are all wise enough to discriminate between right and wrong.

Give me your sympathies. This I am sure of,—I shall be as tender in my judgment as a woman's love; I will try to be as fair as the justice of a man. I shall tax your time beyond even my usual wont, for I cannot crush Olympus into a nut. Be not alarmed: if I tax your time the more, I shall tire your patience less. Such a day as this will never come again to you or me. There is no DANIEL WEBSTER left to die, and Nature will not soon give us another such as he. I will take care by my speech that you sit easy on your bench. The theme will assure it that you remember what I say.

countenance drops a tear for the nation of Dante, and the soil of Virgil and Cæsar, Lucretius and Cicero. To me these two seem the greatest men of Europe now. There are great chemists, great geologists, great philologists; but of great men, Christendom has not many. From the highest places of politics greatness recedes, and in all Europe no kingly intellect now throbs beneath a royal crown. Even Nicholas of Russia is only tall, not great.

But here let us pause a moment, and see what greatness is, looking at the progressive formation of the idea of a great man.

In general, greatness is eminence of ability; so there are as many different forms thereof as there are qualities wherein a man may be eminent. These various forms of greatness should be distinctly marked, that, when we say a man is great, we may know exactly what we mean.

In the rudest ages, when the body is man's only tool for work or war, eminent strength of body is the thing most coveted. Then, and so long as human affairs are controlled by brute force, the giant is thought to be the great man,—is had in honour for his eminent brute strength.

When men have a little outgrown that period of force, cunning is the quality most prized. The nimble brain outwits the heavy arm, and brings the circumvented giant to the ground. He who can overreach his antagonist, plotting more subtly, winning with more deceitful skill; who can turn and double on his unseen track, "can smile and smile; and be a villain,"—he is the great man.

Brute force is merely animal; cunning is the animalism of the intellect,—the mind's least intellectual element. As men go on in their development, finding qualities more valuable than the strength of the lion or the subtlety of the fox, they come to value higher intellectual faculties, —great understanding, great imagination, great reason. Power to think is, then, the faculty men value most; ability to devise means for attaining ends desired; the power to originate ideas, to express them in speech, to organize them into institutions; to organize things into a machine, men into an army, or a State, or a gang of operatives; to administer these various organizations. He who is eminent in this ability is thought the great man.

But there are qualities nobler than the mere intellect—the moral, the affectional, the religious faculties,—the power of justice, of love, of holiness, of trust in God, and of obedience to his law,—the eternal right. These are the highest qualities of man: whoso is most eminent therein is the greatest of great men. He is as much above the merely intellectual great men, as they above the men of mere cunning or of force.

Thus, then, we have four different kinds of greatness. Let me name them bodily greatness, crafty greatness, intellectual greatness, religious greatness. Men in different degrees of development will value the different kinds of greatness. Belial cannot yet honour Christ. How can the little girl appreciate Aristotle and Kant? The child thinks as a child. You must have manhood in you to honour it in others, even to see it.

Yet how we love to honour men eminent in such modes of greatness as we can understand! Indeed, we must do so. Soon as we really see a real great man, his magnetism draws us, will we or no. Do any of you remember when, for the first time in adult years, you stood beside the ocean, or some great mountain of New Hampshire, or

in religious qualities, he was superior to their idea of God, and so they worshipped him. Thus loyal is human nature to its great men.

Talk of Democracy!—we are all looking for a master; a man manlier than we. We are always looking for a great man to solve the difficulty too hard for us, to break the rock which lies in our way,—to represent the possibility of human nature as an ideal, and then to realize that ideal in his life. Little boys in the country, working against time, with stints to do, long for the passing-by of some tall brother, who in a few minutes shall achieve what the smaller boy took hours to do. And we are all of us but little boys, looking for some great brother to come and help us end our tasks.

But it is not quite so easy to recognize the greatest kind of greatness. A Nootka-Sound Indian would not see much in Leibnitz, Newton, Socrates, or Dante; and if a great man were to come as much before us as we are before the Nootka-Sounders, what should we say of him? Why, the worst names we could devise, Blasphemer, Hypocrite, Infidel, Atheist. Perhaps we should dig up the old cross, and make a new martyr of the man posterity will worship as a deity. It is the men who are up that see the rising sun, not the sluggards. It takes greatness to see greatness, and know it at the first; I mean to see greatness of the highest kind. Bulk anybody can see; bulk of body or mind. The loftiest form of greatness is never popular in its time. Men cannot understand or receive it. Guinea negroes would think a juggler a greater man than Franklin. What would be thought of Martin Luther at Rome, of Washington at St Petersburgh, of Fenelon among the Sacs and Foxes? Herod and Pilate were popular in their day,—men of property and standing. They got nominations and honour enough. Jesus of Nazareth got no nomination, got a cross between two thieves, was crowned with thorns, and, when he died, eleven Galileans gathered together to lament their Lord! Any man can measure a walking-stick,—so many hands long, and so many nails beside; but it takes a mountain-intellect to measure the Andes and Altai.

Now and then, God creates a mighty man, who greatly influences mankind. Sometimes he reaches far on into

other ages. Such a man, if he be of the greatest, will and by, unite in himself the four chief forces of society; business, politics, literature, and the church. Himself stronger force than all of these, he will at last control commercial, political, literary, and ecclesiastical action mankind. But just as he is greater than other men the highest mode of greatness, will he at first be opposed and hated too. The tall house in the street darkens grocer's window opposite, and he must strike his light sooner than before. The inferior great man does not understand the man of superior modes of eminence. Evenly the full moon at morning pales her ineffectual light before the rising day. In the Greek fable, jealous Saturn devours the new gods whom he feared, foreseeing the time when the Olympian dynasty would turn him out of heaven. To the natural man the excellence of the spiritual is often foolishness. What do you suppose the best educated Pharisees in Jerusalem thought of Jesus? They thought him an infidel: "He blasphemeth." They called him crazy: "He hath a devil." They mocked at the divine beauty of his holiness: he had "broken the sabbath." They reviled at his philanthropy: it was "eating with publicans and sinners."

How much a great man of the highest kind can do for us, and how easy ! It is not harder for a cloud to thunder, than for a chestnut in a farmer's fire to snap. Dull Mr Jingle urges along his restive, hard-mouthed donkey, besmouched with mire, and wealed with many a stripe, amid the laughter of the boys ; while, by his proper motion, swanlike Milton flies before the faces of mankind, which are new lit with admiration at the poet's rising flight, his garlands and singing robes about him, till the aspiring glory transcends the sight, yet leaves its track of beauty trailed across the sky.

Intellect and conscience are conversant with ideas,—with absolute Truth and absolute Right, as the norm of conduct. But, with most men, the affections are developed in advance of the intellect and the conscience ; and the affections want a person. In his actions, a man of great intellect embodies a principle, good or bad ; and, by the affections, men accept the great intellectual man, bad or good, and with him the principle he has got.

As the affections are so large in us, how delightful is it for us to see a great man, honour him, love him, reverence him, trust him ! Crowds of men come to look upon a hero's face, who are all careless of his actions and heedless of his thought ; they know not his what, nor his whence, nor his whither ; his person passes for reason, justice, and religion.

They say that women have the most of this affection, and so are most attachable, most swayed by persons,—least by ideas. Woman's mind and conscience, and her soul, they say, are easily crushed into her all-embracing heart ; and truth, justice, and holiness are trodden underfoot by her affection, rushing towards its object. "What folly !" say men. But, when a man of large intellect comes, he is wont to make women of us all, and take us by the heart. Each great intellectual man, if let alone, will have an influence in proportion to his strength of mind and will,—the good great man, the bad great man ; for as each particle of matter has an attractive force, which affects all other matter, so each particle of mind has an attractive force, which draws all other mind.

How pleasant it is to love and reverence ! To idle men how much more delightful is it than to criticise a man, take

him to pieces, weighing each part, and considering every service done or promised, and then decide ! Men are continually led astray by misplaced reverence. Shall we be governed by the mere instinct of veneration, uncovering to every man who demands our obeisance ? Man is to rule himself, and not be overmastered by any instinct subordinating the whole to a special part. We ought to know if what we follow be real greatness or seeming greatness ; and of the real greatness, of what kind it is,—eminent cunning, eminent intellect, or eminence of religion. For men ought not to gravitate passively, drawn by the bulk of bigness, but consciously and freely to follow eminent wisdom, justice, love, and faith in God. Hence it becomes exceedingly important to study the character of all eminent men ; for they represent great social forces for good or ill.

It is true, great men ought to be tried by their peers. But "a cat may look upon a king," and, if she is to enter his service, will do well to look before she leaps. It is dastardly in a democrat to take a master with less scrutiny than he would buy an ox.

Merchants watch the markets : they know what ship

last twenty or thirty years!—Napoleon in Europe for the last fifty years! Jefferson yet leads the democracy of the United States; the cold hand of Hamilton still consolidates the several States. Dead men of great intellect speak from the pulpit. Law is of mortmain.

In America it is above all things necessary to study the men of eminent mind, even the men of eminent station; for their power is greater here than elsewhere in Christendom. Money is our only material, greatness our only personal nobility. In England, the influence of powerful men is checked by the great families, the great classes, with their ancestral privileges consolidated into institutions, and the hereditary crown. Here we have no such families; historical men are not from or for such; seldom had historic fathers; seldom leave historic sons.

Tempus ferax hominum, edax hominum.

Fruitful of men is time; voracious also of men.

Even while the individual family continues rich, political unity does not remain in its members, if numerous, more than a single generation. Nay, it is only in families of remarkable stupidity that it lasts a single age.

In this country the swift decay of powerful families is a remarkable fact. Nature produces only individuals, not classes. It is a wonder how many famous Americans leave no children at all. Hancock, and Samuel Adams, Washington, Madison, Jackson—each was a childless flower that broke off the top of the family tree, which after them dwindled down, and at length died out. It has been so with European stocks of eminent stature. Bacon, Shakespeare, Leibnitz, Newton, Descartes, and Kant died and left no sign. With strange self-complaisance said the first of these, "Great benefactors have been childless men." Here and there an American family continues to bear famous fruit, generation after generation. A single New-England tree, rooted far off in the Marches of Wales, is yet green with life, though it has twice blossomed with Presidents. But in general if the great American leave sons, the wonder is what becomes of them,—so little, they are lost,—a single needle from the American pine, to strew the forest floor amid the other litter of the woods.

No great families here hold great men in check. There

is no permanently powerful class. The mechanic is father of the merchant, who will again be the grandsire of mechanics. In thirty years, half the wealth of Boston will be in the hands of men now poor ; and, where power of money is of yesterday, it is no great check to any man of large intellect, industry, and will. Here is no hereditary office. So the personal power of a great mind, for good or evil, is free from that threefold check it meets in other lands, and becomes of immense importance.

Our nation is a great committee of the whole ; our State is a provisional government, riches our only heritable good, greatness our only personal nobility ; office is elective. To the ambition of a great bad man, or the philanthropy of a great good man, there is no check but the power of money or numbers ; no check from great families, great classes, or hereditary privileges. If our man of large intellect runs up-hill, there is nothing to check him but the inertia of mankind ; if he runs down-hill, that also is on his side.

With us the great mind is amenable to no conventional standard measure, as in England or Europe,—only to public opinion. And that public opinion is controlled by money and numbers : for these are the two factors of the

How different are conspicuous men to different eyes ! The city corporation of Toulouse has just addressed this petition to Napoleon :—

“MONSIEUR,—The government of the world by Providence is the most perfect. France and Europe style you the elect of God for the accomplishment of his designs. It belongs to no Constitution whatever to assign a term for the divine mission with which you are intrusted. Inspire yourself with this thought,—to restore to the country those tutelar institutions, which form the stability of power and the dignity of nations.”

That is a prayer addressed to the Prince President of France, whose private vices are equalled only by his public sins. How different he looks to different men ! To me he is Napoleon the Little ; to the Mayor and Aldermen of Toulouse he is the Elect of God, with irresponsible power to rule as long and as badly as likes him best. Well said Sir Philip Sidney, “Spite of the ancients, there is not a piece of wood in the world out of which a Mercury may not be made.”

It is this importance of great men which has led me to speak of them so often ; not only of men great by nature, but great by position on money or office, or by reputation ; men substantially great, and men great by accident. Hence I spoke of Dr Channing, whose word went like morning over the continents. Hence I spoke of John Quincy Adams, and did not fear to point out every error I thought I discovered in the great man’s track, which ended so proudly in the right ; and I did homage to all the excellence I found, though it was the most unpopular excellence. Hence I spoke of General Taylor ; yes, even of General Harrison, a very ordinary man, but available, and accidentally in a great station.

You see why this ought to be done. We are a young nation ; a great man easily gives us the impression of his hand ; we shall harden in the fire of centuries, and keep the mark. Stamp a letter on Chaldean clay, and how very frail it seems ! but burn that clay in the fire,—and, though Nineveh shall perish, and Babylon become a heap of ruins, that brick keeps the arrow-headed letter to this day. As with bricks, so with nations.

Ere long, these three and twenty millions will become

a hundred millions; then perhaps a thousand millions, spread over all the continent, from the Arctic to the Antarctic Sea. It is a good thing to start with men of great religion for our guides. The difference between a Moses and a Maximian will be felt by many millions of men, and for many an age, after death has effaced both from the earth. The dead hand of Moses yet circumcises every Hebrew boy; that of mediæval doctors of divinity still clutches the clergyman by the throat; the dead barons of Runnymede even now keep watch, and vindicate for us all a trial by the law of the land, administered by our peers.

A man of eminent abilities may do one of two things in influencing men.

Either he may extend himself at right angles with the axis of the human march, lateralize himself, spreading widely, and have a great power in his own age, putting his opinion into men's heads, his will into their action, and yet never reach far onward into the future. In America he will gain power in his time, by having the common sentiments and ideas, and an extraordinary power to express and show their value; great power of comprehension, of statement, and of will. Such a man differs from

class : he spread laterally in his lifetime, and took in twelve Galilean peasants and a few obscure women ; now his diverging lines reach over two thousand years in their stretch, and contain two hundred and sixty millions of men within their spread.

So much, my friends, and so long, as preface to this estimate of a great man.

DANIEL WEBSTER was a man of eminent abilities : for many years the favoured son of New-England. He was seventy years old ; nearly forty years in the councils of the nation ; held high office in times of peril and doubt ; had a commanding eloquence—there were two million readers for every speech he spoke ; and for the last two years he has had a vast influence on the opinion of the North. He has done service ; spoke noble words that will endure so long as English lasts. He has largely held the nation's eye. His public office made his personal character conspicuous. Great men have no privacy ; their bed and their board are both spread in front of the sun, and their private character is a public force. Let us see what he did, and what he was ; what is the result for the present, what for the future.

Daniel Webster was born at Salisbury, N. H., on the borders of civilization, on the 18th of January, 1782. He was the son of Captain Ebenezer and Abigail (Eastman) Webster.

The mother of Captain Webster was a Miss Bachelder, of Hampton, where Thomas Webster, the American founder of the family, settled in 1636. She was descended from the Rev. Stephen Bachiller, formerly of Lynn in Massachusetts, a noted man in his time, unjustly, or otherwise, driven out of the colony by the Puritans. Ebenezer Webster, in his early days, lived as "boy" in the service of Colonel Ebenezer Stevens, of Kingston, from whom he received a "lot of land" in Stevenstown, now Salisbury. In 1764, Mr. Webster built himself a log-cabin on the premises, and lighted his fire. His land "lapped on" to the wilderness ; no New-Englander living so near the North Star, it is said. The family was anything but rich, living first in a log-cabin, then in a frame-house, and some time keeping tavern.

The father was a soldier in the French war, and in the Revolution; a great, brave, big, brawny man; "high-breasted and broad-shouldered;" "with heavy eyebrows," and "a heart which he seemed to have borrowed from a lion;" "a dark man," so black that "you could not tell when his face was covered with gunpowder;" six feet high, and both in look and manners "uncommon rough." He was a shifty man of many functions,—a farmer, a saw-miller, "something of a blacksmith," a captain in the early part of the Revolutionary War, a colonel of militia, representative and senator in the New Hampshire legislature, and finally Judge of the Court of Common Pleas; yet "he never saw the inside of a school-house." In his early married life, food sometimes failed on the rough farm: then the stout man and his neighbours took to the woods, and brought home many a fat buck in their day.

The mother, one of the "black Eastmans," was a quite superior woman. It is often so. When virtue leaps high in the public fountain, you seek for the lofty spring of nobleness, and find it far off in the dear breast of some mother, who melted the snows of winter, and condensed the summer's dew into fair, sweet humanity, which now

Dan that used to water the horses?" And the great Daniel Webster said, "It is the little black Dan that used to water the horses." He was proud of his history. If a man finds the way alone, should he not be proud of having found the way, and got out of the woods?

He had small opportunities for academical education. The schoolmaster was "abroad" in New Hampshire; and was seldom at home in Salisbury. Only two or three months in the year was there a school; often only a movable school, that ark of the Lord, shifting from place to place. Sometimes it was two or three miles from Captain Webster's. Once it was stationary in a log-house. Thither went Daniel Webster, "carrying his dinner in a tin pail," a brave, bright boy. "The child is father of the man." The common-school of America is the cradle of all her greatness. How many Presidents has she therein rocked to vigorous manhood! But Mr Webster's school-time was much interrupted: there were "chores to be done" at home,—the saw-mill to be tended in winter; in summer Daniel "must ride horse to plough;" and in planting-time, and hay-time, and harvest, have many a day stolen from his scanty seed-time of learning. In his father's tavern-barn, the future Secretary gave a rough currying, "after the fashion of the times," to the sorry horse of many a traveller, and in the yard of the inn yoked the oxen of many a New Hampshire teamster.

"Cast the bantling on the rocks."

When fourteen years old, he went to Phillips Academy* at Exeter for a few months, riding thither on the same horse with his father; then to study with Rev. Mr Wood at Boscowen, paying a "dollar a week" for the food of the body and the food of the mind. In the warm weather, "Daniel went barefoot, and wore tow trowsers and a tow shirt, his only garments at that season," spun, woven, and made up by his diligent mother. "He helped do the things" about Mr Wood's barn and wood-pile, and so

* At the commemoration of Mr Abbott's fiftieth anniversary as Preceptor of Phillips Academy, a time when "English was of no more account to Exeter than silver at Jerusalem in the days of King Solomon," Mr Abbot sat between Mr Webster and Mr Everett, both of them his former pupils. Mr John P. Hale, in his neat speech, said, "If you had done nothing else but instruct these two, you might say, EXEGI MONUMENTUM A RE PERENNIIUS."

diminished the pecuniary burden of his father. But Mr Wood had small Latin and less Greek, and only taught what he knew. Daniel was an ambitious boy, and apt to learn. Men wonder that some men can do so much with so little outward furniture. The wonder is the other way. He was more college than the college itself, and had a university in his head. It takes time, and the sweat of oxen, and the shouting of drivers, goading and whipping, to get a cart-load of cider to the top of Mount Washington; but the eagle flies there on his own wide wings, and asks no help. Daniel Webster had little academic furniture to help him. He had the mountains of New Hampshire, and his own great mountain of a head. Was that a bad outfit? No millionnaire can buy it for a booby-son.

There was a British sailor, with a wife but no child, an old "man-of-war's-man," living hard by Captain Webster's, fond of fishing and hunting, of hearing the newspapers read, and of telling his stories to all comers. He had considerable influence on the young boy, and never wore out of his memory.

There was a small social library at Salisbury, whence a bright boy could easily draw the water of life for his intellect: at home was the Farmers' Almanac, with its

once carried him to Dartmouth in a wagon. On the way thither, they passed a spot which Captain Webster remembered right well. "Once when you were little baby," said he, "in the winter we were out of provisions, I went into the woods with the gun to find something to eat. In that spot yonder, then all covered with woods, I found a herd of deer. The snow was very deep, and they had made themselves a *pen*, and were crowded together in great numbers. As they could not get out, I took my choice, and picked out a fine, fat stag. I walked round and looked at him, with my knife in my hand. As I looked the noble fellow in the face, the great tears rolled down his cheeks, and I could not touch him. But I thought of you, Daniel, and your mother, and the rest of the little ones, and carried home the deer."

He can hardly be said to have "entered college:" he only "broke in," so slenderly was he furnished with elementary knowledge. This deficiency of elementary instruction in the classic tongues and in mathematics was a sad misfortune in his later life which he never outgrew.

At college, like so many other New Hampshire boys, he "paid his own way," keeping school in the vacation. One year he paid his board by "doing the literature" for a weekly newspaper. He graduated at Dartmouth in his twentieth year, largely distinguished for power as a writer and speaker, though not much honoured by the college authorities; so he scorned his degree; and, when the faculty gave him their diploma, he tore it to pieces in the college-yard, in presence of some of his mates, it is said, and trod it under-foot.

When he graduated, he was apparently of a feeble constitution, "long, slender, pale, and all eyes," with "teeth as white as a hound's;" thick, black hair clustered about his ample forehead. At first he designed to study theology, but his father's better judgment overruled the thought.

After graduating, he continued to fight for his education, studying law with one hand, keeping school with the other, and yet finding a third hand—this Yankee Briareus—to serve as Register of Deeds. This he did at Fryeburg in Maine, borrowing a copy of Blackstone's Commentaries, which he was too poor to buy. In a long

winter evening, by copying two *deeds*, he could earn fifty cents. He used his money, thus severely earned, to help his older brother, Ezekiel, "Black Zeke," as he was called, to college. Both were "heinously unprovided."

Then he came to Boston, with no letters of introduction, raw, awkward, and shabby in his dress, with cow-hide shoes, blue yarn stockings, "coarsely ribbed," his rough trowsers ceasing a long distance above his feet. He sought admittance as a clerk to more than one office before he found a place; an eminent lawyer, rudely turning him off, "would not have such a fellow in the office!" Mr Gore, a man of large reputation, took in the unprotected youth, who "came to work, not to play." Here he struggled with poverty and the law. Ezekiel, not yet graduated, came also and took a school in Short street. Daniel helped his brother in the school. Edward Everett was one of the pupils, a "marvellous boy," with no equal, it was thought, in all New-England, making the promise scholarly he has since fulfilled.

Mr Webster was admitted to the bar in 1805, with a prophecy of eminence from Mr Gore,—a prophecy which might easily be made: such a head was its own fortuneteller. His legal studies over, refusing a lucrative office,

determined to quit New Hampshire, and seek a place in some more congenial spot. New Hampshire breeds great lawyers, but not great fortunes. He hesitated for a while between Boston and Albany. "He doubted," so he wrote to a friend, if he "could make a living in Boston." But he concluded to try; and in 1816 he removed to Boston, in the State which had required his ancestor, Rev. Stephen Bachiller, "to forbear exercising his gifts as a pastor or teacher publickly in the Patten," "for his contempt of authority, and till some scandals be removed."^{*}

In 1820, then thirty-eight years old, he is a member of the Massachusetts Convention, and is one of the leading members there; provoking the jealousy, but at the same time distancing the rivalry, of young men Boston born and Cambridge bred. His light, taken from under the New Hampshire bushel at Portsmouth, could not be hid in Boston. It gives light to all that enter the house. In 1822 he was elected to Congress from Boston; in 1827, to the Senate of the United States. In 1841 he was Secretary of State; again a private citizen in 1843; in the Senate in 1845, and Secretary of State in 1850, where he continued, until, "on the 24th of October, 1852, all that was mortal of Daniel Webster was no more!"

He was ten days in the General Court of Massachusetts; a few weeks in her Convention; eight years Representative in Congress; nineteen, Senator; five, Secretary of State. Such is a condensed map of his outward history.

Look next at the Headlands of his life. Here I shall speak of his deeds and words as a citizen and public officer.

He was a great lawyer, engaged in many of the most important cases during the last forty years; but, in the brevity of a sermon, I must pass by his labours in the law.

I know that much of his present reputation depends on his achievements as a lawyer; as an "expounder of the Constitution." Unfortunately, it is not possible for me to say how much credit belongs to Mr Webster for his constitutional arguments, and how much to the late Judge

* MS. Records of Mass. General Court, Oct. 3, 1632.

Story. The publication of the correspondence between these gentlemen will perhaps help settle the matter; but still much exact legal information was often given by word of mouth, during personal interviews, and that must for ever remain hidden from all but him who gave and him who took. However, from 1816 to 1842, Mr Webster was in the habit of drawing from that deep and copious well of legal knowledge, whenever his own bucket was dry. Mr Justice Story was the Jupiter Pluvius from whom Mr Webster often sought to elicit peculiar thunder for his speeches, and private rain for his own public tanks of law. The statesman got the lawyer to draft bills, to make suggestions, to furnish facts, precedents, law, and ideas. He went on this *aquilician* business, asking aid, now in a "bankruptcy bill," in 1816 and 1825; then in questions of law of nations, in 1827; next in matters of criminal law in 1830; then of constitutional law in 1832; then in relation to the North-eastern boundary in 1838; in matters of international law again, in his negotiations with Lord Ashburton, in 1842. "You can do more for me than all the rest of the world," wrote the Secretary of State, April 9th, 1842, "because you can give me the lights I most want; and if you furnish them, I shall be

while he was yet a lad in college.* One is a Fourth-of-July oration,—a performance good enough for a lad of eighteen, but hardly indicating the talents of its author. The sentiments probably belong to the neighbourhood, and the diction to the authorities of the college :—

“ Fair Science, too, holds her gentle empire amongst us, and almost innumerable altars are raised to her divinity from Brunswick to Florida. Yale, Providence, and Harvard now grace our land ; and DARTMOUTH, towering majestic above the groves which encircle her, now inscribes her glory on the registers of fame ! Oxford and Cambridge, those oriental stars of literature, shall now be lost, while the bright sun of American Science displays his broad circumference in uneclipsed radiance.”—p. 10.

Here is an opinion which he seems to have entertained at the end of his life. He speaks of the formation of the Constitution :—

“ We then saw the people of these States engaged in a transaction, which is undoubtedly the greatest approximation towards human perfection the political world ever yet experienced ; and which will perhaps for ever stand, in the history of mankind, without a parallel.”—pp. 8, 9.

In 1806, he delivered another Fourth-of-July address at Concord, N. H.,† containing many noble and generous opinions :—

“ Patriotism,” said he, “ hath a source of consolation that cheers the heart in these unhappy times, when good men are rendered odious, and bad men popular ; when great men are made little, and little men are made great. A genuine patriot, above the reach of personal considerations, with his eye and his heart on the honour and the happiness of his country, is a character as easy and as satis-

* “ An Oration pronounced at Hanover, N. H., the 4th day of July, 1800, being the Twenty-fourth Anniversary of Independence, by Daniel Webster, Member of the Junior Class, Dartmouth University.

“ Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence, &c.

“ Hanover, 1800.” 8vo, pp. 15.

“ Funeral Oration, occasioned by the death of Ephraim Simonds, of Templeton, Mass., a Member of the Senior Class in Dartmouth College, who died at Hanover (N. H.), on the 18th of June, 1801, æt. 26. By Daniel Webster, a class-mate of the deceased. *Et vix sentiunt dicere lingua. Vale. Hanover, 1801.*” 8vo, pp. 13.

† An Anniversary Address, delivered before the Federal Gentlemen of Concord and its Vicinity, July 4, 1806, by Daniel Webster. Concord, N. H., 1806.” 8vo, pp. 21.

factory to himself as venerable in the eyes of the world. While his country enjoys freedom and peace, he will rejoice and be thankful ; and, if it be in the councils of Heaven to send the storm and the tempest, he meets the tumult of the political elements with composure and dignity. Above fear, above danger, above reproach, he feels that the last end which can happen to any man never comes too soon, if he fall in defence of the law and the liberty of his country." —p. 21.

In 1812, he delivered a third Fourth-of-July address at Portsmouth.* The political storm is felt in the little harbour of Portsmouth, and the speaker swells with the tumult of the sea. He is hostile to France ; averse to the war with England, then waging, yet ready to fight and pay taxes for it. He wants a navy. He comes "to take counsel of the dead," with whom he finds an "infallible criterion." But, alas ! "dead men tell no tales," and give no counsel. There was then no witch at Portsmouth to bring up Washington quickly.

His subsequent deference to the money-power begins to appear : "The Federal Constitution was adopted for no single reason so much as for the protection of commerce." "Commerce has paid the price of independence." It has been committed to the care of the general government, but "not as a convict to the safe-keeping of a jailor," "not for close confinement." He wants a navy to protect it. Such were the opinions of Federalists around him.

But these speeches of his youth and early manhood were but common-place productions. In his capacity as public orator, in the vigorous period of his faculties, he made three celebrated speeches, not at all political,—at Plymouth Rock, to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of New-England's birth ; at Bunker Hill, in memory of the chief battle of New-England ; and at Faneuil Hall, to honour the two great men who died when the nation was fifty years old, and they fourscore. Each of these orations was a great and noble effort of patriotic eloquence.

Standing on Plymouth Rock, with the graves of the forefathers around him, how proudly could he say :—

* "An Address delivered before the Washington Benevolent Society at Portsmouth, July 4, 1812, by Daniel Webster. Portsmouth, N. H." 8vo, pp. 27. He delivered also other Fourth-of-July addressees, which I have not seen.

"Our ancestors established their government on morality and religious sentiment. Moral habits, they believed, cannot safely be trusted on any other foundation than religious principle, nor any government be secure which is not supported by moral habits. Living under the heavenly light of revelation, they hoped to find all the social dispositions, all the duties which men owe to each other and to society, enforced and performed. Whatever makes men good Christians makes them good citizens. Our fathers came here to enjoy their religion free and unmolested ; and, at the end of two centuries, there is nothing upon which we can pronounce more confidently, nothing of which we can express a more deep and earnest conviction, than of the inestimable importance of that religion to man, both in regard to this life and that which is to come."

At Bunker Hill, there were before him the men of the Revolution,—venerable men who drew swords at Lexington and Concord, and faced the fight in many a fray. There was the French nobleman,—wound to God that France had many such to-day!—who perilled his fortune, life, and reputation, for freedom in America, and never sheathed the sword he drew at Yorktown till France also was a republic,—Fayette was there; the Fayette of two revolutions; the Fayette of Yorktown and Olmutz. How well could he say :—

"Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration for ever!"

On another occasion, he stood at the grave of two great men, who, in the time that tried men's souls, were of the earliest to peril "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour,"—men who, having been one in the Declaration of Independence, were again made one in death; for then the people returned to the cradle wherein the elder Adams and Hancock had rocked Liberty when young; and Webster chanted the psalm of commemoration to Adams and Jefferson, who had helped that new-born child to walk. He brought before the living the mighty dead. In his words they fought their battles o'er again; we heard them resolve, that, "sink or swim, live or die, sur-

vive or perish," they gave their hand and their heart for liberty ; and Adams and Jefferson grew greater before the eyes of the people, as he brought them up, and showed the massive services of those men, and pointed out the huge structure of that human fabric which had gone to the grave :—

"Adams and Jefferson, I have said, are no more. As human beings, indeed, they are no more. They are no more, as in 1776, bold and fearless advocates of independence ; no more, as at subsequent periods, the head of the government ; no more, as we have recently seen them, aged and venerable objects of admiration and regard. They are no more. They are dead. But how little is there of the great and good which can die ! To their country they yet live, and live for ever. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth ; in the recorded proofs of their own great actions, in the offspring of their intellect, in the deep-engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example ; and they live, emphatically, and will live, in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilized world."

How loftily did he say :—

"If we cherish the virtues and the principles of our fathers, Heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty and human happiness. Auspicious omens cheer us. Great examples are before us. Our own firmament now shines brightly upon our path. Washington is in the clear, upper sky. These other stars have now joined the American constellation. They circle round their centre, and the heavens beam with new light. Beneath this illumination let us walk the course of life, and, at its close, devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the Divine Benignity."

As a political officer, I shall speak of him as a Legislator and Executor of the law, a maker and administrator of laws.

In November, 1812, Mr Webster was chosen as Representative to the Thirteenth Congress. At that time the country was at war with Great Britain ; and the well-known restraints still fettered the commerce of the country. The people were divided into two great parties,—the Federalists, who opposed the embargo and the war ; and the Democrats, who favoured both. Mr Madison, then

President, had been forced into the war, contrary to his own convictions of expediency and of right. The most bitter hatred prevailed between the two parties: "party politics were inexpressibly violent." An eminent lawyer of Salem, afterwards one of the most distinguished jurists in the world, a Democrat,* was, on account of his political opinions, knocked down in the street, beaten, and forced to take shelter in the house of a friend, whither he fled, bleeding, and covered with the mud of the streets. Political rancour invaded private life; it occupied the pulpit; it blinded men's eyes to a degree almost exceeding belief; were it not now again a fact, we should not believe it possible at a former time.

Mr Webster was a Federalist, earnest and devoted, with the convictions of a Federalist, and the prejudices and the blindness of a Federalist; and, of course, hated by men who had the convictions of a Democrat, and the prejudices and blindness thereof. It is difficult to understand the wilfulness of thorough partisans. In New Hampshire the Judges were Democrats; the Federalists, having a majority in the Legislature, wished to be rid of them, and, for that purpose, abolished all the Courts in the State, and appointed others in their place (1813). I mention this only to show the temper of the times.

There was no great principle of political morals on which the two parties differed, only on measures of expediency. The Federalists demanded freedom of the seas and protection for commerce; but they repeatedly, solemnly, and officially scorned to extend this protection to sailors. They justly complained of the embargo that kept their ships from the sea, but found little fault with the British for impressing sailors from American ships. The Democrats professed the greatest regard for "sailors' rights;" but, in 1814, the government forbade its officers to grant protection to "coloured sailors," though Massachusetts alone had more than a thousand able seamen of that class! A leading Federal organ said,—"The Union is dear; Commerce is still more dear." "The Eastern States agreed to the Union for the sake of their Commerce." †

With the Federalists there was a great veneration for

* Joseph Story.

† "Columbian Centinel" for July 25th, 1812.

England. Mr Fisher Ames said,—“The immortal spirit of the wood-nymph Liberty dwells only in the British oak.” “Our country,” quoth he, “is too big for union, too sordid for patriotism, and too democratic for liberty.” “England,” said another, “is the bulwark of our religion,” and the “shield of afflicted humanity.” A Federalist newspaper at Boston censured Americans as “enemies of England and monarchy,” and accused the Democrats of “antipathy to kingly power.” Did Democrats complain that our prisoners were ill-treated by the British, it was declared “foolish and wicked to throw the blame on the British government!” Americans expressed indignation at the British outrages at Hampton,—burning houses and violating women. The Federal newspapers said, it is “impossible that their (the British) military or naval men should be other than magnanimous and humane.” Mr Clay accused the Federalists of “plots that aim at the dismemberment of the Union,” and denounced the party as “conspirators against the integrity of the nation.”

In general, the Federalists maintained that England had a right to visit American vessels to search for and take her own subjects, if found there; and, if she sometimes took an American citizen, that was only an “incidental evil.” Great Britain, said the Massachusetts Legislature, has done us “no essential injury:” she “was fighting the battles of the world.” They denied that she had impressed “any considerable number of American seamen.” Such was the language of Mr Webster and the party he served. But even at that time the “Edinburgh Review” declared, “Every American seaman might be said to hold his liberty, and ultimately his life, at the discretion of a foreign commander. In many cases, accordingly, native-born Americans were dragged on board British ships of war: they were dispersed in the remotest quarters of the globe, and not only exposed to the perils of service, but shut out by their situation from all hope of ever being reclaimed. The right of reclaiming runaway seamen was exercised, in short, without either moderation or justice.”

Over six thousand cases of impressment were recorded in the American Department of State. In Parliament, Lord Castlereagh admitted that there were three thousand five hundred men in the British fleet claiming to be Amer-

ican citizens, and sixteen hundred of them actually citizens. At the beginning of the war, two thousand five hundred American citizens, impressed into the British navy, refused to fight against their native land, and were shut up in Dartmoor prison. When the Guerriere was captured, there were ten American sailors on board who refused to fight. In Parliament, in 1808, Mr Baring (Lord Ashburton) defended the rights of Americans against the British orders in council, while in 1812 and 1813 the Federalists could "not find out the cases of impressment;" —such was the influence of party spirit.

The party out of power is commonly the friend of freedom. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts declared that unconstitutional acts of Congress were void; the Legislature declared it the duty of the State Courts to prevent usurped and unconstitutional powers from being exercised: "It is the duty of the present generation to stand between the next and despotism;" "Whenever the national compact is violated, and the citizens of this State oppressed by cruel and unauthorized enactments, this Legislature is bound to interpose its power to wrest from the oppressor his victim."

After the Federal party had taken strong ground, Mr Webster opposed the administration, opposed the war, took the part of England in the matter of impressment. He drew up the Brentwood Memorial, once so famous all over New-England, now forgotten and faded out of all men's memory.*

On the 24th of May, 1813, Mr Webster first took his seat in the House of Representatives, at the extra session of the thirteenth Congress. He was a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and industriously opposed the administration. In the three sessions of this Congress, he closely followed the leaders of the Federal party; voting with Mr Pickering a hundred and ninety one times, and against him only four times, in the two years. Sometimes he "avoided the question;" but voted against thanking Commodore Perry for his gallant conduct, against the purchase of Mr Jefferson's library, against naval supplies, direct taxes, and internal duties.

He opposed the government scheme of a National

* I purposely pass over other political writings and speeches of his.

Bank.* No adequate reports of his speeches against the war† are preserved; but, to judge from the testimony of an eminent man,‡ they contained prophetic indications of that oratorical power which was one day so mightily to thunder and lighten in the nation's eyes. Yet his influence in Congress does not appear to have been great. In later years he defended the United States Bank; but that question, like others, had then become a party question; and a horse in the party-team must go on with his fellows, or be flogged by the driver's lash.

But though his labours were not followed by any very marked influence at Washington, at home he drew on himself the wrath of the Democratic party. Mr Isaac Hill, the editor of the leading Democratic paper in New Hampshire, pursued him with intense personal hatred. He sneeringly says, and falsely, "The great Mr Webster, so extremely flippant in arguing petty suits in the courts of law, cuts but a sorry figure at Washington: his overweening confidence and zeal cannot *there* supply the place of knowledge."§

He was sneeringly called the "great," the "eloquent," the "pre-eminent" Daniel Webster. His deeds, his words, his silence, all were represented as coming from the basest

every patriotic feeling?"* and then, "We do not wonder at Mr Webster's reluctance again to appear at the city of Washington" (he was attending cases at court):—"even his native brass must be abashed at his own conduct, at his own speeches."† Flattery "has spoiled him; for application might have made him something a dozen years hence. It has given him confidence, a face of brass, which and his native volubility are mistaken for 'pre-eminent talent.' Of all men in the State, he is the fittest to be the tool of the enemy."‡ He was one of the men that bring the "nation to the verge of ruin;" a "Thompsonian intriguer;" a "Macfarland admirer;" "The self-importance and gross egotism he displays are disgusting;" "You would suppose him a great merchant, living in a maritime city, and not a man reared in the *woods* of Salisbury, or educated in the *wilds* of Hanover."§

Before he was elected to Congress, Mr Hill accused him of "deliberate falsehood," of "telling bold untruths to justify the enormities of the enemy."|| The cry was raised, "The Union is in danger." Mr Webster was to bring about "a dissolution of the Union;"¶ "The few conspirators in Boston, who aim at the division of the Union, and the English Government, who support them in their rebellion, appear to play into each other's hands with remarkable adroitness." The Patriot speaks of "the mad measures of the Boston junto; the hateful, hypocritical scheme of its canting, disaffected chief, and the audacious tone of its public prints."** The language of Washington was quoted against political foes; his Farewell Address reprinted. Mr Webster was charged with "setting the North against the South." The Essex junto was accused of "a plot to destroy the Union," in order "to be under the glorious shelter of British protection."†† The Federalists were a "British faction," the country members of the Massachusetts Legislature were "wooden members;" distinguished characters were "exciting hos-

* "New Hampshire Patriot," Aug. 27, 1814.

† *Ib.*, October 4, 1814.

‡ *Ib.*, Aug. 9, 1814.

¶ *Ib.*, Oct. 13, 1812.

** March 30, 1813, quoted from the "Baltimore Patriot."

†† "Boston Patriot," No. 1.

† *Ib.* Aug. 2, 1814.

|| *Ib.*, Oct. 29, 1812.

tility against the Union ;" one of these "ought to be tied to the tail of a Congreve rocket, and offered up a burnt sacrifice." It was "moral treason" not to rejoice at the victories of the nation—it was not then "levying war." The Legislature of New Jersey called the acts of the Massachusetts Legislature "the ravings of an infuriated faction," and Gov. Strong a "Maniac Governor." The "Boston Patriot"** called Mr Webster "the poor fallen Webster," who "curses heartily his setters-on :" "the poor creature is confoundedly mortified." Mr Clay, in Congress, could speak of "the howlings of the whole British pack, let loose from the Essex junto :" the Federalists were attempting "to familiarize the public mind with the horrid scheme of disunion."† And Isaac Hill charged the Federalists with continually "threatening a separation of the States ; striving to stir up the passions of the North against the South,—in clear defiance of the dying injunctions of Washington."‡ I mention these things that all may understand the temper of those times.

In 1815, Mr Webster sought for the office of Attorney-General of New Hampshire, but failing thereof, was re-elected to the House of Representatives.§ In the fourteenth Congress, two important measures came up amongst

this was the greatest service he ever performed in relation to our national currency or national finance. He was himself proud of it in his later years.*

The protective tariff was supported by Messrs Calhoun, Clay, and Lowndes. Mr Webster opposed it; for the capitalists of the North, then deeply engaged in commerce, looked on it as hostile to their shipping, and talked of the "dangers of manufactories." Was it for this reason that the South, always jealous of the Northern thrifty toil, proposed it? So it was alleged.† Mr Webster declared that Congress has no constitutional right to levy duties for protection; only for revenue; revenue is the constitutional substance; protection, only the accidental shadow.‡

In 1816, Mr Webster removed to Boston. In 1819, while he was a private citizen, a most important question came before the nation,—Shall slavery be extended into the Missouri territory? Here, too, Mr Webster was on the side of freedom.§ He was one of a committee appointed by a meeting of the citizens of Boston to call a general meeting of the citizens to oppose the extension of slavery. The United States Marshal was chairman of the meeting. Mr Webster was one of the committee to report resolutions at a subsequent meeting. The preamble said:—

"The extirpation of slavery has never ceased to be a measure deeply concerning the honour and safety of the United States." "In whatever tends to diminish the evil of slavery, or to check its growth, all parts of the confederacy are alike interested." "If slavery is established in Missouri, then it will be burdened with all the mischiefs which are too well known to be the sure results of slavery; an evil, which has long been deplored, would be incalculably augmented; the whole confederacy would be weakened, and our free institutions disgraced, by the voluntary extension of a practice repugnant to all the principles of a free government, the continuance of which in any part of our country necessity alone has justified."

It was resolved, that Congress "possesses the constitutional power, upon the admission of any new State created beyond the

* It passed April 26, 1816. Yeas, 79; Nays, 35.

† But see Mr Calhoun's defence of his course. *Life and Speeches*. New York, 1843, p. 329.

‡ Speech in House of Representatives.

§ In Mr Everett's Memoir prefixed to the Works of Mr Webster, no mention is made of this opposition to the Missouri Compromise!

limits of the original territory of the United States, to make the prohibition of the further extension of slavery or involuntary servitude in such new State, a condition of its admission." "It is just and expedient that this power should be exercised by Congress, upon the admission of all new States created beyond the limits of the original territory of the United States."

In a speech, Mr Webster "showed incontrovertibly that Congress had this power; that they were called upon by all the principles of sound policy, humanity, and morality, to enact it, and, by prohibiting slavery in the new State of Missouri, oppose a barrier to the future progress of slavery, which else—and this was the last time the opportunity would happen to fix its limits—would roll on desolating the vast expanse of continent to the Pacific Ocean."*

Mr Webster was appointed chairman of a committee to prepare a memorial to Congress on this matter.† He said:—

"We have a strong feeling of the injustice of any toleration of slavery." But, "to permit it in a new country, what is it but to encourage that rapacity and fraud and violence, against which we have so long pointed the denunciations of our penal code? What is it but to tarnish the proud fame of our country? What is it but to throw suspicion on its good faith, and to render questionable all its professions of regard for the rights of humanity, and the liberties of mankind?"—p. 21.

At that time, such was the general opinion of the Northern men.‡ A writer in the leading journal of Boston said: "Other calamities are trifles compared to this (slavery). War has alleviations; if it does much evil, it does some good: at least, it has an end. But negro-

* Account of a Meeting at the State House in Boston, Dec. 3, 1819, to consider the Extension of Slavery by the United States (in "Boston Daily Advertiser" for Dec. 4, 1819).

† "A Memorial to the Congress of the United States, on the Subject of Restraining the Increase of Slavery in the New States to be admitted into the Union," &c. &c. Boston, 1819, pp. 22.

‡ See a valuable series of papers in the "Boston Daily Advertiser," No. I. to VI., on this subject, from Nov. 20 to Dec. 28, 1819. Charge of Judge Story to the Grand Juries, &c.; *ibid.* Dec. 7 and 8, 1819. Article on the Missouri Compromise, in "North American Review," Jan. 1820. Mr King's speech in Senate of United States, in "Columbian Sentinel" for Jan. 19 and 22, 1820. See also the comments of the "Daily Advertiser" on the treachery of Mr Mason, the Boston representative, March 28 and 29, 1820.

slavery is misery without mixture ; it is Pandora's box, but no Hope at the bottom ; it is evil, and only evil, and that continually.” *

A meeting of the most respectable citizens of Worcester resolved against “any further extension of slavery,” as “rendering our boasted Land of Liberty pre-eminent only as a mart for Human Flesh.”

“Sad prospects,” said the “Boston Daily Advertiser,” “indeed for emancipators and colonizers, that, faster than the wit or the means of men can devise a method even for keeping stationary the frightful propagation of slavery, other men, members of the same community, sometimes colleagues of the same deliberative assembly, will be compassing, with all their force, the widest possible extension of slavery.” †

The South uttered its threat of “dissolving the Union,” if slavery were not extended west of the Mississippi. “The threat,” said a writer, “when we consider from whence it comes, raises at once wonder and pity, but has never been thought worth a serious answer here. Even the academicians of Laputa never imagined such a nation as these seceding States would form.” “We have lost much ; our national honour has received a stain in the eyes of the world ; we have enlarged the sphere of human misery and crime.” ‡ Only four New-Englanders voted for the Missouri Compromise,—Hill and Holmes of Maine, Mason and Shaw of Massachusetts.

Mr Webster held no public office in this State, until he was chosen a member of the Convention for amending the Constitution of the Commonwealth.

It appears that he had a large influence in the Massachusetts Convention. His speeches, however, do not show any remarkable depth of philosophy, or width of historic view ; but they display the strength of a great mind not fully master of his theme. They are not always fair ; they sometimes show the specious arguments of the advocate, and do not always indicate the soundness of the judge. He developed no new ideas ; looked back more than forward. He stated his opinions with clearness and

* “L. M.” in “Columbian Centinel” for Dec. 8, 1819.

† “Boston Daily Advertiser” for Nov. 20, 1819.

‡ “Boston Daily Advertiser” for March 16, 1820.

onergy. His leaning was then, as it always was, towards the concentration of power; not to its diffusion. It was the Federal leaning of New-England at the time. He had no philosophical objection to a technical religious test as the qualification for office, but did not think it expedient to found a measure on that principle. He wanted property, and not population, as the basis of representation in the Senate. It was "the true basis and measure of power." "Political power," said he, "naturally and necessarily goes into the hands which hold the property." The House might rest on men, the Senate on money. He said, "It would seem to be the part of political wisdom to found government on property;" yet he wished to have the property diffused as widely as possible. He was not singular in this preference of money to men. Others thought, that, to put the Senate on the basis of population, and not property, was a change of "an alarming character."

He had small confidence in the people; apparently little sympathy with the multitude of men. He was jealous of the Legislature; afraid of its encroachment on the Judiciary,—New Hampshire had, perhaps, shown him examples of legislative injustice,—but contended ably for the

great mind applied to a great subject," denounced the "Holy Alliance," and recommended interference to prevent oppression. Public opinion set strongly in that direction.* "The policy of our Government," said he, "is on the side of liberal and enlightened sentiments;" "The civilized world has done with 'The enormous faith of many made for one.'"[†]

In 1816 he had opposed a tariff which levied a heavy duty on imports; in 1824 he opposed it again, with vigorous arguments. His speech at that time is a work of large labour, of some nice research, and still of value.[‡] "Like a mighty giant," says Mr Hayne, "he bore away upon his shoulders the pillars of the temple of error and delusion, escaping himself unhurt, and leaving his adversaries overwhelmed in its ruins." He thought, "the authority of Congress to exercise the revenue-power with direct reference to the protection of manufactures is a questionable authority."[§] He represented the opinion of New-England, which "discountenanced the progress of this policy" of high duties. The Federalist of the North inclined to free trade; in 1807 Mr Dexter thought it "an unalienable right,"^{||} and in 1820 Judge Story asked why should "the labouring classes be taxed for the necessities of life?"[¶] The tariff of 1824 got but one vote from Massachusetts. As the public judgment of Northern capitalists changed, it brought over the opinion of Mr Webster, who seems to have had no serious and sober convictions on this subject. At one time, he declares the protective system is ruinous to the labouring man; but again, "it is aimed point-blank at the protection of labour;" and the duty on coal must not

* Meetings had been held in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other important towns, and considerable sums of money raised on behalf of the Greeks. Even the educated men were filled with enthusiasm for the descendants of Anacreon and Pericles. The leading journals of England were on the same side. See the letters of John Q. Adams to Mr Rich and Mr Luriotta, Dec. 18, 1823; and of John Adams, Dec. 29, 1823. Mr Clay was on the same side with Mr Webster. But Mr Randolph, in his speech in House of Representatives, Jan. 20, 1824, tartly asked, "Why have we never sent an envoy to our sister republic Hayti?"

[†] See the just and beautiful remarks of Mr Webster in this speech. Works, vol. iii. pp. 77, 78, 92 and 93. *Oh si sic semper!*

[‡] Vol. iii. p. 94, *et seq.* See Speech in Fanueil Hall, Oct. 2, 1820.

[§] Speech in reply to Hayne, vol. iii. p. 305.

^{||} Argument in District Court of Massachusetts against the Embargo.

[¶] Memorial of the Citizens of Salem.

be diminished, lest coal grow scarce and dear.* Non-importation was "an American instinct."†

In 1828 he voted for "the bill of abominations," as that tariff was called, which levied "thirty-two millions of duties on sixty-four millions of imports," "not because he was in favour of the measure, but as the least of two evils."

In 1816 the South wanted a protective tariff: the commercial North hated it. It was Mr Calhoun‡ who introduced the measure first. Mr Clay gave it the support of his large talents and immense personal influence, and built up the "American System." Pennsylvania and New York were on that side. General Jackson voted for the tariff of 1824. Mr Clay was jealous of foreign commerce: it was "the great source of foreign wars;" "The predilection of the school of the Essex junto," said he, "for foreign trade and British fabrics is unconquerable." Yet he correctly said, "New-England will have the first and richest fruits of the tariff."§

After the system of protection got footing, the Northern capitalists set about manufacturing in good earnest, and then Mr Webster became the advocate of a high tariff of protective duties. Here he has been blamed for his change of opinion; but to him it was an easy change. He was not a scientific legislator: he had no great and comprehensive ideas of that part of legislation which belongs to political economy. He looked only at the fleeting interest of his constituents, and took their transient opinions of the hour for his norm of conduct. As these altered, his own views also changed. Sometimes the change was a revolution.|| It seems to me his first opinion was right, and his last a fatal mistake, that he never answered his first great speech of 1824: but it also appears that he was

* Works, vol. iv. p. 309.

† Works, vol. ii. p. 352.

‡ See Mr Calhoun's reason for this. Life and Speeches, p. 70, *et seq.* But see the articles of a "Friend to Truth" upon Mr Calhoun and the Protective System, in the "Richmond Enquirer" for November, 1832.

§ Speech in House of Representatives, April 26, 1820. Works, (New York, 1843), vol. i. p. 159.

|| Compare his speeches on the tariff in 1824 and 1828 (Works, vol. iii. p. 94, *et seq.*, and 228, *et seq.*) with his subsequent speeches thereon in 1837, 1846. Works, vol. iv. p. 304, *et seq.*; vol. v. p. 361, *et seq.*; and vol. ii. p. 130, *et seq.*, and 349, *et seq.* Compare vol. iii. p. 118, *et seq.*, and 124, *et seq.*, with vol. ii. p. 137. See his reasons for the change of opinion in vol. v. p. 186 and 240. All of these speeches are marked by great ability of statement.

honest in the change ; for he only looked at the pecuniary interest of his employers, and took their opinions for his guide. But he had other fluctuations on this matter of the tariff, which do not seem capable of so honourable an explanation.*

In the days of nullification, Mr Webster denied the right of South Carolina to secede from the Union, or to give a final interpretation of the Constitution. She maintained that the Federal Government had violated the Constitution ; that she, the aggrieved State of South Carolina, was the judge in that matter, and had a constitutional right to "nullify" the Constitution, and withdraw from the Union.

The question is a deep one. It is the old issue of Federal and Democrat,—the question between the constitutional power of the whole, and the power of the parts,—Federal power and State power. Mr Webster was always in favour of a strong central government; honestly in favour of it, I doubt not. His speeches on that subject were most masterly speeches. I refer, in particular, to that in 1830 against Mr Hayne, and the speech in 1833 against Mr Calhoun.

The first of these is the great political speech of Daniel Webster. I do not mean to say that it is just in its political ethics, or deep in the metaphysics of politics, or far-sighted in its political providence. I only mean to say that it surpasses all his other political speeches in the massive intellectual power of statement. Mr Webster was then eight and forty years old. He defended New-England against Mr Hayne ; he defended the Constitution of the United States against South Carolina. His speech is full of splendid eloquence ; he reached high, and put the capstone upon his fame, whose triple foundation he had laid at Plymouth, at Bunker Hill, and at Faneuil Hall. The "republican members of the Massachusetts Legislature" unanimously thanked him for his able vindication of their State. A Virginian, who heard the speech, declared he felt "as if looking at a mammoth treading his native canebrake, and, without apparent consciousness,

* Compare his speech in Faneuil Hall, September 30, 1842, with his tariff speeches in 1846. Works, vol. ii. p. 130, *et seq.*, with vol. v. p. 161, *et seq.*, and vol. ii. p. 349, *et seq.*

crushing obstacles which nature had never designed as impediments to him."

He loved concentrated power, and seems to have thought the American Government was exclusively national, and not Federal.* The Constitution was "not a compact." He was seldom averse to sacrificing the rights of the individual States to the claim of the central authority. He favoured consolidation of power, while the South Carolinians and others preferred local self-government. It was no doctrine of his "that unconstitutional laws bind the people;" but it was his doctrine that such laws bind the people until the Supreme Court declares them unconstitutional; thus making, not the Constitution, but the discretion of the rulers, the measure of its powers!

It is customary at the North to think Mr Webster wholly in the right, and South Carolina wholly in the wrong, on the question of nullification; but it should be remembered, that some of the ablest men whom the South ever sent to Washington thought otherwise. There was a good deal of truth in the speech of Mr Hayne: he was alarmed at the increase of the central power, which seemed to invade the rights of the States. Mr Calhoun defended the Carolinian idea;† and Calhoun was a man of great mind, a sagacious man, a man of unimpeachable integrity in private.‡ Mr Clay was certainly a man of very large intellect, wise and subtle and far-sighted. But, in 1833, he introduced his "Compromise Measure," to avoid the necessity of enforcing the opinions of Mr Webster.

I must pass over many things in Mr Webster's congressional career.

While Secretary of State, he performed the chief act of his public life,—the one deed on which his reputation as a political administrator seems now to settle down and rest. He negotiated the Treaty of Washington in 1842. The matter was difficult, the claims intricate; there were four

* Last remarks on Foote's Resolution, and Speech in Senate, 13th Feb. 1833. Works, vol. iii. p. 343, *et seq.*; 448, *et seq.*

† See Mr Calhoun's Disquisition on Government, and his Discourse on the Constitution and Government of the United States, in his Works, vol. i. (Charleston, 1851); Life and Speeches (New York, 1843), No. iii.—vi. See, too, Life and Speeches, No. ix., xix., xxii.

‡ A more thorough acquaintance with the character and conduct of Mr Calhoun, makes it doubtful to me that he deserves this threefold praise.

parties to pacify,—England, the United States, Massachusetts, and Maine. The quarrel was almost sixty years old. Many political doctors had laid their hands on the immedicable wound, which only smarted sorer under their touch. The British Government sent over a minister to negotiate a treaty with the American Secretary. The two eminent statesmen settled the difficulty. It has been said that no other man in America could have done so well, and drawn the thunder out of the gathered cloud. Perhaps I am no judge of that; yet I do not see why any sensible and honest man could not have done the work. You all remember the anxiety of America and of England; the apprehension of war; and the delight when these two countries shook hands, as the work was done. Then we all felt that there was only one English nation,—the English Briton and the English American; that Webster and Ashburton were fellow-citizens, yea, brothers of the same great Anglo-Saxon tribe.

His letters on the Right of Search, and the British claim to impress seamen from American ships, would have done honour to any statesman in the world.* He refused to England the right to visit and search our ships, on the plea of their being engaged in the slave-trade. Some of my anti-slavery brethren have censured him for this. I always thought he was right in the matter. But, on the other side, his celebrated letter to Lord Ashburton, in the Creole case, seems to me most eminently unjust, false in law, and wicked in morality.† It is the greatest stain on that negotiation; and it is wonderful to me, that, in 1846, Mr Webster could himself declare he thought that letter was the “most triumphant production” from his pen in all the correspondence.

But let us pause a moment, and see how much praise is really due to Mr Webster for negotiating the treaty. I limit my remarks to the north-eastern boundary. The main question was, Where is the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, mentioned in the treaty of 1783? for a line, drawn due north from the source of the river St Croix to the summit of the highlands dividing the waters of the Atlantic from those of the St Lawrence, was to terminate at that point. The American claim was most abundantly

* Works, vol. vi. p. 318, *et seq.*

† *Ib.* p. 303, *et seq.*

substantiated; but it left the British Provinces, New Brunswick and Canada, in an embarrassed position. No military road could be maintained between them; and, besides, the American border came very near to Quebec. Accordingly, the British Government, on the flimsiest pretext, refused to draw the lines and erect the monuments contemplated by the treaty of 1794; perverted the language of the treaty of 1783, which was too plain to be misunderstood; and gradually extended its claim further and further to the west. By the treaty of Ghent (1814), it was provided that certain questions should be left out to a friendly power for arbitration. In 1827, this matter was referred to the King of the Netherlands: he was to determine where the line of the treaty ran. He did not determine that question, but, in 1831, proposed a new conventional line. His award ceded to the British about 4119 square miles of land in Maine. The English assented to it; but the Americans refused to accept the award, Mr Webster opposing it. He was entirely convinced that the American claim was just and sound, and the American interpretation of the treaty of 1783 the only correct one. On a memorable occasion, in the Senate of the United States, Mr Webster declared—"that Great

given, and 893 square miles in addition. Thus the treaty conveyed to Great Britain more than five thousand square miles—upwards of three million acres—of American territory, to which, by the terms of the treaty, the American title was perfectly good. Rouse's Point was ceded to the United States, with a narrow strip of land on the north of Vermont and New Hampshire; but the king's award gave us Rouse's Point at less cost. The rights which the Americans gained with the navigation of a part of the St John's River were only a fair exchange for the similar right conceded to the British. As a compensation to Maine and Massachusetts for the loss of the land and the jurisdiction over it, the United States paid those two States 300,000 dols., and indemnified Maine for the expenses occasioned by the troubles which had grown out of the contested claims,—about 300,000 dols. more. Great Britain gained all that was essential to the welfare of her colonies. All her communications, civil and military, were for ever placed beyond hostile reach; and all the military positions claimed by America, with the exception of Rouse's Point, were for ever secured to Great Britain! What did England concede? The British government still keeps (in secret) the identical map used by the English and American Commissioners who negotiated the treaty of 1783: the Boundary line is drawn on it, in red ink, with a pen, exactly where the Americans had always claimed that the Treaty required it to be!

It was fortunate that the controversy was settled; it was wise in America to be liberal. A tract of wild land, though half as large as Massachusetts, is nothing compared to a war. It is as well for mankind that the jurisdiction over that spot belongs to the Lion of England as to the Eagle of America. But I fear a man who makes such a bargain is not entitled to any great glory among diplomats. In 1832, Maine refused to accept the award of the king, even when the Federal Government offered her a million acres of good land in Michigan, of her own selection, valued at a million and a quarter of dollars. Had it been a question of the south-western boundary, and not the north-eastern, Mexico would have had an answer to her claim very different from that which England received. Mr Webster was determined on negotiating the treaty at all hazards, and

was not very courteous to those who expostulated and stood out for the just rights of Maine and Massachusetts ; nay, he was indignant at the presumption of these States asking for compensation when their land was ceded away ! *

Was there any real danger of a war ? If England had claimed clear down to the Connecticut, I think the Southern masters of the North would have given up Bunker Hill and Plymouth Rock, rather than risk to the chances of a British war the twelve hundred million dollars invested in slaves. Men who live in straw houses think twice before they scatter firebrands abroad. England knew well with whom she had to deal, and authorized her representative to treat only for a “conventional line,” not to accept the line of the treaty ! Mr Webster succeeded in negotiating, because he gave up more American territory than any one would yield before,—more than the king of the Netherlands had proposed. Still, we may all rejoice in the settlement of the question ; and if Great Britain had admitted our claim by the plain terms of the treaty, and then asked for the land so valuable and necessary to her, who in New-England would have found fault ? †

After the conclusion of the treaty, Mr Webster came to Boston. You remember his speech in 1842, in Faneuil Hall. He was then sixty years old. He had done the great deed of his life. He still held a high station. He scorned, or affected to scorn, the littleness of party and its

* For the facts of this controversy, see, I. The Definitive Treaty of Peace, &c. 1783. Public Statutes of the United States of America (Boston, 1846), vol. viii. p. 80. Treaty of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation, &c. 1794, *ibid.* p. 116. Treaty of Peace and Amity, 1814, *ibid.* p. 218.—II. Act of Twentieth Congress, stat. i. chap. xxx. *ibid.* vol. iv. p. 262. Act of Twenty-sixth Congress, stat. i. chap. lii. *ibid.* vol. v. p. 402; and stat. ii. chap. ii. p. 413.—III. Statement on the part of the United States, of the Case referred in pursuance of the Convention of 29th September, 1827, between the said States and Great Britain, to his Majesty the King of the Netherlands, for his decision thereon (Washington, 1829). North American Boundary, A.: Correspondence relating to the Boundary, &c. &c. (London, 1838). North American Boundary, part I.: Correspondence relating to the Boundary, &c. (London, 1840). The Right of the United States of America to the North-eastern Boundary claimed by them, &c. &c., by Albert Gallatin, &c. (New York, 1840). Documents of the Senate of Massachusetts, 1839, No. 45; 1841, No. 9. Documents of the House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, 1842, No. 44.—IV. Congressional Globe, &c. (Washington, 1843), vol. xii. and Appendix. Mr Webster’s Defence of the Treaty; Works, vol. v. p. 18, *et seq.*

† The time has not yet come when the public can completely understand this negotiation, and I pass over some things which it is not now prudent to relate.

narrow platform, and claimed to represent the people of the United States. Everybody knew the importance of his speech. I counted sixteen reporters of the New-England and Northern press at that meeting. It was a proud day for him, and also a stormy day. Other than friends were about him. It was thought that he had just scattered the thunder which impended over the nation. But a sullen cloud still hung over his own expectations of the Presidency. He thundered his eloquence into that cloud,—the great ground-lightning of his Olympian power.

I come now to speak of his relation to slavery. Up to 1850, with occasional fluctuations, much of his conduct had been just and honourable. As a private citizen, in 1819, he opposed the Missouri Compromise. At the meeting of the citizens of Boston to prevent that iniquity, he said, "We are acting for unborn millions, who lie along before us in the track of time."* The extension of slavery would demoralize the people, and endanger the welfare of the nation. "Nor can the laws derive support from the manners of the people, if the power of moral sentiment be weakened by enjoying, under the permission of the government, great facilities to commit offences."†

A few months after the deed was done, on Forefathers' Day in 1820, standing on Plymouth Rock, he could say:—

"I deem it my duty, on this occasion, to suggest that the land is not yet wholly free from the contamination of a traffic, at which every feeling of humanity must for ever revolt,—I mean the African slave-trade. Neither public sentiment nor the law has hitherto been able entirely to put an end to this odious and abominable trade. At the moment when God in his mercy has blessed the Christian world with a universal peace, there is reason to fear, that, to the disgrace of the Christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade by subjects and citizens of Christian States, in whose hearts there dwell no sentiments of humanity or of justice, and over whom neither the fear of God nor the fear of man exercises a control. In the sight of our law, the African slave-trader is a pirate and a felon; and, in the sight of Heaven, an offender far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt. There is no brighter page of our history than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the government at an early day, and at different

* Reported in the "Columbian Centinel" for Dec. 8, 1819, not contained in the edition of his Works!

† Memorial to Congress, *ut supra*; also omitted in Works.

times since, for the suppression of this traffic ; and I would call on all the true sons of New-England to co-operate with the laws of man and the justice of Heaven. If there be, within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here, upon the Rock of Plymouth, to extirpate and destroy it. It is not fit that the land of the Pilgrims should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer ; I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those who, by stealth and at midnight, labour in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let that spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New-England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world. Let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards ; and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it."*

In 1830, he praised Nathan Dane for the Ordinance which makes the difference between Ohio and Kentucky, and honourably vindicated that man who lived "too near the north star" for Southern eyes to see. "I regard domestic slavery," said Mr Webster to Mr Hayne, "as one of the greatest evils, both moral and political."†

In 1837, at Niblo's Garden, he avowed his entire unwillingness to do anything which should extend the slavery of the African race on this continent. He said :—

which would not be endangered by the explosion which might follow."♦

He always declared that slavery was a local matter of the South ; sectional, not national. In 1830 he took the ground that the general government had nothing to do with it. In 1840, standing "beneath an October sun" at Richmond, he declared again that there was no power, direct or indirect, in Congress or the general government, to interfere in the smallest degree with the "institutions" of the South.†

At first he opposed the annexation of Texas ; he warned men against it in 1837. He went so far as to declare :—

"I do say that the annexation of Texas would tend to prolong the duration and increase the extent of African slavery on this continent. I have long held that opinion, and I would not now suppress it for any consideration on earth ! and because it does increase the evils of slavery, because it will increase the number of slaves and prolong the duration of their bondage,—because it does all this, I oppose it without condition and without qualification, at this time *and all times, now and for ever.*"‡

He prepared some portions of the Address of the Massachusetts Anti-Texas Convention in 1845. But as some of the leading Whigs of the North opposed that meeting and favoured annexation, he did not appear at the Convention, but went off to New York ! In 1845 he voted against annexation. He said that he had felt it to be his duty steadily, uniformly, and zealously to oppose it. He did not wish America to be possessed by the spirit of aggrandizement. He objected to annexation principally because Texas was a Slave State.§ Here he stood with John Quincy Adams, but, alas ! did too little to oppose that annexation. Against him were Mr Calhoun, the South, almost all the Democratic party of the North,—Mr Van Buren losing his nomination on account of his hostility to new slave-soil ; and many of the capitalists of the North wished a thing that Mr Webster wanted not.

He objected to the Constitution of Texas. Why ? Because it tied up the hands of the Legislature against the abolition of slavery. He said so on Forefathers' Day,

* Works, vol. i. p. 356, 357.

† Ib. vol. ii. p. 93, *et seq.*

‡ Ib. vol. i. p. 270.

§ Ib. vol. ii. p. 652, *et seq.*

two hundred and twenty-five years after the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. Then he could not forget his own proud words, uttered a quarter of a century before. I thought him honest then; I think so still. But he said that New-England might have prevented annexation; that Massachusetts might have prevented annexation, only "she could not be roused." If he had laboured then for freedom with as much vigour and earnestness as he wrought for slavery in 1850 and 1851, Massachusetts would have been roused; New-England would have risen as a single man; and annexation of new slave-soil have been put off till the Greek Kalends, a day beyond eternity. Yet he did some service in this work.

After the outbreak of the Mexican war, the northern men sought to pass a law prohibiting slavery in the new territory gained from Mexico. The celebrated "Wilmot Proviso" came up. Mr Webster also wished to prohibit slavery in the new territory. In March, 1847, he presented to Congress the resolutions of the Massachusetts Legislature against the extension of slavery,—which had been passed unanimously,—and he "indorsed them all."

"I thank her for it, and am proud of her; for she has denounced the whole object for which our armies are now traversing the moun-

shall oppose all such extension at all times and under all circumstances, even against all inducements, against all supposed limitations of great interests, against all combinations, against all compromises."

He sought to gain the support of the Free-Soilers in Massachusetts, and encouraged their enterprise. Even when he denounced the nomination of General Taylor as "not fit to be made," he declared that he could stand on the Buffalo Platform; its Anti-Slavery planks were good sound Whig timber; he himself had had some agency in getting them out, and did not see the necessity of a new organization. He had never voted for the admission of a Slave State into the Union!

But, alas! all this was to pass away. Was he sincere in his opposition to the extension of slavery? I always thought so. I think so still.

Yet, after all, on the 7th of March, 1850, he could make that speech—you know it too well. He refused to exclude slavery by law from California and New Mexico. It would "irritate" the South, would "re-enact the law of God." He declared Congress was bound to make four new Slave States out of Texas; to allow all the territory below 36° 30' to become Slave States; he volunteered to give Texas fifty thousand square miles of land for slave-territory, and ten millions of dollars; would refund to Virginia two hundred millions of dollars derived from the sale of the public lands, to expatriate the free coloured people from her soil; he would support the Fugitive Slave Bill, with all its amendments, "with all its provisions," "to the fullest extent."

You know the Fugitive Slave Bill too well. It is bad enough now; but when he first volunteered his support thereto, it was far worse, for then every one of the seventeen thousand postmasters of America might be a legal kidnapper by that Bill.* He pledged our own Massachusetts to support it, and that "with alacrity."

My friends, you all know the speech of the 7th of March: you remember how men felt when the telegraph brought the first news, they thought there must be some mistake! They could not believe the lightning. You recollect how the Whig party, and the Democratic party,

* See *Speeches, Addresses, &c.,* of Theodore Parker, vol. ii. p. 160, *et seq.*

and the newspapers, treated the report. When the speech came in full, you know the effect. One of the most conspicuous men of the State, then in high office, declared that Mr Webster "seemed inspired by the devil to the extent of his intellect." You know the indignation men felt, the sorrow and anguish. I think not a hundred prominent men in all New-England acceded to the speech. But such was the power of that gigantic understanding, that, eighteen days after his speech, nine hundred and eighty-seven men of Boston sent him a letter, telling him that he had pointed out "the path of duty, convinced the understanding and touched the conscience of a nation;" and they expressed to him their "entire concurrence in the sentiments of that speech," and their "heartfelt thanks for the inestimable aid it afforded to the preservation" of the Union.

You remember the return of Mr Webster to Boston; the speech at the Revere House; his word that "discussion" on the subject of slavery must "in some way be suppressed;" you remember the "disagreeable duty;" the question if Massachusetts "will be just against temptation;" whether "she will conquer her prejudices" in favour of the trial by jury, of the unalienable rights of

bany,—his industry never equalled before; his violence, his indignation, his denunciations. You remember the threat at Syracuse, that out of the bosom of the next Anti-slavery Convention should a fugitive slave be seized. You remember the scorn that he poured out on men who pledged "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour," for the welfare of men.*

You remember the letters to Mr Webster from Newburyport, Kennebec, Medford, and his "Neighbours in New Hampshire." You have not forgotten the "Union Meetings :" "Blue-light Federalists," and "Genuine Democrats dyed in the wood," united into one phalanx of Hunkerism and became his "retainers," lay and clerical,—the laymen maintaining that his political opinions were an "amendment to the Constitution;" and the clergymen, that his public and private practice was "one of the evidences of Christianity." You remember the sermons of Doctors of Divinity, proving that slavery was Christian, good Old Testament Christian, at the very least. You do not forget the offer of a man to deliver up his own mother. Andover went for kidnapping. The loftiest pulpits,—I mean those highest bottomed on the dollar,—they went also for kidnapping. There arose a shout against the fugitive from the metropolitan pulpits, "Away with such a fellow from the earth!—Kidnap him, kidnap him!" And when we said, mildly remonstrating, "Why, what evil has the poor black man done?" the answer was,— "We have a law, and by that law he ought to be a slave!"

You remember the first kidnappers which came here to Boston. Hughes was one of them, an ugly-looking fellow, that went back to die in a street brawl in his own Georgia. He thirsted for the blood of Ellen Craft.

You remember the seizure of Shadrach, and his deliverance out of his fiery furnace. Of course it was an Angel who let him out; for that court,—the kidnappers' court,—thirsting for human blood, spite of the "enlargement of the testimony," after six trials, I think, has not found a man, who, at noonday and in the centre of the

* The speeches referred to have not all been collected in the "Works." See some of them in Mr Webster's "Speeches at Buffalo, Syracuse, and Albany, May, 1851." Times Office, New York [1851].

town, did the deed! So I suppose it was an Angel who did the deed, and miracles are not over yet. I hope you have not forgotten Caphart, the creature which "whips women," the great ally of the Boston kidnappers.

You remember the kidnapping of Thomas Sims; Faneuil Hall shut against the convention of the people; the court house in chains; the police drilled in the square; soldiers in arms; Faneuil Hall a barrack. You remember Fast Day, 1851,—at least I do.* You remember the "Acorn" and Boston on the 12th of April. You have not forgotten the dreadful scenes at New York, Philadelphia, and Buffalo; the tragedy at Christiana.

You have not forgotten Mr Webster's definition of the object of government. In 1845, standing over the grave of Judge Story, he said,—"Justice is the great interest of mankind;" I think he thought so too! But at New York, on the 18th of November, 1850, he said,—"The great object of government is the protection of property at home, and respect and renown abroad."

He went to Annapolis, and made a speech complimenting a series of ultra resolutions in favour of slavery and slave-catching. One of the resolutions made the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law the sole bond of the Union.

and through. I have no confidence in anybody who seeks the repeal, in anybody who wishes to alter or modify these constitutional provisions. There they are. Many of these great measures are irrepealable. The settlement with Texas is as irrepealable as the admission of California. Other important objects of legislation, if not in themselves in the nature of grants, and therefore not so irrepealable, are just as important; and we are to hear no parleying upon it. We are to listen to no modification or qualification. They were passed in conformity with the provisions of the Constitution; and they must be performed and abided by, IN WHATEVER EVENT, AND AT WHATEVER COST."

Surrounded by the Federalists of New-England, when a young man, fresh in Congress, he stood out nobly for the right to discuss all matters. Every boy knows his brave words by heart:—

"Important as I deem it, sir, to discuss, on all proper occasions, the policy of the measures at present pursued, *it is still more important to maintain the right of such discussion in its full and just extent.* Sentiments lately sprung up, and now growing popular, render it necessary to be explicit on this point. It is the ancient and constitutional right of this people to canvass public measures, and the merits of public men. It is a homebred right, a fireside privilege. It has ever been enjoyed in every house, cottage, and cabin in the nation. It is not to be drawn into controversy. It is as undoubted as the right of breathing the air, and walking on the earth. Belonging to private life as a right, it belongs to public life as a duty; and it is the last duty which those whose representative I am shall find me to abandon. This high constitutional privilege I shall defend and exercise within this house and without this house, and in all places; in time of war, in time of peace, and at all times.

"Living, I will assert it; dying, I will assert it; and should I leave no other inheritance to my children, by the blessing of God I will leave them the inheritance of *Free Principles*, and the example of a manly, independent, and constitutional defence of them."

Then, in 1850, when vast questions, so intimately affecting the welfare of millions of men, were before the country, he told us to suppress agitation!

"Neither you nor I shall see the legislation of the country proceed in the old harmonious way, until the discussions in Congress and out of Congress upon the subject [of slavery] shall be in some way suppressed. Take that truth home with you, and take it as truth."

"I shall support no agitations having their foundation in unreal and ghostly abstractions." *

* Speech at the Revere House in Boston, April 29, 1850, in "Daily Advertiser" of April 30.

The opponents of Mr Webster, contending for the freedom of all Americans, of all men, appealed from the Fugitive Slave Bill to "the element of all laws, out of which they are derived, to the end of all laws, for which they are designed and in which they are perfected." How did he resist the appeal? You have not forgotten the speech at Capron Springs, on the 26th of June, 1851. "When nothing else will answer," he said, "they," the abolitionists, "invoke 'religion,' and speak of the 'higher law!'" He of the granite hills of New Hampshire, looking on the mountains of Virginia, blue with loftiness and distance, said, "Gentlemen, this North Mountain is high, the Blue Ridge higher still, the Alleghanies higher than either, and yet this 'higher law' ranges further than an eagle's flight above the highest peaks of the Alleghanies! No common vision can discern it; no common and unsophisticated conscience can feel it; the hearing of common men never learns its high behests; and, therefore, one would think it is not a safe law to be acted upon in matters of the highest practical moment. It is the code, however, of the abolitionists of the North."

This speech was made at dinner. The next "sentiment" given after his was this:—

How do you think the audience answered then? With six-and-twenty cheers. It was in Faneuil Hall. Mr Webster said, "These are Whig principles;" and, with these, "Faneuil Hall may laugh a siege to scorn." That speech is not printed in his collection! How could it stand side by side with the speech of the 7th of March?

In 1846, a Whig Convention voted to do its possible to "defeat all measures calculated to uphold slavery, and promote all constitutional measures for its overthrow;" to "oppose any further addition of Slaveholding States to this Union;" and to have "free institutions for all, chains and fetters for none."

At that time Mr Webster declared he had a heart which beat for everything favourable to the progress of human liberty, either here or abroad; then, when in "the dark and troubled night" he saw only the Whig party as his Bethlehem Star, he rejoiced in "the hope of obtaining the power to resist whatever threatens to extend slavery."^{*} Yet after New York had kidnapped Christians, and with civic pomp sent her own sons into slavery, he could go to that city and say, "It is an air which for the last few months I love to inhale. It is a patriotic atmosphere: constitutional breezes fan it every day."[†]

To accomplish a bad purpose, he resorted to mean artifice, to the low tricks of vulgar adventurers in politics. He used the same weapons once wielded against him,—misrepresentation, denunciation, invective.[‡] Like his old enemy of New Hampshire, he carried his political quarrel into private life. He cast off the acquaintance of men intimate with him for twenty or thirty years. The malignity of his conduct, as it was once said of a great apostate,[§] "was hugely aggravated by those rare abilities whereof God had given him the use." Time had not in America bred a man before bold enough to consummate such aims as his. In this New Hampshire Strafford, "despotism had at length obtained an instrument with mind to comprehend, and resolution to act upon, its principles in their length and breadth; and enough of his purposes were

* Speech at Faneuil Hall, September 23, 1846, reported in the "Daily Advertiser," Sept. 24.

† Speech at New York, May 12, 1851, in "Boston Atlas" of May 14.

‡ See above, pp. 40—42.

§ Lord Strafford.

effected by him to enable mankind to see as from a tower the end of all."

What was the design of all this? It was to "save the Union." Such was the cry. Was the Union in danger? Here were a few non-resistants at the North, who said, We will have "no union with slave-holders." There was a party of seceders at the South, who periodically blustered about disunion. Could these men bring the Union into peril? Did Daniel Webster even think so? I shall never insult that giant intellect by the thought. He knew South Carolina, he knew Georgia, very well.* Mr Benton knew of no "distress," even at the time when it was alleged that the nation was bleeding at "five gaping wounds," so that it would take the whole omnibus full of compromises to staunch the blood: "All the political distress is among the politicians."† I think Mr Webster knew there was no danger of a dissolution of the Union. But here is a proof that he knew it. In 1850, on the 22nd of December, he declared, "There is no longer imminent danger of the dissolution of the United States. We shall live and not die." But, soon after, he went about saving the Union again, and again, and again,—saved it at Buffalo, Albany, Syracuse, at Annapolis, and

nouncing the friends of freedom, and calling on us to throw over to Texas—that monster of the deep which threatened to devour the ship of state—fifty thousand square miles of territory, and ten millions of dollars; and to the other monster of secession to cast over the trial by jury, the dearest principles of the constitution, of manhood, of justice, and of religion, “those thoughts that wander through eternity;” while he himself revoked the noblest words of his whole life, casting over his interpretation of the constitution, his respect for State rights, for the common law, his own morality, his own religion, and his own God,—the funds of the United States did not go down one mill! You asked the capitalist, “Is the Union in danger?” He answered, “O yes! it is in the greatest peril.” “Then will you sell me your stocks lower than before?” “Not a mill; not one mill—not the ten hundredth part of a dollar in a hundred!” To ask men to make such a sacrifice, at such a time, from such a motive, is as if you should beg the captain of the steamer “Niagara,” in Boston harbour, in fair weather, to throw over all his cargo, because a dandy in the cabin was blowing the fire with his breath! No, my friends, I shall not insult the majesty of that intellect with the thought that he believed there was danger to the Union. There was not any danger of a storm; not a single cat’s-paw in the sky; not a capful of bad weather between Cape Sable and the Lake of the Woods!

But suppose the worst came to the worst, are there no other things as bad as disunion? The Constitution—does it “establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity,” and “secure the blessings of liberty” to all the citizens? Nobody pretends it,—with every eighth man made merchandise, and not an inch of free soil covered by the Declaration of Independence, save the five thousand miles which Mr Webster ceded away. Is disunion worse than slavery? Perhaps not even to commerce, which the Federalists thought “still more dear” than Union. But what if the South seceded next year, and the younger son took the portion of goods that falleth to him, when America divides her living? Imagine the condition of the new nation,—the United States South; a nation without schools, or the desire for them; without commerce, without manufac-

tures; with six million white men and three million slaves; working with that barbarous tool, slave-labour, an instrument as ill-suited to these times as a sickle of stone to cut grain with! How would that new "Democracy" appear in the eyes of the world, when the public opinion of the nations looks hard at tyranny? It would not be long before that younger son, having spent all with riotous living, and devoured his substance with slavery, brought down to the husks that the swine do eat,—would arise, and go to the Nation, and say, "Father, forgive me; I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. Make me as one of thy hired servants." The Southern men know well, that if the Union were dissolved, their riches would take to themselves legs, and run away,—or firebrands, and make a St Domingo out of Carolina! They cast off the North! they set up for themselves!

"Tush! tush! Fear boys with bugs!"

Here is the reason. He wanted to be President. That was all of it. Before this he had intrigued,—always in a clumsy sort, for he was organized for honesty, and cunning never threw in his keeping—had stormed and

"Stood up the strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought 'gainst Heaven, now fiercer by despair."

Once he could say,—

"By general instruction, we seek as far as possible to purify the whole moral atmosphere; to keep good sentiments uppermost, and to turn the strong current of feeling and opinion, as well as the censures of the law, and the denunciations of religion, against immorality and crime. We hope for a security beyond the law, and above the law, in the prevalence of enlightened and well-principled moral sentiment."^{*}

In 1820 he could say, "All conscience ought to be respected;" in 1850 it is only a fanatic who heeds his conscience, and there is no higher law.[†] In scorn of the higher law, he far outwent his transatlantic prototype; for even Strafford, in his devotion to "*Thorough*," had some respect for the fundamental law of nature, and said,—"If I must be a traitor to man or perjured to God, I will be faithful to my Creator."

The fountains of his great deep were broken up—it rained forty days and forty nights, and brought a flood of slavery over this whole land; it covered the market, and the factory, and the court-house, and the warehouse, and the college, and rose up high over the tops of the tallest steeples! But the Ark of Freedom went on the face of the waters,—above the market, above the factory, above the court-house, above the college, high over the tops of the tallest steeples, it floated secure; for it bore the Religion that is to save the world, and the Lord God of Hosts had shut it in.

What flattery was there from Mr Webster! What flattery to the South! what respect for Southern nullifiers! "The Secessionists of the South take a different course of remark;" they appeal to no higher law! "They are learned and eloquent; they are animated and full of spirit; they are high-minded and chivalrous; they state their supposed injuries and causes of complaint in elegant phrases and exalted tones of speech."[‡]

He derided the instructions of his adopted State.

* Debate in the Mass. Convention, Dec. 5, 1820. "Journal," *ubi sup.* p. 145; erroneously printed 245.

[†] See the Speeches at Buffalo, Syracuse, and Albany, in Pamphlet (New York, 1851). Speech at Capron Springs, &c., &c.

[‡] Speech at Capron Springs.

"It has been said that I have, by the course that I have thought proper to pursue, displeased a portion of the people of Massachusetts. Well, suppose I did. Suppose I displeased all the people of that State,—what of that?

"What had I to do with instructions from Massachusetts upon a question affecting the whole nation!" "I assure you, gentlemen, I cared no more for the instructions of Massachusetts than I did for those of any other State!" *

What scorn against the "fanatics" of the North, against the Higher Law, and the God thereof!

New-England, it is well known, is the chosen seat of the Abolition presses and the Abolition Societies. There it is principally that the former cheer the morning by full columns of lamentation over the fate of human beings free by nature and by a law above the Constitution,—but sent back, nevertheless, chained and manacled to slavery and to stripes; and the latter refresh themselves from daily toil by orgies of the night devoted to the same outpourings of philanthropy, mingling all the while their anathemas at what they call 'men catching' with the most horrid and profane abjuration of the Christian Sabbath, and indeed of the whole Divine Revelation: they sanctify their philanthropy by irreligion and profanity; they manifest their charity by contempt of God and his commandments."

"Depend upon it, the law [the Fugitive Slave Bill] will be

all the way from Hanover to Washington, were a line of fortresses grim with cannon, each levelled at his new position.

How low he stooped to supplicate the South, to cringe before the Catholics, to fawn upon the Methodists at Faneuil Hall ! O, what a prostitution of what a kingly power of thought, of speech, of will !

The effect of Mr Webster's speech on the 7th of March was amazing : at first Northern men abhorred it ; next they accepted it. Why was this ? He himself has perhaps helped us understand the mystery :—

"The enormity of some crimes so astonishes men as to subdue their minds, and they lose the desire for justice in a morbid admiration of the great criminal and the strangeness of the crime."

Slavery, the most hideous snake which Southern regions breed, with fifteen unequal feet, came crawling North ; fold on fold, and ring on ring, and coil on coil, the venomous monster came : then Avarice, the foulest worm which Northern cities gender in their heat, went crawling South ; with many a wriggling curl, it wound along its way. At length they met, and, twisting up in their obscene embrace, the twain became one monster, Hunkerism ; theme unattempted yet in prose or song : there was no North, no South ; they were one poison ! The dragon wormed its way along,—crawled into the church of Commerce, wherein the minister baptized the beast, "Salvation." From the ten commandments the dragon's breath effaced those which forbid to kill and covet, with the three between ; then with malignant tooth, gnawed out the chief commandments whereon the law and prophets hang. This amphisbaena of the Western World then swallowed down the holiest words of Hebrew or of Christian speech, and in their place it left a hissing at the Higher Law of God. Northward and Southward wormed the thing along its track, leaving the stain of its breath in the people's face ; and its hissing against the Lord rings yet in many a speech :—

"Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And, unawares, morality expires."

Then what a shrinking was there of great consciences, and hearts, and minds ! So Milton, fabling, sings of

angels fallen from their first estate, seeking to enter Pandemonium :—

“They but now who seemed
In bigness to surpass Earth’s giant-sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court.”

Mr Webster stamped his foot, and broke through into the great hollow of practical atheism, which undergulfs the State and Church. Then what a caving in was there! The firm-set base of northern cities quaked and yawned with gaping rents. “Penn’s sandy foundation” shook again, and black men fled from the city of brotherly love, as doves, with plaintive cry, flee from a farmer’s barn when summer lightning stabs the roof. There was a twist in Faneuil Hall, and the doors could not open wide enough for Liberty to regain her ancient Cradle; only soldiers, greedy to steal a man, themselves stole out and in. Ecclesiastic quicksand ran down the hole amain. Metropolitan churches toppled, and pitched, and canted, and

echoed from the infernal spot pressed by the fallen monsters of ill-fame, who, thousands of years ago, on the same errand, had plunged down the self-same way. What tidings the echo bore, Dante nor Milton could not tell. Let us leave that to darkness, and to silence, and to death.

But spite of all this, in every city, in every town, in every college, and in each capsizing church, there were found Faithful Men, who feared not the monster, heeded not the stamping ;—nay, some doctors of divinity were found living. In all their houses there was light, and the destroying angel shook them not. The word of the Lord came in open vision to their eye ; they had their lamps trimmed and burning, their loins girt ; they stood road-ready. Liberty and Religion turned in thither, and the slave found bread and wings. “When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will hold me up !”

After the 7th of March, Mr Webster became the ally of the worst of men, the forefront of kidnapping. The orator of Plymouth Rock was the advocate of slavery ; the hero of Bunker Hill put chains around Boston Court House ; the applauder of Adams and Jefferson was a tool of the slave-holder, and a keeper of slavery’s dogs, the associate of the kidnapper, and the mocker of men who loved the right. Two years he lived with that rabble-rout for company, his name the boast of every vilest thing.

“Oh, how unlike the place from whence he fell !”

In early life, Mr Hill, of New Hampshire, pursued him with unrelenting bitterness. Of late years Mr Webster had complained of this, declaring that “Mr Hill had done more than any other man to debauch the character of New Hampshire, bringing the bitterness of politics into private life.” But after that day of St Judas, Mr Webster pursued the same course which Mr Hill had followed forty years before, and the two enemies were reconciled.* The Herod of the Democrats and the Pilate of Federalism were made friends by the Fugitive Slave Bill, and rode in the same “Omnibus,”—“a blue-light Federalist” and “a genuine Democrat dyed in the wool.”

Think of him!—the Daniel Webster of Plymouth Rock

* See above, pp. 39—45; and the Letter of Hon. Isaac Hill (April 17, 1850), and Mr Webster’s Reply.

advocating the "Compromise Measures!" the Daniel Webster of Faneuil Hall, who once spoke with the inspiration of Samuel Adams and the tongue of James Otis, honouring the holy dead with his praise!—think of him at Buffalo, Albany, Syracuse, scoffing at modern men, who "perilled their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour," to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep themselves unspotted from the world!—think of him threatening with the gallows such as clothed the naked, fed the hungry, visited the prisoner, and gave a cup of cold water to him that was ready to perish! Think of Daniel Webster become the assassin of Liberty in the Capitol! Think of him, full of the Old Testament and dear Isaac Watts, scoffing at the Higher Law of God, while the mountains of Virginia looked him in the face!

But what was the recompense? Ask Massachusetts,—ask the North. Let the Baltimore Convention tell. He was the greatest candidate before it. General Scott is a little man when the feathers are gone. Fillmore, you know him. Both of these, for greatness of intellect, compared to Webster, were as a single magpie measured by an eagle. Look at his speeches; look at his forehead;

treason against God, she answered, "Not a vote!" It was the old fate of men who betray. Southern politicians "did not dare dispense with the services thrust on him, but revenged themselves by withdrawing his well-merited reward." It was the fate of Strafford; the fate of Wolsey. When Lasthenes and Euthycrates betrayed Olynthus to Macedonian Philip, fighting against the liberties of Greece, they were distinguished—if Demosthenes be right—only by the cruelty of their fate. Mr Webster himself had a forefeeling that it might be so; for, on the morning of his fatal speech, he told a brother Senator, "I have my doubts that the speech I am going to make will ruin me." But he played the card with a heavy, a rash, a trembling, and not a skilful hand. It was only the playing of a card,—but his last card! Mr Calhoun had said, "The furthest Southerner is nearer to us than the nearest Northern man." They could trust him with their work,—not with its covenanted pay!

Oh! Cardinal Wolsey! there was never such a fall.

"He fell, like Lucifer, never to hope again!"

The telegraph which brought him tidings of his fate was a thunder-stroke out of the clear sky. No wonder that he wept, and said, "I am a disgraced man, a ruined man!" His early, his last, his fondest dream of ambition broke, and only ruin filled his hand! What a spectacle! to move pity in the stones of the street!

But it seemed as if nothing could be spared him. His cup of bitterness, already full, was made to run over; for joyous men, full of wine and the nomination, called him up at midnight out of his bed—the poor, disappointed old man!—to "congratulate him on the nomination of Scott!" And they forced the great man, falling back on his self-respect, to say that the next morning he should "rise with the lark, as jocund and as gay."

Was not that enough? Oh, there is no pity in the hearts of men! Even that was not enough! Northern friends went to him, and asked him to advise men to vote for General Scott!

General Scott is said to be an anti-slavery man; but soon as the political carpenters put the "planks" together at Baltimore, he scrambled upon the platform, and stands there on all-fours to this day, looking for "fellow-citizens,

native and adopted,” listening for “that rich brogue,” and declaring that, after all, he is “only a common man.” Did you ever read General Scott’s speeches? Then think of asking Daniel Webster to recommend him for President,—Scott in the chair, and Webster out. That was gall after the wormwood! They say that Mr Webster did write a letter advocating the election of Scott, and afterwards said, “I still live.” If he did so, attribute it to the wanderings of a great mind, shattered by sickness; and be assured he would have taken it back, if he had ever set his firm foot on the ground again!

Daniel Webster went down to Marshfield—to die! He died of his 7th of March speech! That word indorsed on Mason’s Bill drove thousands of fugitives from America to Canada. It put chains round our Court House; it led men to violate the majesty of law all over the North. I violated it, and so did you. It sent Thomas Sims in fetters to his jail and his scourging at Savannah; it caused practical atheism to be preached in many churches of New York, Philadelphia, Washington; and, worst of all, in Boston itself! and then, with its own recoil, it sent Daniel Webster to his grave, giving him such a reputation as a man would not wish for his utterest foe.

No event in the American Revolution was half so terrible as his speeches in defence of slavery and kidnapping, his abrogation of the right to discuss all measures of the government. We lost battles again and again, lost campaigns—our honour we never lost. The army was without powder at Cambridge, in ’76; without shoes and blankets in ’78; and the bare feet of New-England valour marked the ice with blood when they crossed the Delaware. But we were never without conscience; never without morality. Powder might fail, and shoes drop, old and rotten, from soldiers’ feet. But the love of God was in the American heart, and no American general said, “There is no law higher than the Blue Ridge!” Nay, they appealed to God’s higher law, not thinking that in politics religion “makes men mad.”

While the Philip of slavery was thundering at our gate, the American Demosthenes advised us to “conquer our prejudices” against letting him in; to throw down the wall “with alacrity,” and bid him come: it was a “constitu-

tional" Philip. How silver dims the edge of steel! When the tongue of freedom was cut out of the mouth of Europe by the sabres of tyrants, and only in the British Isles and in Saxon speech could liberty be said or sung, the greatest orator who ever spoke the language of Milton and Burke told us to suppress discussion! In the dark and troubled night of American politics, our tallest Pharo on the shore hung out a false beacon.

Once Mr Webster said, "There will always be some perverse minds who will vote the wrong way, let the justice of the case be ever so apparent."* Did he know what he was doing? Too well. In the winter of 1850, he partially prepared a speech in defence of freedom. Was his own amendment to Mason's Bill designed to be its text?† Some say so. I know not. He wrote to an intimate and sagacious friend in Boston, asking, how far can I go in defence of freedom, and have Massachusetts sustain me? The friend repaid the confidence, and said, Far as you like! Mr Webster went as far as New Orleans, as far as Texas and the Del Norte, in support of slavery! When that speech came,—the rawest wind of March,—the friend declared: It seldom happens to any man to be able to disgrace the generation he is born in. But the opportunity has presented itself to Mr Webster, and he has done the deed!

Cardinal Wolsey fell, and lost nothing but his place. Bacon fell; the "wisest, brightest," lived long enough to prove himself the "meanest of mankind." Strafford came down. But it was nothing to the fall of Webster. The Anglo-Saxon race never knew such a terrible and calamitous ruin. His downfall shook the continent. Truth fell prostrate in the street. Since then, the Court House has a twist in its walls, and equity cannot enter its door; the steeples point awry, and the "Higher Law" is hurled down from the pulpit. One priest would enslave all the "posterity of Ham," and another would drive a fugitive from his own door; a third became certain that Paul was a kidnapper; and a fourth had the "assurance of consciousness that Christ Jesus would have sold and bought

* "Columbian Centinel," March 11, 1820.

† Works, vol. v. p. 373, 374. See, too, Speech at Buffalo (in Pamphlet), p. 17. He proposed to have "a summary trial by jury!"

slaves!" Practical atheism became common in the pulpits of America; they forgot that there was a God. In the hard winter of 1780, if Fayette had copied Arnold, and Washington gone over to the enemy, the fall could not have been worse. Benedict Arnold fell, but fell through,—so low that no man quotes him for precedent. Aaron Burr is only a warning. Webster fell, and he lay there "not less than archangel ruined," and enticed the nation in his fall. Shame on us!—all those three are of New-England blood! Webster, Arnold, Burr!

My friends, it is hard for me to say those things. My mother's love is warm in my own bosom still, and I hate to say such words. But God is just; and, in the presence of God, I stand here to tell the truth.

Did men honour Daniel Webster? So did I. I was a boy ten years old when he stood at Plymouth Rock, and never shall I forget how his clarion-words rang in my boyish heart. I was but a little boy when he spoke those brave words in behalf of Greece. I was helped to hate slavery by the lips of that great intellect; and now that he takes back his words, and comes himself to be slavery's slave, I hate it tenfold harder than before, because it made a bondman out of that proud, powerful nature.

—at Boston, at Dedham, at Lowell, all adjourn ; the courts of New Hampshire, of Maine, of New York ; even at Baltimore and Washington, the courts adjourn ; for the great lawyer is dead, and Justice must wait another day. Only the United States Court, in Boston, trying a man for helping Shadrach out of the furnace of the kidnappers,—the court which executes the Fugitive Slave Bill,—that does not adjourn ; that keeps on ; its worm dies not, and the fire of its persecution is not quenched, when death puts out the lamp of life ! Injustice is hungry for its prey, and must not be balked. It was very proper ! Symbolical court of the Fugitive Slave Bill—it does not respect life, why should it death ? and, scorning liberty, why should it heed decorum ? Did the judges deem that Webster's spirit, on its way to God, would look at Plymouth Rock, then pause on the spots made more classic by his eloquence, and gaze at Bunker Hill, and tarry his hour in the august company of noble men at Faneuil Hall, and be glad to know that injustice was chanting his requiem in that court ? They greatly misjudge the man. I know Daniel Webster better, and I appeal for him against his idly judging friends.*

Do men now mourn for him, the great man eloquent ? I put on sackcloth long ago ; I mourned for him when he wrote the Creole letter, which surprised Ashburton, Briton that he was. I mourned when he spoke the speech of the 7th of March. I mourned when the Fugitive Slave Bill passed Congress, and the same cannons which have just fired minute-guns for him fired also one hundred rounds of joy at the forging of a new fetter for the fugitive's foot. I mourned for him when the kidnappers first came to Boston,—hated then, now “respectable men,” “the companions of princes,” enlarging their testimony in the court. I mourned when my own parishioners fled from the “stripes” of New-England to the “stars” of Old-England. I mourned when Ellen Craft fled to my house for shelter and for succour, and for the first time in all my life

* I am told that there was some technical reason why that court continued its session. I know nothing of the motive; but I believe it was the fact that the only court in the United States which did not adjourn at the intelligence of the death of Mr Webster, was the court which was seeking to punish a man for rescuing *Shadrach* from the fiery furnace made ready for him. Here is the item, from the “Boston Atlas” for Tuesday, Oct. 26, 1861, “Elizur Wright being on trial [for alleged aiding in the attempt to rescue Shadrach] the court continued its session !”

I armed this hand. I mourned when I married William and Ellen Craft, and gave them a Bible for their soul, and a sword to keep that soul living in a living frame. I mourned when the Court House was hung in chains; when Thomas Sims, from his dungeon, sent out his petition for prayers, and the churches did not dare to pray. I mourned when that poor outcast in yonder dungeon sent for me to visit him, and when I took him by the hand which Daniel Webster was chaining in that hour. I mourned for Webster when we prayed our prayer and sang our psalm on Long Wharf in the morning's gray. I mourned then: I shall not cease to mourn. The flags will be removed from the streets, the cannon will sound their other notes of joy; but, for me, I shall go mourning all my days; I shall refuse to be comforted; and at last I shall lay down my gray hairs with weeping and with sorrow in the grave. O Webster! Webster! would God that I had died for thee!

He was a powerful man physically, a man of a large mould,—a great body and a great brain: * he seemed made to last a hundred years. Since Socrates, there has seldom been a head so massive huge, save the stormy features of Michael Angelo,—

“The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome;”

he who sculptured Day and Night into such majestic forms,—looked them in his face before he chiselled them in stone. The cubic capacity of his head surpassed nearly all former measurements of mind. Since Charlemagne, I think there has not been such a grand figure in all Christendom. A large man, decorous in dress, dignified in deportment, he walked as if he felt himself a king. Men from the country, who knew him not, stared at him as he passed through our streets. The coal-heavers and porters of London looked on him as one of the great forces of the globe. They recognized a native king. In the Senate of the United States, he looked an emperor in that council. Even the majestic Calhoun seemed common, compared with him. Clay looked vulgar, and Van Buren but a fox. His countenance, like Strafford's, was “manly black.” His mind—

* See Dr Jeffries' account of the last illness of the late Daniel Webster, &c. (Phil., 1853), p. 17.

"Was lodged in a fair and lofty room.
On his brow
Sat terror, mixed with wisdom; and, at once,
Saturn and Hermes in his countenance."

What a mouth he had! It was a lion's mouth. Yet there was a sweet grandeur in his smile, and a woman's softness when he would. What a brow it was! what eyes! like charcoal fires in the bottom of a deep, dark well! His face was rugged with volcanic flames,—great passions and great thoughts.

"The front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars to threaten and command."

Let me examine the elements of Mr Webster's character in some detail. Divide the faculties, not bodily, into intellectual, moral, affectional, and religious, and see what he had of each, beginning with the highest.

I. His latter life shows that he had no large development of the religious powers, which join men consciously to the infinite God. He had little religion in the higher meaning of that word: much in the lower,—he had the conventional form of religion, the formality of outward and visible prayer; reverence for the Bible and the name of Christ; attendance at meeting on Sundays and at the "ordinances of religion." He was a "devout man," in the ecclesiastic sense of the word. But it is easy to be devout, hard to be moral. Of the two men, in the parable, who "went up to the temple to pray," only the Pharisee was "devout" in the common sense. Devoutness took the Priest and the Levite to the temple: morality led the good Samaritan to the man fallen among thieves.

His reputation for religion seems to rest on these facts,—that he read the Bible, and knew more passages from it than most political editors, more than some clergymen; he thought Job "a great epic poem," and quoted Habakkuk by rote;—that he knew many hymns by heart; attended what is called "divine service;" agreed with a New Hampshire divine "in all the doctrines of a Christian life;" and, in the "Girard case," praised the popular theology, with the ministers thereof,—the latter as "appointed by the Author of the Christian religion himself."

He seems by nature to have had a religious turn of mind; was full of devout and reverential feelings; took a deep delight in religious emotions; was fond of religious books of a sentimental cast; loved Watts's tender and delicious hymns, with the devotional parts of the Bible; his memory was stored with the poetry of hymn-books; he was fond of attendance at meeting. He had no particle of religious bigotry; joining an Orthodox Church at Boscawen, an Episcopal at Washington, a Unitarian at Boston, and attending religious services without much regard for the theology of the minister. He loved religious forms, and could not see a child baptized without dropping a tear. Psalms and hymns also brought the woman into those great eyes. He was never known to swear, or use any profanity of speech.* Considering the habits of his political company, that is a fact worth notice. But I do not find that his religious emotions had any influence on his latter life, either public or private. He read religion out of politics with haughty scorn—"It makes men mad!" It appeared neither to check him from ill, nor urge to good. Though he said he loved "to have religion made a personal matter," he forsook the church which made it personal in the form of temperance.

too, were fond of him, came to him as dust of iron to a loadstone, climbed on his back, or, when he lay down, lay on his limbs and also slept.

Of unimpassioned and unrelated love, there are two modes,—friendship for a few; philanthropy for all. Friendship he surely had, especially in earlier life. All along the shore, men loved him; men in Boston loved him to the last; Washington held loving hearts which worshipped him. But, of late years, he turned round to smite and crush his early friends who kept the Higher Law; ambition tore the friendship out of him, and he became unkind and cruel. The companions of his later years were chiefly low men, with large animal appetites, servants of his body's baser parts, or tide-waiters of his ambition,—vulgar men in Boston and New York, who lurk in the habitations of cruelty, whereof the dark places of the earth are full, seeking to enslave their brother-men. These barnacles clove to the great man's unprotected parts, and hastened his decay. When kidnappers made their loathsome lair of his bosom, what was his friendship worth?

Of philanthropy, I claim not much for him. The noble plea for Greece is the most I can put in for argument. He cared little for the poor; charity seldom invaded his open purse; he trod down the poorest and most friendless of perishing men. His name was never connected with the humanities of the age. Soon as the American Government seemed fixed on the side of cruelty, he marched all his dreadful artillery over, and levelled his breaching cannons against men ready to perish without his shot. In later years, his face was the visage of a tyrant.

III. Of conscience it seemed to me he had little; in his later life, exceeding little: his moral sense seemed long besotted; almost, though not wholly, gone. Hence, though he was often generous, he was seldom just. Free to give as to grasp, he was lavish by instinct, not charitable on principle.

He had little courage, and rarely spoke a Northern word to a Southern audience, save his official words in Congress. In Charleston he was the "school-master that gives us no lessons." He quailed before the Southern men who would "dissolve the Union," when he stood before their eyes. They were "high-minded and chivalrous;" it

was only the non-resistants of the North he meant to ban!

He was indeed eminently selfish, joining the instinctive egotism of passion with the self-conscious, voluntary, deliberate, calculating egotism of ambition. He borrowed money of rich young men—ay, and of poor ones—in the generosity of their youth, and never repaid. He sought to make his colleagues in office the tools of his ambition, and that failing, pursued them with the intensest hate. Thus he sought to ruin the venerable John Quincy Adams, when the President became a Representative. By secret hands he scattered circulars in Mr Adams's district to work his overthrow; got other men to oppose him. With different men he succeeded better. He used his party as he used his friends,—for tools. He coquetted with the Democrats in '42, with the Free-soilers in '48; but, the suit miscarrying, turned to the Slave Power in '50, and negotiated an espousal which was cruelly broken off in '52. Men, parties, the law,* and the nation, he did not hesitate to sacrifice to the colossal selfishness of his egotistic ambition.

His strength lay not in the religious, nor in the affectional, nor in the moral part of man.

IV. But his intellect was immense. His power of com-

creative of new forms of thought or of beauty ; so he lacks the poetic charm which gladdens in the loftiest eloquence.

But his understanding was exceedingly great. He acquired readily and retained well ; arranged with ease and skill, and fluently reproduced. As a scholar, he passed for learned in the American Senate, where scholars are few ; for a universal man, with editors of political and commercial prints. But his learning was narrow in its range, and not very nice in its accuracy. His reach in history and literature was very small for a man seventy years of age, always associating with able men. To science he seems to have paid scarce any attention at all. It is a short radius that measures the arc of his historic realm. A few Latin authors, whom he loved to quote, made up his meagre classic store. He was not a scholar, and it is idle to claim great or careful scholarship for him. Compare him with the prominent statesmen of Europe, or with the popular orators of England, you see continually the narrow range of his culture.

As a statesman, his lack of what I call the higher reason and imagination continually appears. He invented nothing. To the national stock he added no new idea, created out of new thought : no new maxim, formed by induction out of human history and old thought. The great ideas of the time were not borne in his bosom.

He organized nothing. There were great ideas of immense practical value seeking lodgement in a body : he aided them not. None of the great measures of our time were his—not one of them. His best bill was the Specie Bill of 1815, which caused payments to be made in national currency.

His lack of conscience is painfully evident. As Secretary of State, he did not administer eminently well. When Secretary of State under Mr Tyler, he knew how to be unjust to poor, maltreated Mexico. His letters in reply to the just complaints of Mr Bocanegra, the Mexican Secretary of State, are painful to read : it is the old story of the Wolf and the Lamb.*

The appointments made under his administration had

* See these letters—to Mr Thompson, Works, vol. vi. p. 445, *et seq.*, and those of Mr Bocanegra to Mr Webster, p. 442, *et seq.*, 457, *et seq.* How different is the tone of America to powerful England ! Whom men wrong they hate.

better not be looked at too closely. The affairs of Cuba last year and this, the affairs of the Fisheries and the Lobos Islands, are little to his credit.

He was sometimes ignorant of the affairs he had to treat; he neglected the public business,—left grave matters all unattended to. Nay, he did worse. Early in August last, Mr Lawrence had an interview with the British Foreign Secretary, in which explanations were made calculated to remove all anxiety as to the Fishery question. He wrote a paper detailing the result of the interview. It was designed to be communicated to the American Senate. Mr Lawrence sent it to Mr Webster. It reached the Department at Washington on the 24th of August. But Mr Webster did not communicate it to the Senate; even the President knew nothing of its existence till after the Secretary's death. Now, it is not "compatible with the public interest to publish it," as its production would reveal the negligence of the Department.* You remember the letter he published on his own account relating to the Fisheries!† No man, it was said, could get office under his administration, "unless bathed in negro's blood :" support of the Fugitive Slave Bill, "like the path of righteous devotion, led to a blessed preferment."

Now, religion is the only ground of government, and all conscience is to be respected ; next, there is no law higher than the "Omnibus," and he hoots at conscience, and would not re-enact the Law of God.

He began his career as the friend of free trade and hard money; he would restrict the government to the straight line of the Constitution rigidly defined; he would resist the Bank, the protective tariff, the extension of slavery, they exceeded the limits of the Constitution : he became the pensioned advocate of restricted trade and of paper-money ; he interpreted the Constitution to oppress the several States and the citizens ; brought the force of the government against private right, and lent all his might to the extension of slavery. Once he stood out boldly for the right of all men "to canvass public measures and the merits of public men ;" then he tells us that discussion "must be suppressed" ! Several years ago, he called a private meeting of the principal manufacturers of Boston, and advised them to abandon the protective tariff ; but they would not, and so he defended it as warmly as ever ! His course was crooked as the Missouri. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel were, like him, without a philosophical scheme of political conduct, or any great ideas whereby to shape the future into fairer forms ; but the principle of duty was the thread which joined all parts of their public ministration. Thereon each strung his victories. But selfish egotism is the only continuous thread I find thus running through the crooked life of the famous American.

With such a lack of ideas and of honesty, with a dread of taking the responsibility in advance of public opinion, lacking confidence in the people, and confidence in himself, he did not readily understand the public opinion on which he depended. He thought himself "a favourite with the people,"—"sure of election if nominated ;" it was "only the politicians" who stood between him and the nation. He thought the Fugitive Slave Bill would be popular in the North ; that it could be executed in Syracuse ; and Massachusetts would conquer her prejudices with alacrity !

He had little value as a permanent guide : he changed often, but at the unlucky moment. He tacked and wore ship many a time in his life, always in bad weather, and

never came round but he fell off from the popular wind. Perseverance makes the saints : he always forsook his idea just as that was about to make its fortune. In his voyaging for the Presidency, he was always too late for the tide ; embarked on the ebb, and was left as the stream run dry. The Fugitive Slave Bill has done the South no good, save to reveal the secrets of her prison-house, the Cabin of Uncle Tom, and make the North hate slavery with a tenfold hate. So far has he "Websterized" the Whig party, he has done so to its ruin.

He was a great advocate, a great orator ; it is said, the greatest in the land,—and I do not doubt that this was true. Surely he was immensely great. When he spoke, he was a grand spectacle. His noble form, so dignified and masculine ; his massive head ; the mighty brow, Olympian in its majesty ; the great, deep, dark eye, which, like a lion's, seemed fixed on objects afar off, looking beyond what lay in easy range ; the mouth so full of strength and determination,—these all became the instruments of such eloquence as few men ever hear. He magnetized men by his presence ; he subdued them by his will more than by his argument. Many have surpassed him in written words ; for he could not embody the sunshine in such

tains : he was a Niagara, pouring a world of clear waters adown a single ledge.

His style was simple, the business-style of a strong man. Now and then it swelled into beauty, though it was often dull. In later years, he seldom touched the conscience, the affections, or the soul, except, alas ! to smite our sense of justice, our philanthropy, and trust in God. He always addressed the understanding, not the reason,—Calhoun did that the more,—not the imagination : in his speech there was little wit, little beauty, little poetry. He laid seige to the understanding. Here lay his strength—he could make a statement better than any man in America ; had immense power of argumentation, building a causeway from his will to the hearer's mind. He was skilful in devising “middle terms,” in making steps whereby to lead the audience to his determination. No man managed the elements of his argument with more practical effect.

Perhaps he did this better when contending for a wrong, than when battling for the right. His most ingenious arguments are pleas for injustice.* Part of the effect came from the physical bulk of the man ; part from the bulk of will, which marked all his speech, and writing too ; but much from his power of statement. He gathered a great mass of material, bound it together, swung it about his head, fixed his eye on the mark, then let the ruin fly. If you want a word suddenly shot from Dover to Calais, you send it by lightning ; if a ball of a ton weight, you get a steam-cannon to pitch it across. Webster was the steam-gun of eloquence. He hit the mark less by skill than strength. His shot seemed big as his target.†

There is a great difference in the weapons which speakers use. This orator brings down his quarry with a single subtle shot, of sixty to the pound. He carries death without weight in his gun, as sure as fate.

Here is another, the tin-pedlar of American speech. He

* See examples of this in the Creole letter, and that to Mr Thompson (Works, vol. vi.), and in many a speech ;—especially in defence of the Fugitive Slave Bill and Kidnapping.

†

“ Tu quoque, Piso,
Judicis affectum, possessaque pectora ducis
Victor; sponte sua sequitur, quoctunque vocasti:
Et te dante capit judex, quam non habet iram.”
Pseudo Lucanus ad Caipurnium Pisonem, Poemationum, v. 44, et seq.

is a snake in the grass, slippery, shining, with a baleful crest on his head, cunning in his crazy eye, and the poison of the old serpent in his heart, and on his slimy jaw, and about the fang at the bottom of his smooth and forked and nimble tongue. He conquers by bewitching ; he fascinates his game to death.

Commonly, Mr Webster was open and honest in his oratory. He had no masked batteries, no Quaker guns. He had "that rapid and vehement declamation which fixes the hearer's attention on the subject, making the speaker forgotten, and leaving his art concealed." He wheeled his forces into line, column after column, with the quickness of Hannibal and the masterly arrangement of Cæsar, and, like Napoleon, broke the centre of his opponent's line by the superior weight of his own column and the sudden heaviness of his fire. Thus he laid siege to the understanding, and carried it by dint of cannonade. This was his strategy, in the court house, in the senate, and in the public hall. There were no ambuscades, no pitfalls, or treacherous Indian subtlety. It was the tactics of a great and naturally honest-minded man.

In his oratory there was but one trick,—that of self-depreciation. This came on him in his later years, and it

through good or ill ; nor the mighty reason, which, reflecting, beholds the principles of human nature, the constant mode of operation of the forces of God in the forms of men ; nor the poetic imagination, which in its political sphere creates great schemes of law : and hence he was not popular.

He longed for the Presidency ; but Harrison kept him from the nomination in '40, Clay in '44, Taylor in '48, and Scott in '52. He never had a wide and original influence in the politics of the nation ; for he had no elemental thunder of his own—the Tariff was Mr Calhoun's at first ; the Force Bill was from another hand ; the Fugitive Slave Bill was Mr Mason's ; "the Omnibus" had many fathers, whereof Webster was not one. He was not a blood-relation to any of the great measures,—to free-trade or protection, to paper-money or hard coin, to freedom or slavery ; he was of their kindred only by adoption. He has been on all sides of most questions, save on the winning side.

In the case of the Fugitive Slave Bill, he stood betwixt the living and the dead, and blessed the plague. But, even here, he faltered when he came North again,—“The South will get no concessions from me.” Mr Webster commended the first draught of the Fugitive Slave Bill, with Mr Mason's amendments thereto, volunteering his support thereof “to the fullest extent.” But he afterwards and repeatedly declared, “The Fugitive Slave Bill was not such a measure as I had prepared before I left the Senate, and which I should have supported if I had remained in the Senate.”* “I was of opinion,” he said, “that a summary trial by jury might be had, which would satisfy the prejudices of the people, and produce no harm to those who claimed the services of fugitives.”† Nay, he went so far as to introduce a bill to the Senate providing a trial by jury for all fugitives claiming a trial for their freedom.‡ He thought the whole business of delivering up such as owed service or labour, belonged to the State whither the fugitive fled, and not to the general government.§ Of course he must have considered it constitu-

* Mr Webster's letter to the Union Committee. Works, vol. vi. p. 578 ; *et al.*

† Speech at Buffalo (New York, 1851), p. 17.

‡ See it in Works, vol. v. p. 373, 374.

§ *Ibid.* p. 354. But yet he affirmed the constitutionality of the Fugitive

tional and expedient to secure for the fugitive a trial before an impartial jury of "twelve good and lawful men," who should pass upon the whole matter at issue. But, with that conviction, and with that bill ready drafted, he says, in his desk, he could volunteer his support to one which took away from the States all jurisdiction in the matter, and from the fugitive all "due process of law," all trial by jury, and left him in the hands of a creature of the court, who was to be paid twice as much for enslaving his victim as for acquitting a man!*

He had almost no self-reliant independence of character. It was his surroundings, not his will, that shaped his course,—“driven by the wind and tossed.”

Mr Webster's political career began with generous promise. He contended for the rights of the people against the government, of the minority against the majority; he defended the right of each man to discuss all public measures and the conduct of public men; he wished commerce to be unrestricted, payments to be made in hard coin. He spoke noble words against oppression,—the despotism of the “Holy Alliance” in Europe, the cruelty of the Slave-trade in America. Generously and nobly he contended against the extension

trust in him,—admiration, but not confidence. In Massachusetts, off the pavements, for the last three years, he has had but little power. After the speech of March 7th, he said, “I WILL be maintained in Massachusetts.” Massachusetts said No ! Only in the cities that bought him was he omnipotent. Even the South would not trust him. Gen. Jackson was the most popular man of our time ; Calhoun was a favourite throughout the South ; Clay, in all quarters of the land ; and, at this day, Seward wields the forces of the Whigs. With all his talent, Webster never had the influence on America of the least of these.

Yet Daniel Webster had many popular qualities. He loved out-door and manly sports,—boating, fishing, fowling. He was fond of nature, loving New Hampshire’s mountain scenery. He had started small and poor, had risen great and high, and honourably had fought his way alone. He rose early in the morning. He loved gardening, “the purest of human pleasures.” He was a farmer, and took a countryman’s delight in country things,—in loads of hay, in trees, in turnips, and the noble Indian corn, in monstrous swine. He had a patriarch’s love of sheep,—choice breeds thereof he had. He took delight in cows,—short-horned Durhams, Herefords, Ayrshires, Alderneys. He tilled paternal acres with his own oxen. He loved to give the kine fodder. It was pleasant to hear his talk of oxen. And but three days before he left the earth ; too ill to visit them, his cattle, lowing, came to see their sick lord ; and, as he stood in his door, his great oxen were driven up, that he might smell their healthy breath, and look his last on those broad, generous faces, that were never false to him.

He loved birds, and would not have them shot on his premises ; and so his farm twittered all over with their “sweet jargonings.” Though in public his dress was more uniformly new than is common with acknowledged gentlemen, at home and on his estate he wore his old and homely clothes, and had kind words for all, and hospitality besides. He loved his father and brother with great tenderness, which easily broke into tears when he spoke of them. He was kind to his obscurer and poor relations. He had no money to bestow ; they could not share his in-

tellect, or the renown it brought. But he gave them his affection, and they loved him with veneration. He was a friendly man: all along the shore there were plain men that loved him,—whom he also loved. He was called “a good neighbour, a good townsman :”—

“Lofty and sour to those that loved him not;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.”

His influence on the development of America has not been great. He had large gifts, large opportunities also for their use,—the two greatest things which great men ask. Yet he has brought little to pass. No great ideas, no great organizations, will bind him to the coming age. His life has been a long vacillation. Ere long, men will ask for the historic proof to verify the reputation of his power. It will not appear. For the present, his career is a failure: he was balked of his aim. How will it be for the future? Posterity will vainly ask for proof of his intellectual power to invent, to organize, to administer. The historian must write that he aimed to increase the executive power, the central government, and to weaken the local power of the States; that he preferred the Federal authority to State rights, the judiciary to the legislature, the government to the people, the claims of money to the rights of man. Calhoun will stand as the representative of State rights and free trade; Clay, of the American system of protection; Benton, of payment in sound coin; some other, of the revenue tariff. And in the greatest question of the age, the question of Human Rights, as champions of mankind, there will appear Adams, Giddings, Chase, Palfrey, Mann, Hale, Seward, Rantoul, and Sumner; yes, one other name, which on the historian’s page will shade all these,—the name of GARRISON. Men will recount the words of Webster at Plymouth Rock, at Bunker Hill, at Faneuil Hall, at Niblo’s Garden; they will also recollect that he declared “protection of property” to be the great domestic object of government; that he said, “Liberty first and Union afterwards was delusion and folly;” that he called on Massachusetts to conquer her “prejudices” in favour of unalienable rights, and with alacrity give up a man to be a slave; turned all the North into a hunting-field for the blood-hound; that he made the negation of God the first principle of government;

that our New-England elephant turned round, tore Freedom's standard down, and trod her armies under foot. They will see that he did not settle the greatest questions by justice and the Law of God. His parallel lines of power are indeed long lines,—a nation reads his word: they are not far apart, you cannot get many centuries between; for there are no great ideas of right, no mighty acts of love, to keep them wide.

There are brave words which Mr Webster has spoken that will last while English is a speech; yea, will journey with the Anglo-Saxon race, and one day be classic in either hemisphere, in every zone. But what will posterity say of his efforts to chain the fugitive, to extend the area of human bondage; of his haughty scorn of any law higher than what trading politicians enact in the Capitol? "There is a law above all the enactments of human codes, the same throughout the world, the same in all time;" "it is the law written by the finger of God upon the heart of man; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they will reject with indignation the wild and guilty fantasy that man can hold property in man."*

Calhoun, Clay, Webster,—they were all able men,—long in politics, all ambitious, grasping at the Presidency, all failing of what they sought. All three called themselves "Democrats," taking their stand on the unalienable rights of man. But all three conjoined to keep every eighth man in the nation a chattel slave; all three at last united in deadly war against the unalienable rights of men whom swarthy mothers bore. O democratic America!

Was Mr Webster's private life good? There are many depraved things done without depravity of heart. I am here to chronicle, and not invent. I cannot praise a man for virtues which he did not have. This day such praise sounds empty and impertinent as the chattering of a caged canary amid the sadness of a funeral prayer. Spite of womanly tenderness, it is not for me to renounce my manhood and my God. I shall—

"Naught extenuate and nothing add,
Nor set down aught in malice."

* Lord Brougham's speech on Negro Slavery, in the House of Commons, July 13, 1830.

Before he left New Hampshire, I find no stain upon his conduct there, save recklessness of expense. But in Boston, when he removed here, there were men in vogue, in some respects, perhaps, worse than any since as conspicuous—open debauchees. He fell in with them, and became over-fond of animal delights, of the joys of the body's base parts; fond of sensual luxury, the victim of low appetites. He loved power, loved pleasure, loved wine. Let me turn off my face, and say no more of this sad theme: others were as bad as he.*

He was intensely proud. Careless of money, he was often in trouble on its account. He contracted debts, and did not settle; borrowed of rich and poor, and young and old, and rendered not again. Private money often clung to his hands; yet in his nature there was no taint of avarice. He lavished money on luxuries, while his washer-woman was left unpaid. Few Americans have squandered so much as he. Rapacious to get, he was prodigal of his own. I wish the charges brought against his public administration may be disproved, whereof the stain rests on him to this day. When he entered on a lawyer's life, Mr. Gore advised him, "Whatever bread you eat, let it be the bread of independence!" Oh that the great mind could

shire. The next gift was twenty thousand, it is said. Then the sums increased. What great "gifts" have been privately raised for him by contributions, subscriptions, donations, and the like! Is it honest to buy up a man? honest for a man to sell himself? Is it just for a judge who administers the law to take a secret bribe of a party at his court? Is it just for a party to offer such gifts? Answer Lord Bacon who tried it; answer Thomas More who tried it not. It is worst for a maker of laws to be bought and sold. New-England men, I hope not meaning wrong, bought the great Senator in '27, and long held him in their pay. They gave him all his services were worth,—gave more. His commercial and financial policy has been the bane of New-England and the North. In 1850 the South bought him, but never paid !*

A Senator of the United States, he was pensioned by the capitalists of Boston. Their "gifts" in his hand, how could he dare be just! His later speeches smell of bribes. Could not Francis Bacon warn him, nor either Adams guide? Three or four hundred years ago Thomas More, when "Under Sheriff of London," would not accept a pension from the king, lest it might swerve him from his duty to the town; when Chancellor, he would not accept five thousand pounds which the English clergy publicly offered him, for public service done as Chancellor. But Webster in private took—how much I cannot tell! Considering all things, his buyers' wealth and his un-thriftiness, it was as dishonourable in them to bribe as in him to take their gift!

To gain his point, alas! he sometimes treated facts, law, constitution, morality, and religion, as an advocate treats matters at the bar. Was he certain South Carolina had no constitutional right to nullify? I make no doubt he felt so; but in his language he is just as strong when he declares the Fugitive Slave Bill is perfectly constitutional; that slavery cannot be in California and New

* " Sed lateri nullus comitem circumdare querit,
Quem dat purus amor, sed quem tulit impia merces,
Nec quisquam vero pretium largitur amico,
Quem regat ex aequo, vicibusque regatur ab illo :
Sed miserum parva stipe monerat, ut pudibundos
Exercere sales inter consilia possit."

Pseudo Lucanus, ubi sup., 100, et seq.

Mexico ; just as confident in his dreadful mock at conscience, and the dear God's unchanging Law. He heeded not "the delegated voice of God" which speaks in the conscience of the faithful man.

No living man has done so much to debauch the conscience of the nation ; to debauch the press, the pulpit, the forum, and the bar ! There is no Higher Law, quoth he ; and how much of the pulpit, the press, the forum, and the bar, denies its God ! Read the journals of the last week for proof of what I say ; and read our history since March of '50. He poisoned the moral wells of society with his lower law, and men's consciences died of the murrain of beasts, which came because they drank thereat.

In an age which prizes money as the greatest good and counts the understanding as the highest human faculty, the man who is to lead and bless the world must indeed be great in intellect, but also great in conscience, greater in affection, and greatest of all things in his soul. In his later years, Webster was intellect, and little more. If he did not regard the eternal Right, how could he guide a nation to what is useful for to-day ? If he scorned the Law of God, how could he bless the world of men ? It was by this fault he fell. "Those who murdered Banquo, what did they win by it ? "

—“A barren sceptre in their gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of theirs succeeding.”

He knew the cause of his defeat, and in the last weeks of his life confessed that he was deceived ; that, before his fatal speech, he had assurance from the North and South, that, if he supported slavery, it would lead him into place and power ; but now he saw the mistake, and that a few of the "fanatics" had more influence in America than he and all the South ! He sinned against his own conscience, and so he fell !

He made him wings of slavery to gain a lofty eminence. Those wings unfeathered in his flight. For one and thirty months he fell, until at last he reached the tomb. There, on the sullen shore, a mighty wreck, great Webster lies.

“Is this the man in Freedom's cause approved,
The man so great, so honoured, so beloved ?

Where is the heartfelt worth and weight of soul,
 Which labour could not stoop, nor fear control ?
 Where the known dignity, the stamp of awe,
 Which, half-abashed, the proud and venal saw ?
 Where the calm triumphs of an honest cause ?—
 Where the delightful taste of just applause ?
 Oh, lost alike to action and repose,
 Unwept, unpitied in the worst of woes ;
 With all that conscious, undissembled pride,
 Sold to the insults of a foe defied ;
 With all that habit of familiar fame,
 Doomed to exhaust the dregs of life in shame !”

Oh, what a warning was his fall !

“To dash corruption in her proud career,
 And teach her slaves that vice was born to fear.”

“Oh dumb be passion's stormy rage,
 When he who might
 Have lighted up and led his age
 Falls back in night.”

Had he been faithful to his own best words, so oft repeated, how he would have stood ! How different would have been the aspect of the North and the South ; of the press, the pulpit, the forum, and the court !

Had he died after the treaty of 1842, how different would have been his fame !

Since the Revolution no American has had so noble an opportunity as Mr Webster to speak a word for the advancement of mankind. There was a great occasion : slavery was clamorous for new power, new territory ; was invading the State Rights of the North. Earnest men in the North, getting aroused and hostile to slavery, were looking round for some able man to take the political guidance of the anti-slavery feeling, to check the great national crime, and help end it ; they were asking—

“Who is the honest man,—
 He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
 To God, his neighbour, and himself, most true ;
 Whom neither fear nor fawning can
 Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due ? ”

Some circumstances seemed to point to Mr Webster as the man ; his immense oratorical abilities, his long acquaintance with public affairs, his conspicuous position, his noble words in behalf of freedom, beginning with his

college days and extending over many a year,—all these were powerful arguments in his behalf. The people had always been indulgent to his faults, allowing him a wide margin of public and private oscillation; the North was ready to sustain him in all generous efforts for the unalienable rights of man. But he threw away the great moment of his life, used all his abilities to destroy those rights of man, and builded the materials of honourable fame into a monument of infamy for the warning of mankind. Declaring that “the protection of property” was “the great object of government,” he sought to unite the money power of the North and the slave power of the South into one great instrument to stifle discussion, and withstand religion, and the Higher Law of God.

Had he lived and laboured for freedom as for slavery,—nay, with half the diligence and half the power,—to-morrow all the North would rise to make him their President, and put on that Olympian brow the wreath of honour from a people’s hand. Then he would have left a name like Adams, Jefferson, and Washington; and the tears of every good man would have dropped upon his tomb! Had he served his God with half the zeal that he served the South, He would not, in his age, have left him naked to his enemies! If Mr Webster had cultivated the moral, the affectional, the religious part of his nature with the same diligence he nursed his power of speech, what a man there would have been! With his great ability as an advocate, with his eloquence, his magnetic power, in his position,—a Senator for twenty years,—if he could have attained the justice, the philanthropy, the religion of Channing or of Follen, or of many a modest woman in all the Christian sects, what a noble spectacle should we have seen! Then the nation would long since have made him President, and he also would have revolutionized men’s ideas of political greatness; “the bigot would have ceased to persecute, the despot to vex, the desolate poor to suffer, the slave to groan and tremble, the ignorant to commit crimes, and the ill-contrived law to engender criminality.”

But he did not fall all at once. No man ever does. Apostasy is not a sudden sin. Little by little he came to the ground. Long leaning, he leaned over and fell down. This was his great error—he sold himself to the money

power to do service against mankind. The form of service became continually worse. Was he conscious of this corruption?—at first? But shall he bear the blame alone? Oh, no! Part of it belongs to this city, which corrupted him, tempted him with a price, bought him with its gold! Daniel Webster had not thrift. “Poor Richard” was no saint of his. He loved luxury, and was careless of wealth. Boston caught him by the purse; by that she led him to his mortal doom. With her much fair speech she caused him to yield; with the flattery of her lips she deceived him. Boston was the Delilah that allured him; but oft he broke the withes of gold, until at last, with a pension, she shore off the seven locks of his head, his strength went from him, and the Philistines took him and put out his eyes, brought him down to Washington, and bound him with fetters of brass. And he did grind in their prison-house; and they said, “Our god, which is slavery, hath delivered into our hands our enemy, the destroyer of our institutions, who slew many of us.” Then, having used him for their need, they thrust the man away, deceived and broken-hearted!

No man can resist infinite temptation. There came a peril greater than he could bear. Condemn the sin—pity the offending man. The tone of political morality is pitifully low. It lowered him, and then he debased the morals of politics.

Part of the blame belongs to the New-England church, which honours “devoutness,” and sneers at every noble, manly life, calling men saints who only pray, all careless of the dead men’s bones which glut the whitened sepulchre. The churches of New-England were waiting to proclaim slavery, and renounce the law of God. The disgrace is not his alone. But we must blame Mr Webster as we blame few men. Society takes swift vengeance on the petty thief, the small swindler, and rogues in rags: the gallows kills the murderer, while for men in high office, with great abilities, who enact iniquity into law; who enslave thousands, and sow a continent with thraldom, to bear want and shame and misery and sin; who teach as political ethics the theory of crime,—for them there is often no earthly outward punishment, save the indignation with which mankind scourges the memory of the op-

pressor. From the judgment of men, the appeal lies to the judgment of God : He only knows who sins, and how much. How much Mr Webster is to be pitied, we know right well.

Had he been a clergyman, as once he wished, he might have passed through life with none of the outward blemishes which now deform his memory ; famed for his gifts and graces too, for eloquence, and "soundness in the faith," "his praise in all the churches." Had he been a politician in a better age,—when it is not thought just for capitalists to buy up statesmen in secret, for politicians clandestinely to sell their services for private gold, or for clergymen, in the name of God, to sanctify all popular crimes,—he might have lifted up that noble voice continually for Truth and Right. Who could not in such a time ? The straw blows with the wind. But, alas ! he was not firm enough for his place ; too weak in conscience to be the champion of Justice while she needs a champion. Let us be just against the wrong he wrought, charitable to the man who wrought the wrong. Conscience compels our formidable blame ; the affections weep their pity too.

Like Bacon, whom Mr Webster resembles in many things, save industry and the philosophic mind, he had "no moral courage, no power of self-sacrifice or self-denial ;" with strong passions, with love of luxury in all its forms, with much pride, great fondness of applause, and the intensest love of power ; coming to Boston poor, a lawyer, without thrift, embarking in politics with such companions for his private and his public life, with such public opinion in the State,—that honesty is to serve the present purposes of your party, or the wealthy men who control it ; in the Church,—that religion consists in belief without evidence, in ritual sacraments, in verbal prayer,—is it wonderful that this great intellect went astray ? See how corrupt the churches are,—the leading clergy of America are the anointed defenders of man-stealing ; see how corrupt is the State, betraying the red men, enslaving the black, pillaging Mexico ; see how corrupt is trade, which rules the State and Church, dealing in men. Connecticut makes whips for the negro-driver. New Hampshire rears the negro-drivers themselves. Ships of Maine

and Rhode-Island are in the domestic slave-trade. The millionnaires of Massachusetts own men in Virginia, Alabama, Missouri! The leading men in trade, in Church and State, think Justice is not much more needed in a statesman than it is needed in an ox, or in the steel which shoes his hoof! Remember these things, and pity Daniel Webster, ambitious, passionate, unthrifty; and see the circumstances which weighed him down. We judge the deeds: God only can judge the man. If you and I have not met the temptation which can overmaster us, let us have mercy on such as come bleeding from that battle.

His calling as a lawyer was somewhat dangerous, leading him "to make the worse appear the better reason;" to seek "not verity, but verisimilitude;" to look at the expedient end, not to inquire if his means be also just; to look too much at measures, not enough at principles. Yet his own brother Ezekiel went safely through that peril, —no smell of that fire on his garment.

His intercourse with politicians was full of moral peril. How few touch politics, and are thenceforward clean!

Boston now mourns for him! She is too late in her weeping. She should have wept her warning when her capitalists filled his right hand with bribes. She ought to have put on sackcloth when the speech of March 7th first came here. She should have hung her flags at half-mast when the Fugitive Slave Bill became a law; then she only fired cannons, and thanked her representative. Webster fell prostrate, but was Boston more innocent than he? Remember the nine hundred and eighty-seven men that thanked him for the speech which touched their "conscience," and pointed out the path of "duty"! It was she that ruined him.

She bribed him in 1827, and often since. He regarded the sums thus paid as a retaining fee, and at the last maintained that the Boston manufacturers were still in his debt; for the services he had rendered them by defending the tariff in his place as Senator were to them worth more than all the money he received! Could a man be honest in such a position? Alas that the great orator had not the conscience to remember at first that man shall not live by bread alone!

What a sad life was his ! His wife died,—a loving woman, beautiful, and tenderly beloved ! Of several children, all save one have gone before him to the tomb. Sad man, he lived to build his children's monument ! Do you remember the melancholy spectacle in the street, when Major Webster, a victim of the Mexican war, was by his father laid down in yonder tomb ?—a daughter, too, but recently laid low ! How poor seemed then the ghastly pageant in the street, empty and hollow as the muffled drum !

What a sad face he wore,—furrowed by passion, by ambition, that noble brow scarred all over with the records of a hard, sad life. Look at the prints and pictures of him in the street. I do not wonder his early friends abhor the sight. It is a face of sorrows,—private, public, secret woes. But there are pictures of that face in earlier years, full of power, but full of tenderness ; the mouth feminine, and innocent as a girl's. What a life of passion, of dark sorrow, rolled betwixt the two ! In that ambition-stricken face his mother would not have known her child !

For years, to me, he has seemed like one of the tragic heroes of the Grecian tale, pursued by fate ; and latterly, the saddest sight in all the Western World,—widowed of

as I have a tongue to teach, a heart to feel, you shall never be disowned. I must be just. I shall be tender too!

It was partly by Boston's sin that the great man fell! I pity his victims; you pity them too. But I pity him more, oh, far more! Pity the oppressed, will you? Will you not also pity the oppressor in his sin? Look there! See that face, so manly strong, so maiden meek! Hear that voice! "Neither do I condemn thee! Go, and sin no more!" Listen to the last words of the Crucified: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

The last time he was in Faneuil Hall,—it was "Faneuil Hall open;" once it had been shut;—it was last May—the sick old man—you remember the feeble look and the sad face, the tremulous voice. He came to solicit the vote of the Methodists,—a vain errand. I felt then that it was his last time, and forbore to look upon that saddened countenance.

The last time he was in the Senate, it was to hear his successor speak. He stayed an hour, and heard Charles Sumner demonstrate that the Fugitive Slave Bill was not good religion, nor good Constitution, nor good law. The old and the new stood face to face,—the Fugitive Slave Bill and Justice. What an hour! What a sight! What thoughts ran through the great man's mind, mingled with what regrets! For slavery never set well on him. It was a Nessus' shirt on our Hercules, and the poison of his own arrows rankled now in his own bones. Had Mr Webster been true to his history, true to his heart, true to his intention and his promises, he would himself have occupied that ground two years before. Then there would have been no Fugitive Slave Bill, no chain round the Court House, no man-stealing in Boston; but the "Defender of the Constitution," become the "Defender of the unalienable rights of man," would have been the President of the United States! But he had not the courage to deliver the speech he made. No man can serve two masters,—Justice and Ambition. The mill of God grinds slow but dreadful fine!

He came home to Boston, and went down to Marshfield to die. An old man, broken with the storms of State, went home—to die! His neighbours came to ease the fall, to look upon the disappointment, and give him

what cheer they could. To him to die was gain ; life was the only loss. Yet he did not wish to die : he surrendered,—he did not yield.

At the last end, his friends were about him ; his dear ones—his wife, his son (the last of six children he had loved). Name by name he bade them all farewell, and all his friends, man by man. Two coloured servants of his were there,—whom, it is said, he had helped purchase out of slavery, and bless with freedom's life. They watched over the bedside of the dying man. The kindly doctor sought to sweeten the bitterness of death with medicated skill ; and, when that failed, he gave the great man a little manna which fell down from heaven three thousand years ago, and shepherd David gathered up and kept it in a psalm : “The Lord is my Shepherd : though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.”

And the great man faltered out his last words, “That is what I want—thy rod, thy rod ; thy staff, thy staff.” That heart had never wholly renounced its God. Oh, no ! it had scoffed at His “Higher Law ;” but, in the heart of hearts, there was religious feeling still !

Just four years after his great speech, on the 24th of

the swine do eat, and no man gave to him. Sad and tearful, let her remember the force of circumstances, and dark temptation's secret power. Let her remember that while we know what he yielded to, and what is sin, God knows what also is resisted, and HE alone knows who the sinner is. Massachusetts, the dear old mother of us all ! let her warn her children to fling away ambition, and let her charge them, every one, that there is a God who must indeed be worshipped, and a Higher Law which must be kept, though Gold and Union fail. Then let her say to them, " Ye have dwelt long enough in this mountain ; turn ye, and take your journey into the land of FREEDOM, which the Lord your God giveth you ! "

Then let her lift her eyes to Heaven, and pray :—

"Sweet Mercy ! to the gates of heaven
This statesman lead, his sins forgiven ;
The rueful conflict, the heart riven
With vain endeavour,
And memory of earth's bitter leaven,
Effaced for ever !"

But

—“ why to him confine the prayer,
While kindred thoughts and yearnings bear,
On the frail heart, the purest share
With all that live ?
The best of what we do and are,
Great God, forgive ! ”

BUCKLE'S HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION.

History of Civilization in England. By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. Vol. I. London : 1857. 8vo. pp. xxiv, 854.

THIS is the most important work, in its line, from a British hand, which the world has seen for many a year. The theme is one of the greatest in the world. The author has treated it better, with more learning and profound comprehension, than any of his English predecessors.

Who is Mr Buckle? We know not. The name is new; this is his first work, as he thus tells us: "To my mother I dedicate this, the first volume of my first work,"—a pious and appropriate dedication, which promises other things to come.

No Englishman has written a more elaborate book in this century. It is learned also, though not so comprehensive in its erudition as we might wish. The list of "authors quoted" occupies fifteen pages, and comprises about six hundred titles and perhaps three thousand volumes. Half as many more are referred to in the copious and well-studied notes, which enrich the volume. Notwithstanding the imposing array which this catalogue presents at the first glance, its deficiencies, in a writer who thinks so meanly of the labours of his predecessors, are more remarkable than its seeming completeness. Not to speak of ancient writers, of whom only three are referred to, no mention is made of Grotius, Prideaux, Vico, Creuzer, Du Cange, Duchesne, Malte-brun, Becker, W. v. Humboldt, Wachler, Hegel (*Phil. d. Gesch.*), Müller (J. v. and C. O.), Fichte (*Grunds. d. gegenw. Zeitalt.*), Schelling (*Phil. d. Myth.*), Boeckh, Wachsmuth, Eichhorn, Savigny, Raumer, Heeren (*Gesch. d. Syst. d. Eur. Staat.*), Thierry, and a host of others whose writings bear more or less directly on the subject of this volume. The author speaks in the highest terms of the works of German philosophers, but names but four or five German books in his catalogue,—none of which are the works of the masters in the philosophy of history.

This volume is but half of the Introduction to the History of Civilization in England. How many volumes the history itself shall contain, we are not told. It is so bulky that we fear it will not immediately be reprinted here. The great cost of the original will prevent it from circulating much in a country where a labouring man may buy him his week's reading for a quarter of a dollar. But its contents are so valuable, that we shall make a careful analysis of the most important, though perhaps not the most interesting parts, and lay it before our readers, with some additional comments of our own. The paper will consist of two parts,—an abstract of the work itself, and some criticisms thereon.

The volume contains fourteen chapters: the first five are general, and relate to the development of mankind under various circumstances friendly or hostile thereto,—to the method of inquiry, and the influence of various causes upon civilization. The sixth is a transitional chapter, in which the author leads his readers over from his general laws to their particular applications. The other eight treat mainly of the development of civilization in England and France.

In Chapter I. he tells us that history is the most popular branch of knowledge; more has been written on it than on any other, and great confidence is felt in its value. It enters into all plans of education; materials of a rich and imposing appearance have been collected; political and military annals have been compiled; and much pains taken with the history of law, religion, science, letters, arts, useful inventions, and of late with the manners and customs of the people. Political economy has become a science; statistics treat of the material interests of mankind, their moral peculiarities, the amount of crime, and the effect of age, sex, and education thereupon. We know the rate of mortality, marriages, births, deaths, the fluctuation of wages, the price of needful things. Physical geography has been studied in all its details; all food has been chemically analyzed, and its relation to the body pointed out. Many nations have been studied in all degrees of civilization. Put all these things together, they seem to be of immense value.

But the use of these materials is less satisfactory; the separate parts have not been combined into a whole, while the necessity of generalization is admitted in all other great fields of inquiry, and efforts are made therein to rise from particular facts to universal laws, this is seldom attempted in the history of man.

" Any author who, from indolence of thought or from natural incapacity, is unfit to deal with the highest branches of knowledge, has only to pass some years in reading a certain number of books, and then he is qualified to be an historian; he is able to write the history of a great people, and his work becomes an authority on the subject which it professes to treat. The establishment of this narrow standard has led to results very prejudicial to the progress of our knowledge. Owing to it, historians, taken as a body, have

never recognized the necessity of such a wide and preliminary study as would enable them to grasp their subject in the whole of its natural relations ; hence the singular spectacle of one historian being ignorant of political economy ; another knowing nothing of law ; another nothing of ecclesiastical affairs and changes of opinion ; another neglecting the philosophy of statistics, and another physical science : although these topics are the most essential of all, inasmuch as they comprise the principal circumstances by which the temper and character of mankind have been affected and in which they are displayed."—p. 4.

Accordingly, in the whole literature of Europe there are only three or four really original books, which contain a systematic attempt to investigate the history of man in the scientific manner belonging to other departments. Yet in the last hundred years there has been a great gain, and the prospects of historical literature are more cheering than ever before ; but scarcely anything has been done towards discerning the principles which govern the character and destiny of nations. "For all the higher purposes of human thought, history is still miserably deficient, and presents that confused and anarchical appearance natural to a subject of which the laws are unknown, and even the foundation unsettled." Auguste Comte, "who has done more than any man to raise the standard," contemptuously notices "the incoherent compilation of facts hitherto called history." The most celebrated historians are manifestly inferior to the great men of science ; none of them is at all entitled to be compared with Kepler and Newton. Yet the study of history requires the greatest talents, on account of the complication of its phenomena, and the fact that nothing can be verified by experiment.

Hence the scientific study of the movements of Mind, compared with that of the movements of Nature, is still in its infancy. So in physics, the regularity of events and the possibility of predicting them are always taken for granted, while the regularity of history is not only not so taken, but is often denied. It is said, in the affairs of men there is something mysterious and providential, which hides their future from us, and so history has never become a science, but only an empirical narrative of facts. But the question comes : Is it so ? Are the actions of men and societies governed by fixed laws, or are they

the result either of blind chance or of supernatural interference?

In regard to all events there are two doctrines which represent different stages of civilization:—(1.) that every event is single and isolate, the result of blind Chance; or (2.) that all events are connected, and so each is the result of Necessity.* An increasing perception of the regularity of Nature destroys the doctrine of Chance, and replaces it by Necessary Connection. Out of these two doctrines of Chance and Necessity come the dogmas of Free-Will and Predestination.

As soon as a people has accumulated an abundance of the means of living, some men will cease to work; the most of those who are free from labour seek only pleasure, but a few endeavour to acquire knowledge and diffuse it. Some of the latter will study their own minds; such of them as have great ability will found new philosophies and religions, which often exercise an immense influence over the people who receive them. But these great thinkers are affected by the character of their age, which accordingly appears in their philosophy and religion. Thus the doctrine of Chance in the outer world corresponds to, and occasions, that of Free-Will in the inner world; while the doctrine of Necessary Connection in nature corresponds to that of Predestination in man. Predestination is founded on the theological hypothesis that all is regulated by supernatural interference. Among the Protestants, this doctrine, accompanied with that of the eternal damnation of the non-elect, acquired influence through the dark and powerful mind of Calvin, and among Catholics from Augustine, who seems to have borrowed it from the Manicheans; but it is a barren hypothesis, lying out of the province of human knowledge, and so it cannot be proved either false or true. Free-Will is connected with Arminianism, and founded on the metaphysical hypothesis that all happens by chance; it rests on the supremacy of human consciousness, a dogma supported only by the assumption, (1.) that there is an independent faculty called consciousness; and (2.) that its dictates are infallible. But the first has not been proved; the second is unquestionably false, for though consciousness be infallible as to

* He means *Necessitudo*, we take it, not *Necessitas*.

the *fact* of its testimony, it is fallible as to its *truth*. The present uncertainty in regard to the matter of consciousness shows that metaphysics will never be raised to a science by the ordinary method of observing merely individual minds; but that its study can be successfully prosecuted only by the deductive application of laws, which must be discerned by historical induction from the whole of those great phenomena which the human race presents. Homer, Shakespeare, and other great poets, have hitherto been the best investigators of the human mind; but they occupied themselves mainly with the concrete phenomena of life, and if they analyzed, as is probable, they concealed the steps of their process.

"The believer in the possibility of history is not required to hold either to Predestination or Free-Will, only to admit that, when we perform an action, we perform it in consequence of some motive or motives; that those motives are the result of some antecedents; and that, therefore, if we were acquainted with the whole of the antecedents and with all the laws of their movements, we could with unerring certainty predict the whole of their immediate results."

Now, as men's actions are determined by outward things, those actions must be uniform, and the same re-

phenomena, not by deduction from an assumed hypothesis, either metaphysical or theological, but by induction from almost innumerable facts, extending over many centuries, gathered and put into arithmetical tables,—the clearest of all forms,—by government officials, who had neither prejudices nor theories to support.

The actions of men are of these two classes,—Virtues or Vices. If it can be shown that the vices vary according to changes in surrounding society, then it is clear the virtues vary also in like manner, though inversely. But if there be no such variations, then it must follow that men's actions depend on personal caprice, free-will, and the like,—on what is peculiar to the individual.

At first thought, it would appear that, of all vicious or virtuous actions, the crime of murder was the most arbitrary and irregular. But experience shows that it is committed with regularity, and bears a uniform relation to certain circumstances, as the movement of the tides or the rotation of the seasons. Thus it was observed that from 1826 to 1844 the number of persons accused of crime in all France was on the whole about equal to the male deaths in Paris; but the annual amount of crime in France fluctuated less than that of male deaths in Paris; the same regularity was observed in each separate class of crimes, all obeying the same law of uniform and periodical repetition. In other countries, also, variations of crime are less than those of mortality.

Suicide seems the most arbitrary and capricious of all murders, but this also observes a constant law. The average annual number of suicides in London is about 240. It varies from 213 to 266. In 1846 there was a great railway panic, the suicides rose to 266; in 1847 there was a slight improvement, and the suicides fell to 256; in 1848 there were 247; in 1849, 213; and in 1850 they rose again to 229. This crime, like many others, depends somewhat on the season of the year, and is more common in summer than in winter.

Facts of this kind "force us to the conclusion, that the offences of men are the result not so much of the vices of the individual offender as of the state of society into which he is thrown." And this induction cannot be overthrown by any of those hypotheses with which metaphysicians

and theologians have perplexed the study of past events. This is the great social law, that the moral actions of men are the product of their antecedents, not of their volition. But, like other laws, it is subject to disturbances proceeding from minor forces, which meet the larger at particular points, and cause aberrations. But these discrepancies are trifling. Hence "we may form some idea of the prodigious energy of those vast social laws, which, though constantly interrupted, seem to triumph over every obstacle, and which, when examined by the aid of large numbers, scarcely undergo any sensible perturbation."

Marriage has a fixed relation to the price of corn; in England, the experience of a century has proved, that instead of having any connection with personal feelings, marriages "are simply regulated by the average earnings of the great mass of the people; so that this immense social and religious institution is not only swayed, but is completely controlled, by the price of food or the rate of wages."

The aberrations of memory also follow a general law. At London and Paris the same proportionate number of persons drop undirected letters into the post-office. These things are so plain, that in less than a hundred years it will be as hard to find an historian who denies the regularity of the moral world, as it now is to find a philosopher who denies the uniformity of nature. This regularity of human actions and its dependence on certain conditions is the basis for scientific history.

In Chapter II. Mr Buckle states the influence of physical agents on the organization of society and the character of individuals. The most powerful agents are food, soil, climate, and the general aspects of nature. The latter excites the imagination, and so sometimes produces superstition, which is the great obstacle to progressive knowledge, and imparts ineffaceable peculiarities to the national religion. The three former affect the general organization, and cause those large and conspicuous differences between nations, which are often ascribed to some fundamental difference in the various races into which mankind are divided. But these ethnological differences are altogether hypothetical, while those caused by climate, food, and soil are not only real, but also capable of a satisfactory explanation. He condenses these three into one

general term, Physical Geography, and tells the effect it produces.

1. The accumulation of wealth must always be the first great social improvement, for without that there is neither taste nor leisure for the acquisition of knowledge. In an ignorant people,—and all must start ignorant,—this accumulation will be regulated solely by the physical peculiarities of the country, that is, by the fertility of the soil, and by the energy and regularity of the work bestowed upon it. This latter depends entirely on the climate, which directly affect man's power of work, by enervating or invigorating the labourer, and also indirectly influences the regularity of his habits. Thus, in Northern countries, cold and darkness interrupt out-door work, and the labouring people are more prone to desultory habits; hence the national character becomes more fitful and capricious than it would be under a better climate. The Swedes and Norwegians differ greatly from the Spanish and Portuguese in government, laws, religion, and manners, but all four agree in a certain instability and fickleness of character. This peculiarity, common to them all, is caused by the climate, which in the Southern countries interrupts toil by heat and drought, and in the Northern by darkness and cold. This effect of climate has not been noticed by Montesquieu, Hume, and Charles Comte, the three most philosophical writers on climate.

No nation has ever been civilized through its own efforts, unless it had a favourable soil or climate. Thus in Asia civilization has always been confined to that tract which extends from the south of China to the west coast of Asia Minor, Phoenicia, and Palestine, while the barren country in the North has been peopled by rude wandering tribes, who are always kept in poverty by the nature of the soil; but yet, when they migrate thence, they found great monarchies, in China, India, and Persia, and equal the civilization of the most flourishing peoples. In Arabia the Arabs have always been a rude, uncultivated people, their soil compelling them to poverty; but when established in Persia, Spain, and the Punjab, their character seems to undergo a great change. In the sandy and barren parts of Africa,—the vast plain which occupies the centre and North,—the people are always bar-

barians, entirely uncultivated, acquiring no knowledge, because they can accumulate no wealth. But in Egypt the overflow of the Nile makes the country fertile; wealth was rapidly accumulated; the cultivation of knowledge quickly followed, and the land became the seat of a civilization which, though grossly exaggerated, forms a striking contrast to the barbarism of the other nations of Africa, none of which could work out their progress or emerge from the ignorance to which the penury of nature condemned them.

In the ancient world,—Asia and Africa,—the fertility of the soil had more influence than climate in civilization. But in Europe climate is the more powerful of the two. In the former case, the effect depends on the relation of the soil to its produce, that is, of one part of nature to another; in the latter, the effect depends on the relation between the climate and the labourer, that is, between nature and man. The first is the less complicated relation, and came earlier into action, and hence civilization began in Asia and Africa, and not in Europe. But that form of civilization which depends on the fertility of the soil is not so valuable or permanent as that which depends on climate, for all effectual human progress depends less

buted between the labourers, the more numerous class, who produce it, and the non-labourers, the contrivers,—the less numerous, but more able class, who direct the energy of the others. The labourers' share is called wages; the contrivers' share is profits. Wages will depend on the number of labourers, and that on the cheapness of food; so, in a country where food is cheap, labourers will abound and wages be low. Therefore an inquiry into the physical laws on which a nation's food depends is of the greatest importance.

The food of man produces two and only two effects necessary to his existence,—(1.) to supply the animal heat, and (2.) to repair the waste of tissues. The first purpose is accomplished by non-azotized substances containing carbon, but no nitrogen; the second, by azotized substances in which nitrogen is always found. In hot climates men require but little non-azotized food,—for the climate keeps up the temperature; and less azotized food than in cold ones,—for, as they exercise less, the body has less waste to repair. So the inhabitants of hot countries will require less food than those of cold ones, and population will increase with corresponding rapidity. But the inhabitants of colder countries consume not only more food than those of warm countries, but more animal, carbonized, or non-azotized food, which is more costly than is the other kind, for it is not, like vegetables, thrown up by the soil, but consists of the bodies of powerful and often ferocious animals, and is procured only with great labour. So, when the coldness of the climate compels men to use carbonized or animal food, even in the infancy of society the men are bolder, more adventurous, than the vegetable-eaters of warm climates, gratuitously fed by the bounty of nature. Thus there is a constant tendency for wages to be low in warm countries, and high in cold ones. In hot climates food will be abundant, population will increase rapidly, and wages be low; while in cold countries the opposite result will follow.

In Asia, Africa, and America, all the ancient civilizations were seated in hot climates, where food was cheap, the wages low, the profits high, and the labourer depressed. In Europe civilization arose in a colder climate, where food was dearer, wages consequently higher, profits lower,

and the labourers in a better condition. The Irish are the only great European people fed on cheap food; and the consequences presently appeared in the rapid increase of the labourers, their low wages, and miserable squalid condition, though in a country which has greater natural resources than any other in Europe. The matter of food and wages may be thus summed up: when the wages are invariably low, the distribution of wealth being very unequal, the distribution of political power and social influence will also be very unequal.

Civilization is old in India. The climate requires men to feed on vegetable, non-nitrogenized food, on rice, the most nutritive of all the grains. Food is cheap, labourers abundant, wages low, profits high, in the shape of rent of land and interest of capital, the labouring people much depressed, the ruling class rich, insolent, and despotic. It has been so these three thousand years, as appears from the ancient laws and maxims which determine the condition of the working man.

These laws of fertility, soil, food, and climate are so invincible that, wherever they have come into play, they have kept the labourers in perpetual subjection; the people have no voice in the management of the state, no control

"The great physical laws which, in the most flourishing countries out of Europe, encouraged the accumulation of wealth, but prevented its dispersion, secured to the upper classes a monopoly of one of the most important elements of social and political power. The result was, that in all those civilizations the great body of the people derived no benefit from the national improvements; hence, the basis of the progress being very narrow, the progress itself was very insecure. When, therefore, unsavourable circumstances arose from without, it was but natural that the whole system should fall to the ground. In such countries society, being divided against itself, was unable to stand. And there can be no doubt that, long before the crisis of their actual destruction, these one-sided and irregular civilizations had begun to decay. So that their own degeneracy aided the progress of foreign invaders, and secured the overthrow of those ancient kingdoms which, under a sounder system, might have been easily saved."

—p. 107.

In Europe civilization depended less on the fertility of the soil, giving man its cheap spontaneous bread, more on the climate, which stimulated him to vigorous and regular activity, demanded a more costly food, and so prevented the too rapid increase of population. As a natural consequence, in Europe alone a permanent civilization has been established, and society so organized as to include all the different classes; and though the scheme is not yet sufficiently large, it leaves room for the welfare of each, and so secures the progress of all.

Having thus disposed of the influence of food, soil, and climate, which directly affect the material interests of man, in the accumulation and distribution of wealth, he next examines that of the general aspects of nature which affect his intellectual interests in the accumulation and distribution of knowledge. The aspects of nature may be divided into two kinds,—such as affect the imagination by exciting feeling, terror, or great wonder, and such as affect the understanding, and excite men to study the details and causes of the phenomena about them. In all civilizations hitherto, the imagination has been active to excess. This appears from the superstitions of the ignorant, and the poetic reverence for antiquity which blinds the judgment of the educated, and limits their originality. It is possible that the understanding may in turn tyrannize over the imagination. All the great early civilizations of Asia, Africa, and America were situated within the tropics, where nature is most

dangerous to man, and its aspects most sublime and terrible, both in the constant phenomena, such as mountains, and the occasional, such as earthquakes, tempests, hurricanes, and pestilences, which powerfully affect the imagination.

This general statement is illustrated by examples of the superstitions generated by earthquakes and pestilences. The illustrations are not happy, they are almost puerile. He thus generalizes his conclusions : "There are certain natural phenomena which excite the imagination, incline man to superstition, and hinder the progress of knowledge. These phenomena are much more numerous out of Europe than in it," and give a peculiar character to literature, religion, and art. To prove this, he compares the productions of a typical Asiatic with a typical European country. India with Greece,—both "flagrant instances."

The literature of India shows the most uncontrolled ascendancy of the imagination. There is little prose composition ; works on grammar, law, history, medicine, mathematics, geography, and metaphysics are nearly all poems. The matter corresponds to the form ; imagination, luxuriant even to disease, runs riot on every occasion. This appears in great national works, the *Ramayana*, the

2,000,000,000 years ago. The same characteristics appear in the Indian religion. Its mythology, like that of every tropical country, is based upon terror of the most extravagant kind. The most terrible deities are also the most popular. The same thing appears in the Indian art, which is an expression of the monstrous.

Now in Greece the aspects of nature were quite different, nay, almost opposite; they gave a healthy stimulus to the imagination and the understanding, which led to the elevation of man. The Indians had more respect for super-human powers, and turned men to the unknown and mysterious; the Greeks had more respect for human powers, and turned to the known and available. This peculiarity appears in the literature, religion, and art of Greece, which are so well known that we need not follow Mr Buckle in the details of his learned and careful comparison. The Greek literature was the first in which a systematic attempt was made to test all opinions by human reason, and vindicate the right of man to judge for himself on matters of supreme importance.

In Chapter III. he examines "the method employed by metaphysicians for discovering mental laws." Studying the whole of human history, he finds that, out of Europe, the tendency has been to subordinate man to nature, but in Europe to subordinate nature to man. So he divides civilization into two parts, Non-European and European. To understand the first, we must begin with the study of nature, the stronger force, while to comprehend the European civilization, which is characterized by a diminishing influence of physical agents and an increasing influence of mental agents, we must begin with man, who continually and progressively overmasters nature;—so that the average duration of life becomes greater,—the number of dangers thereto is lessened; the curiosity of men is keener, and their contact closer, than at any former period; and a more just distribution of wealth has taken place than in other countries. It is only in Europe that man has succeeded in taming the energies of nature, and compelling them to minister to him. He has extirpated ferocious beasts, overcome famine and the most frightful diseases, bridged the rivers, tunnelled the mountains, reclaimed land from the sea, and fertilized the barren spots of the earth. The most

have been known for thousands of years, not a jot nor title has been added to them, while there is a continual increase in the knowledge of intellectual truths. The most cultivated Europeans do not know a single moral truth not known to the ancients, while the moderns have made most important addition to every department of ancient knowledge, and have created new sciences, which the boldest thinkers of old times never thought of. So it is plain man's progress depends on the intellectual, which is the progressive agent, not on the moral, which is but stationary.

Besides, intellectual achievements are permanent; they are put in the terms of science, and, in immortal bequests of genius, become the heirlooms of mankind. But good moral deeds are less capable of transmission, less dependent on previous experience, and cannot well be stored up for future men. So, though moral excellence be more amiable than intellectual, it is less active, less permanent, and less productive of real good. The effects of the most active philanthropy, the most disinterested kindness, reach but few, do not last long, and the institutions they found soon fall to decay. The more we study, the more we shall

"see the superiority of intellectual acquisition over moral feeling. There is no instance on record of an ignorant man, who, having good intentions, and supreme power to enforce them, has not done far more evil than good. And whenever the intentions have been very eager, and the power very extensive, the evil has been enormous. But if you can diminish the sincerity of that man, if you can mix some alloy with his motives, you will likewise diminish the evil which he works. If he is selfish, as well as ignorant, it will often happen that you may play off his vice against his ignorance, and, by exciting his fears, restrain his mischief. If, however, he has no fear, if he is entirely unselfish, if his sole object is the good of others, if he pursues that object with enthusiasm, upon a large scale, and with disinterested zeal, then it is that you have no check upon him; you have no means of preventing the calamities which, in an ignorant age, an ignorant man will be sure to inflict."—pp. 166, 167.

To prove this discouraging proposition, he cites the case of religious persecutors, who are not bad men, nor bad-intentioned men, but only ignorant of the nature of truth, and of the consequences of their own actions. It was the most moral of the Roman Emperors, Aurelius and Julian, who persecuted the Christians; and in Spain, "the In-

quisitors were remarkable for an undeviating and incorruptible integrity."

Religious persecution is the greatest evil man ever inflicts on man; "all other crimes are of small account" compared to this. It is intellectual, and not moral, activity which has ended it. The practice of war is the next great evil, and in diminishing that, the moral feelings have had no share at all, for the present moral ideas relating to war were "as well understood and as universally admitted in the Middle Ages, when there was never a week without war, as they are now, when war is deemed a rare and singular occurrence." It is intellectual, and not moral, actions which have done this great work. For every addition to knowledge increases the power of the intellectual class, and weakens the military class. It is a significant fact, that the recent Continental war was begun by Russia and Turkey, the two most barbarous nations in Europe. The military predilections of Russia are not "caused by a low state of morals, or by a disregard of religious duties," but by ignorance; for as the intellect is little cultivated, the military class is supreme, and all ability is estimated by a military standard.* In England, a love of war, as a national taste, is utterly extinct; this result has not come from moral instinct or moral training, but from the cultivation of intellect, and the rise of educated classes, who control the military. As society advances, the ecclesiastical spirit and the military spirit never fail to decline. Thus, while in Greece, some of the most celebrated poets, orators, philosophers, and statesmen were also warriors, since the sixteenth century Europe has not produced ten soldiers who were distinguished either as thinkers or writers. "Cromwell, Washington, and Napoleon are perhaps the only first-rate modern warriors" who were competent to govern a kingdom and command an army.†

Three things have weakened the power of the military class,—the invention of gunpowder, the discoveries of political economy, and the application of steam to the

* In sustaining his assertions here, Mr Buckle should take comfort from the somewhat celebrated preamble of our Congress in 1846, "Whereas war exists by the act of Mexico,"—she being the less intellectual power of the two.

† His contrast here of Marlborough and Wellington is well put, and worth remembering.

purposes of travel. We have no space for an analysis of his argument here.

Hitherto Mr Buckle's remarks have been general, and belong to what may be called the universal part of transcendental history; but in Chapter V. he turns his attention more especially to England. He selects this as a typical country,—an *instantia flagrans*,—in which the universal laws of human development are interfered with less than elsewhere, and where for some centuries the people have not been much troubled by the two great disturbing forces, the authority of government and the influence of foreigners. England has borrowed nothing by which the destinies of nations are permanently altered, and affords the best example of the normal march of society, and the undisturbed operation of those agencies which regulate the fortunes of mankind.

Germany and the United States are not typical countries, like England. In the first, the philosophers are at the head of the civilized world, but the people are more prejudiced, ignorant, superstitious, and unable to guide themselves, than the people of England or France. The great authors write books for each other, not for the people, and the dull, plodding class remains uninfluenced

The progress of European civilization depends on the accumulation and distribution of knowledge; and so he must take a country in which knowledge is both normally accumulated and diffused. These conditions are happily united in England, which he will portray as the central and heroic figure in the historic group, but sketch in the other nations, who play special and subordinate parts in this great drama of civilization. He will study Germany for the laws of accumulation of knowledge; America, for those of its diffusion; France, for the political form of the protective spirit; Spain for its religious form. Thence he will induce the general laws, and, in subsequent volumes of the history itself, apply them deductively to England.

The progress of a nation depends partly on the method its thinkers pursue in their investigations, whether it be deductive or inductive. The Germans favour the first, the Americans the last. The English thinkers are inductive, the Scotch deductive:—Simson, Stewart, Hutchinson, Adam Smith, Hume, Ferguson, Mill, all pursue the deductive method. No country possesses a more original and inquisitive literature than Scotland; but in none equally enlightened does so much of the superstition of the Middle Ages still continue. There is hostility between the speculative and practical classes.

By religion, he means the theological ideas and the ritual service; by literature, "everything which is written;" and by government, not the complex of institutions, laws, and modes of administration, but simply the privileged classes who rule officially. He says a nation's progress does not depend on its religion, literature, or government. This proposition he defends at length; a nation's religion, literature, and government are only effects of its civilization, not also causes thereof; no progressive country voluntarily adopts a retrogressive religion; no declining country ameliorates its religion. Savages are converted to Christianity only by becoming civilized. A religion too much in advance of a people can do no present service, but must bide its time. Thus the Hebrews continually relapsed from the monotheism which Moses taught. The Romans, with rare exceptions, were an ignorant and barbarous race, ferocious, dissolute, and cruel; polytheism was their natural creed; they

could not comprehend the sublime and admirable doctrines of Christianity, and after that seemed to have carried all before it, and received the homage of the best part of Europe, it was soon found that nothing was really effected. Superstition but took a new form; men worshipped the Virgin Mary instead of Cybele. The Catholic religion is to Protestantism what the Dark Ages are to modern times. Accordingly, the most civilized countries should be Protestant. In general, it is so; but sometimes a foreign force fixed the religion of the people, which does them small service. Thus Scotland and Sweden are Protestant countries, but more marked with superstition, intolerance, and bigotry than Catholic France. The French have a religion worse than themselves; the Scotch have one better than themselves; and in both cases the characteristics of the people neutralize those of their creed, and the national faith is altogether inoperative.

"Literature in itself is but a trifling matter." (!) Its value depends on its communicating real knowledge, that is, an acquaintance with physical and mental laws. To look upon an acquaintance with literature as one of the objects of education, is to make the end subordinate to the means. Hence there are "highly-educated men,"

wisdom of the rulers! Thus, the repeal of the Corn Laws in England was not the work of the ministry in Parliament, but of the political economists, who proved that protective restrictions were absurd; and thus the repeal of the Corn Laws became a matter, not of party or of expediency, but merely of knowledge: when the diffusion of knowledge reached a certain point the laws must fall. Besides, all great reforms consist in undoing an old wrong, not in enacting a new right; the tendency of modern legislation is to restore things to that natural channel whence preceding legislation turned them away. The ruling classes have interfered so much with the development of mankind, and done so much mischief, that it is wonderful civilization could advance at all. In England, for the last two centuries, they had less power than elsewhere, but have yet done such a great amount of evil as forms a melancholy chapter in the history of the human mind; excepting certain laws necessary to preserve order and prevent crime, nearly all has been done amiss. All the most important interests have been grievously damaged by the rulers' attempt to aid them; thus, the effort to protect trade nearly ruined trade itself, which would have perished had it not violated the laws by smuggling. The economical evils of this protective system, its injuries to trade, are surpassed by its moral evils,—the increasing of crime. The attempt to protect religion increased only hypocrisy and heresy,—he might have added cruelty and atheism; the effort to keep down the rate of interest on money has always raised that interest. Still more, all the great Christian governments have made strenuous efforts to destroy the liberty of the press, and prevent men from expressing their thoughts in politics and religion, the most important of all subjects. Even in England the rulers tax paper, and make the very thoughts of men pay toll.

"It is truly a frightful consideration that knowledge is to be hindered, and that the proceeds of honest labour, of patient thought, and sometimes of profound genius, are to be diminished, in order that a large part of their scanty earnings may go to swell the pomp of an idle and ignorant court, minister to the caprice of a few powerful individuals, and too often supply them with the means of turning against the people resources which the people called into existence."³

In England the rulers have less power than elsewhere; and the progress has been more regular, more rapid, and less violent and bloody. She has shown the world "that one main condition of the prosperity of a people is this,—that its rulers shall have very little power, and exercise that little very sparingly."

So the growth of European civilization is not due to religion, literature, or government, but only to the progress of knowledge, which depends on the number of truths known, and the extent to which they are known,—the accumulation and distribution of knowledge.

In Chapter VI. Mr Buckle treats of the origin of history, and the state of historical literature during the Middle Ages. In this history of history he finds that, in the last three centuries, historians have shown an increasing respect for man's mind, and have more than ever attended to the condition of the people and the diffusion of knowledge. His sketch of the progress of history from the oral ballad, up through all stages of monkish absurdity, is amusing and curious. We must pass it by, however, to speak of what seems more essential to the understanding of his positions.

In Chapter VII. he gives an outline of the History of

scepticisms. In Spain, by means of the Inquisition, the Church prevented the publication of sceptical opinions; there knowledge and civilization are stationary. But scepticism first began in England and France, and was most widely diffused; and there "has arisen that constantly progressive knowledge to which these two great nations owe their prosperity."

Mr Buckle then shows the growth of doubt in England, and, as its consequence, the increase of religious toleration, and the decline of the old ecclesiastical spirit. It is the authority of the secular classes which has forced toleration on the Christian clergy. Elizabeth at first balanced the Catholics and Protestants, allowing neither party the preponderance; in the first eleven years of her reign no Roman Catholic was put to death for religion, and afterwards, though men were undoubtedly executed for their opinions, yet none dared state their religion as the cause of their execution.

Jewel's Apology was written in 1561; Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity in 1594; Chillingworth's Religion of Protestants in 1637: each is typical of its time;—in Jewel, ecclesiastical authority is the basis, and reason the superstructure; in Hooker, reason is the basis, and authority the superstructure; while with Chillingworth authority disappears, and "the whole fabric of religion is made to rest upon the way in which the unaided reason of man shall interpret the decrees of an omnipotent God." This fundamental principle was adopted by the most influential writers of the seventeenth century, all of whom insisted on the authority of private judgment. The ecclesiastical spirit declined; able men devoted their talents to science.

"What used to be considered the most important of all questions is now abandoned to men who mimic the zeal without professing the influence of those really great divines whose works are among the glories of our early literature." "Theological interests have long ceased to be supreme; and the affairs of nations are no longer regulated according to ecclesiastical views."

Sir James Mackintosh said, that unless some revolution, auspicious to priesthood, should replunge Europe in ignorance, "church-power will certainly not survive the nineteenth century."

"In England, where its march has been more rapid than elsewhere, this change is very observable. In every other department we have had a series of great and powerful thinkers, who have done honour to their country, and have been the admiration of mankind. But for more than a century we have not produced a single original work, in the whole field of controversial theology."

For more than a century no valuable addition has been made to that immense mass of divinity which continually loses something of its interest among thinking men. Both military and ecclesiastical power decline before the progress of civilization.*

In the reign of James I. and Charles I. great attempts were made to restore the fading power of authority; but the dead could not be revived. Even the Puritans were more fanatical than superstitious.

We have not space to examine Mr Buckle's profound investigation into the reign of Charles II., when so severe a blow was struck at the tyranny of the Church and of the nobles. In those few years clerical property was made amenable to Parliamentary taxation; the clergy were forbidden to burn a heretic, or make a suspected person criminate himself in the trial. It was fixed that

for alienation, forfeiture for marriage by reason of tenure, aids, homages, *escuages*, *primer-seisins*, and other mischievous subtleties, all went to common ruin. This was done in the age of Charles II.: the king was incompetent, the court prodigate, the ministers venal,—all these in the pay of France; there were unprecedented insults from abroad, frequent conspiracies at home, a great fire and a great plague in London!

"How could so wonderful a progress be made in the face of these unparalleled disasters? These are questions which our political compilers are unable to answer; because they look too much at the peculiarities of individuals, and too little at the temper of the age in which those individuals live. Such writers do not perceive that the history of every civilized country is the history of its intellectual development, which kings, statesmen, and legislators are more likely to retard than to hasten; because, however great their power may be, they are, at best, the accidental and insufficient representatives of the spirit of their time; and because, so far from being able to regulate the movements of the national mind, they themselves form the smallest part of it, and, in a general view of the progress of man, are only to be regarded as the puppets who strut and fret their hour upon a little stage; while beyond them, and on every side of them, are forming opinions and principles which they can scarcely perceive, but by which, alone, the whole course of human affairs is ultimately governed."—p. 358.

Even the vices of the rulers served the people's cause.

"All classes of men soon learned to despise a king who was a drunkard, a libertine, and a hypocrite; and who, in point of honour, was unworthy to enter the presence of the meanest of his subjects."

His reckless debaucheries made him abhor all restraint, and to dislike the clerical class, whose profession at least presupposes more than ordinary purity. From the love of vicious indulgence, he disliked the clergy; and he conferred the highest dignities of the Church on feeble or insincere men, who could not defend what they really believed, or did not believe what they really professed. Such were Juxon, Sheldon, and Sancroft, Archbishops of Canterbury, and Frewen, Stearn, and Dolben, Archbishops of York. But Jeremy Taylor, who married the king's illegitimate sister, daughter of Joanna Bridges, and Barrow, both men of great talents and unspotted virtue, were treated with neglect. In consequence of this filling great

ecclesiastical offices with little, and sometimes wicked men, and banishing the noble men to obscure positions, the power of the Church continued to decline, and religious liberty to increase. The clergy attempted to retrieve their power, by reviving the doctrine of Passive Obedience and Divine Right; but this only increased the opposition of the people. The Anglican clergy were friendly to James II. before he came to the Crown, using all their strength to defeat the bill which excluded him from the succession. They rejoiced in his elevation. They sustained him, while he persecuted the dissenters, but when he issued his Declaration of Indulgence, which nullified the Test and Corporation Acts, the established clergy broke from him, and dissolved this "conspiracy between the Crown and the Church." They looked on, in silence, while the king proposed to turn a free government into a despotism. They saw Jeffreys and Kirke torture their fellow-subjects, the jails crowded, the scaffolds running with blood. They were well pleased that Baxter should be thrown into prison, and Howe driven into exile. They insisted on passive obedience to a Lord's Anointed, because these victims opposed the Church. But when James attempted to protect men hostile to their Church, the guardians of

But after the death of their great leaders, the Methodists produced no man of original genius, and, since Adam Clarke, none of their scholars has had a European reputation. In the time of William the dissenters were estimated as about one twenty-third part of the population; in 1786 they were one fourth; in 1851 they were two fifths of the whole.

The advance of the sceptical spirit, and the triumph of religious liberty, are shown by yet other things,—the separation of theology from morals and politics. The one was effected late in the seventeenth century, the other before the middle of the eighteenth; and both were begun by the clergy themselves. Cumberland would construct a system of morals independent of theology; Warburton taught that, in dealing with religion, the state must look to expediency, not revelation; Hume, Paley, Bentham, and Mill have carried their doctrines much further. The Catholics are already admitted to Parliament; the Jews will soon be there. The power of clerical oppression was still further weakened by the great Arian controversy, “rashly instigated by Whiston, Clarke, and Waterland,” by the Bangorian controversy, by Blackburne’s work on the confessional, the dispute on miracles, the exposure of the gross absurdities of the Fathers, the statements of Gibbon relative to the spread of Christianity,—“important and unrefuted,”—the “decisive controversy between Porson and Travis respecting the text of the heavenly witnesses,” and the “discoveries of geologists, in which not only was the fidelity of the Mosaic cosmogony impugned, but its accuracy was shown to be impossible.”

This spirit of inquiry reached classes hitherto shut out from education. In the eighteenth century, for the first time, schools were established for the lower classes on the only day they had time to attend them, and newspapers on the only day they had time to read them; circulating libraries first appeared in England; printing began to be established in the country towns. Then, too, for the first time, were efforts made to popularize the sciences; literary reviews began then; book-clubs, debating-societies amongst tradesmen, date from the same period. It was not till 1769 that the first public meeting assembled in England, where an attempt was made to enlighten Englishmen re-

specting their political rights.* Then the proceedings of the courts of law and parliament were published, and political newspapers arose. The great political doctrines that persons, not land or other property, should be represented, was then promulgated, and the people, for the first time, were called on to decide the great questions of religion, which they were not consulted on before.† The word "independence," in its modern acceptation, does not occur till the beginning of the eighteenth century. Authors began to write in a lighter and simpler style, which all men could understand. Literary men found a wider public, and were no longer dependents on the caprices of the privileged class.

Our author then traces the reaction against this spirit of civilization, and thinks it fortunate that, after the death of Anne,—a weak and silly woman,—the throne was long filled by the two Georges, "aliens in manners and in country, one of whom spoke our language but indifferently, and the other not at all,"—"and both profoundly ignorant of the people they undertook to govern." The Crown and the clergy could not work together to resist the progress of mankind. But the reactionary movement was greatly aided by the character of George III.; despotic and superstitious, he sought to extend the prerogative and strengthen the

ordinary business, which might have been effected by the lowest clerk in the meanest office in his kingdom."—pp. 405, 406.

During the sixty years of his reign, Pitt was the only great man he willingly admitted to his councils; and he must forget the lessons of his illustrious father, and persecute his party to death. George III. looked on slavery as a good old custom, and Pitt dared not oppose it. The king hated the French, and Pitt plunged the nations in a needless, wicked, and costly war. He corrupted the House of Lords by filling it with country gentlemen remarkable for nothing but health, and lawyers who rose to office chiefly through the zeal with which they favoured the king and repressed the people.

Mr Buckle gives a nice and discriminating account of Burke, "one of the greatest men, and the greatest thinkers, who has ever devoted himself to the practice of English politics." We have seen no picture so just of this great man when sane, and also when madness had made him the most dangerous of lunatics. But we must pass it by,—and also his account of the American Revolution, and the reaction in England occasioned by the troubles in France.

Chapter VIII. relates the history of the French intellect from the middle of the fifteenth century to the reign of Louis XIV. It is one of the most learned, original, and instructive chapters in the book. Great events pass before us, and also great men,—Henry IV., Montaigne, Richelieu, Descartes, and their famous contemporaries. But we have no time to look at them.

Chapter IX. is devoted to the "History of the Protective Spirit and Comparison of it in France and England." We must submit a short analysis of its contents.

Modern civilization began to dawn in the tenth and eleventh centuries; in the twelfth it had reached all the nations now civilized. The people began to rebel against the clergy, who had once protected them against the military rulers. This is the starting-point of modern civilization. Then the clergy began systematically to punish men for heresy; inquisitions, torturing, burnings, and the like, became general. Then began an unceasing struggle between the advocates of Inquiry and the advocates of Tradition.

tion. Then the feudal system began, and set the example of a large public polity, in which the clerical body, as such, had no place. Accordingly there came a struggle between feudalism and the Church. European aristocracy began, and in the organization of society took the place of the Church. William the Conqueror brought feudalism to England, but made each vassal dependent on the king, not merely on his feudal superior; while in France the great lords and their vassals were independent of the king. Hence arose the great difference between the English and French aristocracy. The former, being too feeble to resist the king, allied themselves with the people to uphold their common right against the king; the people acquired a tone of independence and lofty bearing with the habits of self-government, and founded their great civil and political institutions. In France the great lords resisted the people. Hence, when the feudal system declined in the fourteenth century, in one country the French king took the authority, and power became more and more centralized, while the English people took it in the other, and power became progressively diffused. When evil days set in, and the invasions of despotism have begun, liberty will be retained, not by those who show the oldest deeds and longest charters.

the rising of the great families of the North against "the upstart and plebeian administration of the queen." At first James and Charles tried to revive the power of the two great protective classes, the nobles and the clergy ; but they could not execute their mischievous plans, for there arose what Clarendon called "the most prodigious, the boldest rebellion that any age or country ever brought forth." This was an outbreak of the democratic spirit ; the political form of a movement of which the Reformation was the religious form.

In Chapter X. Mr Buckle makes a comparison between the English Rebellion and the contemporary Fronde, and shows that the energy of the protective spirit in France caused the failure of the latter. In France, the people, not accustomed to self-government, intrusted the conduct of this rebellion to great noblemen ; in England they took the matter into their own hands, and carried it through.

Chapters XI. and XII. treat of the age of Louis XIV. and his successor ;—of the protective spirit applied to literature, of the consequences of the alliance between the intellectual and the governing classes, of the reaction against this spirit, and of the distant preparations for the French Revolution. Both chapters are well studied, rich in learning, in critical judgment on men and things, and full of original opinions. No writer, we think, has given so just an account of the good and ill of Louis XIV., and surely none, of the progress of the French mind during that period. We are compelled to pass them over. No man has given so careful and exact an account of the character of Voltaire, and the good services he rendered to the world.

In Chapters XIII. and XIV. Mr Buckle discusses the historical literature of France, from the end of the sixteenth to the end of the eighteenth century, and the proximate causes of the French Revolution, after the middle of the eighteenth century. They are learned, exact, and profound. But we have no space for an analysis.

The plan of Mr Buckle's book is quite faulty, both confused and defective. When he began to print, we doubt if he knew exactly what he would do. At first he appears to intend writing a Universal History of Civilization ; he

lays down his rules accordingly, and begins his work. But finding at length the difficulties greater than he imagined, he says he has abandoned his original scheme, and reluctantly determined to write, not the history of the civilization of mankind, but that of a single country (p. 210); and accordingly selects England as the best type of normal developments (p. 221).

He has no preface or special introduction to this volume. He does not, at the outset, tell his readers what he intends to do, on the whole, and how many volumes he designs to regale them with; and then distribute the work into its several parts, and lay before us a plan of the entertainment, with a bill of fare, showing what we are to feast upon, and when each special dish is to appear. In various parts of the volume he hints at his plan, rather vaguely intimating what he intends to do. Thus the introduction is scattered piecemeal throughout a volume of nearly a thousand pages.

On his title, the book is called "History of Civilization in England," but the "running-title," at the head of each page, is "General Introduction," of which it seems this volume is but a part,—one or two more on the same preliminary theme being hinted at. Only the first six chapters

modestly hint to the author the following scheme for his grand work.

A Preface, setting forth the purpose of the work and its probable extent. The volume itself might thus be divided into Books and Chapters. Book I. Transcendental History. Chap. I. Resources and Purpose of the Historian ; Chap. II. Regularity of Human Actions, and the Causes thereof ; Chap. III. Influence of Physical Forces on the Development of Man, on the Organization of Society and the Character of Individuals ; Chap. IV. Examination of the Metaphysical Method of Investigating the Spiritual Faculties of Man ; Chap. V. Comparison of the Power of the Moral and Intellectual Faculties,—their relative Influence on the Civilization of Mankind ; Chap. VI. The Effect of Religion, Literature, and Government on that Civilization.

Book II. Origin of Historical Literature in general, and its Progressive Development in Europe, from the Decline of the Classic Nations to the end of the Middle Ages.

Book III. Outline of the Intellectual History of the English, from the end of the Middle Ages till the end of the Eighteenth Century.

Book IV. Intellectual and Moral History of the French, from the end of the Middle Ages to the end of the Eighteenth Century. Chap. I. General Outline thereof, till the Accession of Louis XIV. ; Chap. II. General History of the Protective Spirit, and a Comparison of its Special Effects in France and England ; Chap. III. Comparison between the French and English Rebellions of the Seventeenth Century ; Chap. IV. Reign of Louis XIV.,—Effect of the Protective Spirit on Literature, and of the consequent Union of the Intellectual and the Governing Classes ; Chap. V. Reaction against the Protective Spirit,—Remote Preparation for the French Revolution ; Chap. VI. Progressive Developments of Historical Literature in France, from the end of the Middle Ages to the end of the Eighteenth Century ; Chap. VII. Proximate Causes of the French Revolution, after the middle of the Eighteenth Century.

We do not say this is the best possible arrangement of the valuable matter which Mr Buckle spreads out before us, but one better than the present ; and likely to save some confusion, and to spare both writer and reader some

repetitions which now embarrass the development of his great thoughts.

There is a little confusion in his use of terms. Thus he uses the word Law, when he means Force, Power, or even a special human faculty. We take it, a Law is not a force (or power), but the constant mode of operation in which that force acts: it is the manner of a cause, not the cause of a manner. He often speaks of the progress of mankind, or a nation, but does not tell what it consists in. Speaking generally, we suppose the progress of mankind may be summed up in these three things:—1. The development of man's natural faculties. 2. The consequent acquisition of power over the material world. 3. The organization of men into small or large companies having corporate unity of action for the social whole, and individual freedom for the personal parts. It would be an improvement if the author would favour us with a definition of Civilization, which might properly be made in the Preface.

The author's style is clear and distinct, not ambitious or ornamented. We often pause to admire a great thought, a wide and felicitous generalization, or a nice account of some special detail, nay, to question the truth of a statement of fact, or of a philosophic induction; we never stop to puzzle over a difficult sentence. Now and then he rises to eloquence,—the elevation of his language coming from a moral, and not a merely intellectual cause. We do not always agree with the argument, but remember no instance in which he uses a sophism, or practises any trick on the mind or emotions of his readers; he never throws dust in their eyes. Sometimes the evidence he offers is obviously inadequate to convey the writer's certainty to the reader; then he confesses the fact. We remember no ill-natured line in all the book, no ungenerous sentiment. It is written in the special interest of no class, nation, or race, but in the general interest of mankind.

We must now mention in detail some things which seem to require a little further notice at our hands.

He says (p. 3) we are enabled to compare the condition of mankind in every stage of civilization, and under every variety of circumstance. We think the collection of facts is not yet quite adequate to convey an idea of the lowest stage. Man's existence may be divided into six periods,—the

wild, savage, barbarous, half-civilized, and enlightened. Scholarly men know little of the first ; for many years it has not been a favourite subject of research. Lafitau, Monboddo, Meiners, and others, have collected important facts ; many more still lie unused in the works of travellers, geographers, and naturalists. Within a few years Colonel Sleeman related some exceedingly interesting particulars which came under his notice in India ; we refer to the children brought up by the wolves in Hindustan, and subsequently reclaimed. Captain Gibson of New York has told some things highly important if true. Scholars know little of the condition of the wild men who are below the savage, though now and then one of that class is exhibited in our great towns as a show. But, as mankind started from this primeval condition, it becomes important to study those tribes which have advanced least from it, and such isolated persons as Colonel Sleeman speaks of, who occur, from time to time, even in Germany and France, and to gather together the facts scattered in the works of ancient and modern writers, from Herodotus to the travellers in the American interior. The cannibals of Polynesia may shed much light on the historical development of the human race. Writers make great mistakes through their ignorance of the primitive condition of mankind.

Mr Buckle says we cannot make experiments in civilization, and thereby determine either facts of man's nature, or laws of his developments, and thus it is more difficult to master human history. This is true ; but at this day so many human experiments are taking place spontaneously, that a philosopher need hardly ask for more, even if he had power to make them directly. Thus we have all the five great races before us,—to adopt that convenient division,—living separately in some places, and mingling their blood in others. There are nations in all the six stages of development, except the lowest, and perhaps some even in that condition, or very near it ; it is a wide range from the Dyaks of New Guinea to the Royal Academy of London. There are five great forms of civilized religion still in the full tide of experiment,—the Brahminic, Buddhistic, Jewish, Christian, and Mohammedan,—not to mention Mormons. Catholicism and Protestantism stand side by side in Christendom ; there are many Protestant sects experi-

menting on mankind. The three great forms of government, and many transitional forms, may be studied in their actual works. The experiment of labour is tried in many forms, from slavery to entire unrestricted freedom. Polyandria still prevails as an institution in Siberia, and other parts of Asia,—nay, in all the great towns of the world as a profession; what is the instantial life of the tribe in Tartary, as it once was in Scotland, is the exceptional life of the individual harlot in London and Boston. Polygamy can be studied in Turkey and Utah, where it is a lawful institution, and in many places in its unlawful forms. In the United States we have three races of men, Ethiopian, American, Caucasian, here living separate, or there mingling their blood. In one part of the Union the public takes great pains to educate and foster the labouring people; in another, the public makes it penal to educate them. There are few experiments a philosopher would wish made with mankind, which mankind is not making without his advice. We think, however, of two not yet attempted. One is to allow women the same political rights as the men; the other, to put honest men in political office. Neither has been tried as yet.

Mr Buckle denies that there is any original difference in the faculties of different races of men.

from the same race. So are all the liberal governments,—the democracies, republics, aristocracies, limited monarchies. No other race ever got beyond a despotism limited by fear of assassination. Surely the inductive philosophy would compel an inquirer to infer an original difference of faculties in the races themselves. What odds betwixt even the Greeks and the Romans, the French and English, the Irish and the Scotch ! In America the original difference of faculties in the African, the Indian, and the Caucasian springs into the mind as readily as the difference of colour comes up before the eye. The obstinate and ferocious Indian will fight, he will not be a slave. He may be broken, not bent. The pliant and affectionate African seldom fights, and rarely takes vengeance, and is easily sent into slavery. The Indian boy and girl refuse education, or take it unkindly. How many experiments have been made in Massachusetts and New York ! They all came to nothing.

Look at the matter on a smaller scale. The individual inheritance of qualities, we had thought, was abundantly made out in the case of man, as of the humbler animals. The same historic face runs in the family for generations, the same qualities appear. Genius appears to be an exception to this. Writers on phrenology we thought had proved this long ago. We can hardly suppose Mr Buckle ignorant of any important work, but this matter of inheritance has been lately discussed with great learning by M. Prosper Lucas.*

We find national character as the result of three factors. There is a geographical element, an ethnological element, and an institutional element. Mr Buckle admits only two, the geographical and institutional. If, in the Middle Ages, the Angles, Saxons, Danes, and Norsemen had settled in France instead of England, and there mixed their blood, does any one think this Teutonic people would have now the same character which marks the Celtic French ? What a difference between the Spanish and English settlements in America ! Is there no odds in the blood ? What a difference between the Greeks of the age of Pericles and the mongrel people—part Greek, but chiefly Roman, Celt, and Slave—who occupy the same soil to-day ! Climate, soil,

* In his *Traité philosophique et physiologique sur l' Hérité Naturelle*. Paris. 1860. 2 vols. 8vo.

aspect of nature, is still the same ; what an odds in the men !

" Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild,
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields ;
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honeyed wealth Hymettus yields ;
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The free-born wanderer of thy mountain air ;
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beams Mendeli's marbles glare ;
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair."

The difference between the mythology of India and Greece, we think, was caused more by the ethnology of the people than the geography of their lands.

Mr Buckle assumes that the Swedes and Spanish are fickle people, inconstant and unstable, and finds the cause of that peculiarity in their climate, which renders out-door work irregular. We have found no proof of national fickleness in either people.

He gives a terrible portrait of the destructive deities of the Hindoos. Siva is represented as a hideous being encircled by a girdle of snakes, with a human skull in his hand, and wearing a necklace composed of human bones. He has three eyes ; the ferocity of his temper is marked

as theft, violence to the person, beating of women, and the like, are confined, almost entirely, to the poorest class of the community. A more careful inquiry shows that the criminals of this class either have a bodily organization which impels them to crime, or else have been exposed in early life to influences of education which incline them that way: so that, with many, crime is either organized in them, or institutionized upon them.*

What we most object to in Mr Buckle's Transcendental History is his estimate of the moral powers; he thinks they have little to do with the progress of mankind. He says (pp. 158, 159) there is a twofold progress, moral and intellectual; to be willing to perform our duty is the moral part; to know how to perform it is the intellectual part; the influence which moral motives, or the dictates of the moral instinct, have exercised over the progress of civilization, is exceedingly small, while the intellect is the real mover in man's progress.

Here we differ widely from him. It seems to us that a man must know his duty, be willing to perform it, and also know how to perform it; and that there has been a continual progress in these three things. He says, quoting from Sir James Mackintosh, Morals have hitherto been stationary, and are likely for ever to continue so (p. 164, note 15). But, if we read history aright, there has been a continually increasing knowledge of natural right, a continual spread of knowledge among larger and larger masses of people; and more and more are animated by moral motives,—the desire to do a known right. He says the great moral systems were the same three thousand years ago as they are now; we think this statement greatly deceptive. Take an example. Did the Hebrew Law say, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour"? It restricted neighbourhood to men of the same country. When Jesus

* What Seneca says of man in general, is mainly true of these unfortunates.
"Fata nos ducunt; et quantum cuique restet, prima nascentium hora dispositi.
Causa pendet ex causa, privata ac publica longus ordo rerum trahit."—*De Prov.*, V. 6.

[The Necessitarian argument of Buckle, founded on the regularity of crime, has been well parodied by another. "On an average the same numbers of panes of glass are broken every year in England by hailstorms. There must, therefore, exist a law compelling so many to be broken; and even when we substitute plate glass throughout the land, the same number must continue every year to be smashed!"]—EDITOR.

explained the word as meaning whoso needed the aid a man could give, he represented a great moral progress since the Law was written. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself :" these words are adequate to express the moral feelings of a good man to-day, as well as when first uttered ; but how much more they include now than then ! —removal of the causes of poverty, drunkenness, crime,—protection to the deaf and dumb, the blind, the crazy, and the fool. There has been no change in the multiplication-table since the days of Pythagoras, there will be no change of it ; but the knowledge of it has been spread among many millions ; that knowledge has been applied to many things he never thought of ; and there has been a great development of the mathematical faculty in mankind.

Mr Buckle says the influence of a man of great morality is short in time, and not extensive in space. In both statements he is mistaken. For the good man directly incites others to imitate and surpass his excellence ; the tradition of it remains long after he is dead, and spreads over all the civilized world. Besides, the moral idea becomes an institution or a law, and then is a continual force in the new civilization itself. A moral feeling can be organized, as well as an intellectual idea. The law forbidding murder, theft, the slave-trade, piracy, and a thousand other offences, was a moral feeling once. So a hospital, an almshouse, a school, a college, was once only the "dictate of the moral instinct." He says, "The deeper we penetrate into the question, the more clearly shall we see the superiority of intellectual acquisitions over moral feeling" (p. 167). He should invert the sentence. He says the Spanish Inquisitors were highly moral men, no hypocrites, but remarkable for an undeviating and incorruptible integrity ; with conscientious energy "they fulfilled their duty." Now it is quite clear that the leaders of the Spanish Church were men of large intellect, carefully cultivated, learned, adroit, familiar with the world. But we should say they were men of very little morality. The conscience, the power to discern right, was so little developed, that, if they were learned, they did not know it was wrong to tear a girl to pieces on the rack, because she could not believe that the Pope was infallible. We should not say a man's mind was well developed, who did not know that one and one make

two ; should we say a man's conscience is well developed, who does not know it is wrong thus to torture a girl ?

He says (p. 220), "The stock of American knowledge is small, but it is spread through all classes." If by knowledge he means "an acquaintance with physical and mental laws," as on p. 246, it is not true that the amount is small in comparison with other countries ; though acquaintance with literature is certainly quite rare. But when he says "little attention has been paid to physical science," we think him much mistaken. He thinks philosophical inquiries are "almost entirely neglected." It is not quite true. If no great metaphysician has appeared since Jonathan Edwards, as he truly says, how many has England produced since Berkeley ? Dr Hickok's "Rational Psychology" is a more profound book than that of Jonathan Edwards. Three things go to make a great metaphysician ; —power of psychological analysis ; intuitive power to perceive great truths, either by a synthetic judgment *a priori*, or by a comprehensive induction from facts of consciousness or observation ; power of deductive logic. Jonathan Edwards was great only in the last, and least of all. America is more devoted to practical affairs, and certainly has done little in metaphysics. But from the death of Newton, in 1727, till the end of that century, how little England did in mathematics ! We wish it were true that knowledge is so widely diffused as he says. But, alas ! there are four million slaves who know nothing, and as many "poor whites" who know little.

We shall not pursue these criticisms.

" Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura."

Mr Buckle has given us one of the most important contributions which any Englishman has yet made to the philosophy of human history. We wish we had adequate space to point out its excellences in detail ; but the analysis and the extracts we have given must suffice for the present. We congratulate the author on his success. We are sure the thoughtful world will give him a thoughtful welcome, and if his future volumes, which we anxiously look for, shall equal this, he is sure of a high place in the estimation of mankind.

A BUMBLEBEE'S THOUGHTS

ON THE

PLAN AND PURPOSE OF THE UNIVERSE.

MANY centuries ago, when the beings now known to scientific men as Radiata, Mollusca, and Vertebrata did not exist on the earth, on the twenty-first day of June, in the year one million six hundred and seventeen before our era, there was a great scientific convention of Bumblebees (*Apis bombax*) in a little corner of a valley in the Jura mountains. I know not how the place is now called, its latitude and longitude have not been ascertained ; but then it was named Bumblonia ; a great town was it and a famous. I think this was not the first convention of Bumblebees, nor the last : certainly there must have been many before it, probably also many after it, for such a spirit of investigation could not have been got up of a sudden, nor could it at once disappear and go down for ever. Possibly such scientific meetings went on in a progressive development for many centuries. But, alas ! it is of this alone that the records have come down to us ; none told the tale of the others.

*Vixere fortis ante Agamemnona
Multi : sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique, longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro !*

It is not quite easy to determine the affinity of the Bumblebee language used at that meeting : yet it seems to have analogies with the Caucasian, with both the Shemitish and the Indo-Germanic branches thereof; nay, some learned men have found or fancied a close resemblance to the dialect now in current use among German philosophers and professors, especially those of the Hegelian stripe. But I confess I have found the Bumblebee *style* a little clearer than that of the modern professors. However, I must pass over all these philological questions, interesting and important as they are.

The meeting was conducted after much the same fashion as are congresses of the learned in these days. There were four or five hundred members, who met in general assembly,

and had a celebrated Bumblebee for their president, vice-presidents and secretaries abounded. There were also sections devoted to special departments of science—Palaeontology, Entomology, Zoology, Physiology, Geology, Botany, Astronomy, Mathematics pure and mixed ; nay, Metaphysics were not neglected. Every section had its appropriate officers. These savants had their entertainments not less than their severe studies : several excursions were made to places remarkable for their beauty or their sublimity, or for some rare phenomenon of animate or inanimate nature. Rich persons, nobles, and even Bumblebee princesses and queens honoured the convention, sometimes by the physical presence of their distinguished personality, sometimes by inviting the naturalist to a repast upon choice flowers, or on honey of delicious flavour already stored up for winter. Once the whole assembly visited the palace of the Bumblebee Empress—Bombacissima CXLVII.—and admired it as much as if her subjects had not built it for this long descended creature, but she had made it herself. She conferred the order of the LONG STING on the president : an honour never given to any Bumblebee savant before ! Patriotic and scientific songs were sung at their dinners, and the Bumblebees were as merry over their simple food as Homer's heroes have since been over their beef, or as modern naturalists with their icecreams and their wine. To their honour be it spoken, no savant required to be helped to his place of sleep after dinner, or was left unsupported and insupportable under the table ; but when night drew on they went each to his several place of repose, in a pumpkin blossom—which was the favourite resort—or under a leaf—or to some other convenient shelter. Yet I am sorry to relate, that little jealousies and rivalries, heart-burnings, and the disposition to steal another's discovery prevailed at Bumblonia in the year B. c. 1,000,617 nearly as much as they have since done with the two-legged mammals who now-a-days take their place.

On the last and great day of the meeting it was announced that by special desire the president would conclude the session with a brief speech on some matter of great importance to the interests of all science. He was the most distinguished savant in the world of Bumblebees, old, famous alike for his original genius and his acquired learning ; he

was regarded as the sum of actual knowledge, the incarnation of all science, the future possible as well as the present actual. Besides, he would wear the splendid decoration of the order of the Long Sting—never seen in a scientific convention before, and be addressed as “**MOST MAGNIFICENT DRONE,**” the title of the highest nobility, members of the Imperial family! His speech was waited for with obvious and yet decorous impatience. At the appointed hour the sections broke up, though without confusion, and the members crowded about him greedy of knowledge: even to have heard might one day be a distinction. He was conducted to the tip of a mullein leaf (*Verbascum Thapso-Lychnitis*), while his audience below hummed and buzzed and clapped their wings and their antennæ with applause; nay, some briskly snapped their mandibles together with great and enthusiastic admiration. After order was restored, the great philosopher of the year s. c. 1,000,617 stretched out his feelers, and thus began:

Illustrious audience! It is the greatest honour of my life, already oppressed with much more than I deserve, that in my old age I am allowed to preside over this distinguished body, and still more myself to address these assembled sections before we separate. For what do I now behold? I see before me the congregated talent, learning, and even genius of all the world. Here are travellers who have skirted every zone; Geologists who understand the complicated structure of the soil beneath our feet to the depth of nearly an inch; Astronomers familiar with the entire heavens; Botanists, Zoologists, Physiologists, Chemists, who know all things between the earth beneath and the heavens above; Philologists, understanding the origin and meaning, the whence, the wherefore, and the whither of every word in our wonderful language; and perhaps more remarkable than all else, here are Metaphysicians that have analyzed all the facts of consciousness or of unconsciousness which are known or not known to the Bumblebee. There was never such an assembly! Old, oppressed with the importance of my position and its solemn responsibilities, your presence overawes me! I can scarcely control my own emotions of admiration and esteem. [Great sensation.] Shall I proceed? shall I be silent? But wherefore am I here? Is it not to speak? I would fain listen, but obedient to your

command, I am compelled to the more ungrateful course. What shall I touch upon? No subject would be out of place in such an assembly, born to such diversity of talents and bred to such largeness of wisdom. But I ought to select a theme so deep and so wide that it shall be attractive to all and worthy likewise of this august occasion. So, O ye Bumblebees, I shall deliver

A BUMBLEBEE'S THOUGHTS ON THE PLAN AND PURPOSE OF
THE UNIVERSE.

I separate the Universe into two parts: the world of matter, wherein organization and reflection are the highest forms of activity; and the world of mind, where there are also life and thought. In the one the antithesis is only between motion and rest, growth and decay, formation and decomposition: in the other it is between life and death, progress and regress, truth and falsehood.

I thus dispose of the world of matter. There are four primitive substances or elements, out of which all other things are made, earth, water, light, heat: these are made known to us by the senses. Some Bumblebees have indeed suspected the existence of a fifth element, to which they give the name of "air." But I think its existence has never been proved, nor even shown to be probable. From the nature of the Bumblebee mind it is plain there can be but four primitive and indivisible substances; for this I might appeal merely to the many distinguished metaphysicians I see before me, and the question would be settled at once by the *à priori* method. But I take another road, and appeal only to common sense. I put the question: did any of you ever see the air, ever hear it, feel it, taste it, smell it? None: no, not one! It lacks the evidence of the senses, the only organs by which the Bumblebee holds communion with the world of matter. I know it is asked how can you then fly without "air" to support you? I answer —we fly on our wings! [Loud laughter and great applause.] Let "air" justify its existence, and I admit it; not till then.

Now, gentlemen, these elements are not thrown together without order: there is a certain ascending ratio to be noticed among them. Thus at the bottom of all is earth, the

most gross, the most intractable of all, yet the basis on which all things rest. I hold this to be the oldest element, yet so imperfect is our knowledge of nature, even now, that we are not yet sure of the fact! Next is water, pliant, moveable, capable of many forms, a step above earth. It is also the great nursery of life. Third comes light; and highest of all is heat. This completes the handsome scale: earth is at one end, visible, tangible, audible, palpable, odorizable, subject to any sense; heat is at the other, so delicate in its nature that it is cognizable only by a single sense. [Cheers.]

Of these four elements are all things compounded—rocks, trees, the blossom of the clover we feed upon, and that of the pumpkin we often sleep in; nay, the proud and costly magnificence of the palaces we build, and the delicious honey we therein store up for winter's use; even the curious fabric of our bodies—all is but a combination of these four elements. And, I repeat it, from the nature of things there can be no more than four elements; there can also be no less. [Sensation.]

Surely there is a plan in these things. But are they the end, the Purpose of the Universe! The furthest from it possible. The material world is not for itself; it is but

here free. Is the Bumblebee matter? The furthest from it possible. He is mind; mind in itself, of itself, from itself, for itself, and by itself.

Is there any order in this world of mind? At first it would seem there was none, so various are the phenomena of life, so divergent; so free is the will, and so manifold the forms of existence. Look at the animals inferior to us, which crawl on every leaf, which flutter in the light and heat of day, or which swarm in the water. Classification appears impossible, for there seems no order. But after long looking at the facts, I think I can distinguish a certain method in this mysterious world of life and mind. I know I am the first Bumblebee who has ever ventured on so bold a generalization—pardon me if I seem over-confident in my conviction, for I know that if I am in error here are hundreds who can correct me: I have studied the principle of construction in all departments of the world of mind, and I find two great classes of living things, the *Protozoa* and the *Articulata*. To the metaphysicians it would be easy to show that there must be two classes, and can be no more; for as it follows from the laws of mind that there must be four elements, no less, no more; so from these same laws does it follow that there can be but two classes of living beings. Yet I do not wish to dwell on these high and difficult matters. Let us look at these classes themselves.

1. The *Protozoa*. Gentlemen, these little animals are the beginning of the world of mind. Here is life; but, alas! at first it is but little elevated above mere botanic growth: I cannot tell where one begins and the other ends. Yet the highest *Protozoa* is infinitely superior to the highest plant—different in kind, not merely in degree; he has sensibility, has power of motion—in one word, he has mind. Such is the ineffaceable difference between the two worlds.

I class the *Protozoa* into three genera—the *Gregarina*, the *Rhizopoda*, the *Infusoria*. I know savants will differ from this division. I tremble while I announce it to those far abler than myself, yet I think it will ultimately command the respect of all the scientific Bumblebees in the world. I need not dwell on the peculiarities of each genus.

Now let me ask you, are the *Protozoa* the Purpose and

Final Cause of the Universe? Does the world of matter exist for them; and the world of mind? By no means. Take the Gregarina: he has no definite and determinate organs; any part of him may perform the function of any other part. They have no sex; they multiply by division. What shall a Bumblebee say to a race of beings whose power of propagation consists only in the ability to tear themselves to pieces? I leave them behind me, and pass to the next grand division of the world of mind.

2. The ARTICULATA. Here begins the true life of mind, and here the difference between the two worlds is most clearly seen. Yet the lowest Articulata are but a little above the highest Protozoa: it is a thread, not a chasm, which separates the two—a thread loosely drawn. I pass over the inferior genera of Articulata: I come at once to the highest of all, the BUMBLEBEE.

Gentlemen, consider our constitution. Look at our body. What an admirable thorax, so barrel-shaped and so strong. Consider the arch of the breast, of the back; it is the perfection of mechanic art. How impenetrable is our armour to the terrible weapons of our foes: then, too, how beautiful is it all! Look at the abdomen, a congeries of rings well-fitted together. How strong it is, and yet so

der at our own sweet will. How powerful is our sting. The Protozoa has no limbs, but

"Every part can every part supply,"

while we have a definite and unalterable figure, which is the resultant of strength and beauty. We have organs for catching and holding, for walking and flying; we can therewith burrow in the ground, wherein we build our wonderful habitations, which are the perfection of architecture. Armed front and rear, we can defend ourselves against our foes with mandible and sting. What organs of digestion are we furnished with! with what exquisite chemistry do we change the crude juices of the plants into the most delicious honey. Thus we feed on the most ethereal portion of the flowers, which are the transcendental portion of the plants. [Loud cheers.]

The Protozoa has no sex; the Bumblebee has three—the male, the female, the neuter. We exhaust the categories of sexuality; the three are actual, a fourth is not possible, not conceivable. How prolific we are! Then, too, all grossness is removed from our connubial activity: it is not a hideous young Bumblebee that is born naked into the world; but the produce of our love is a little round delicate egg: in due time it develops itself into a most lovely maggot, and finally is transfigured into the complete and perfect Bumblebee!

2. How far more wonderful is the Bumblebee mind. What wonderful faculties of sensation, of reflection, of imagination, of analysis and synthesis! Alone of all animals we reason from effect to cause, from cause to effect. There is consciousness below us, I doubt not,—though dim and feeble. But self-consciousness is our glorious monopoly! It is only the Bumblebee that can lay his feeler on his proboscis, and say *I am a ME*. Even the slimmest worm lives, but we know that we live, and say, "I think, and so I know I am." Oh glorious attribute reserved for Bumblebees! We are the sole possessors of science. To the inferior animals (I will not call them *creatures*, for that implies a theory, while I adhere only to the fixed facts of philosophy [immense applause]); to the inferior animals metaphysics are unknown, they know, but do not know they know; on the

widest heath there is no worm, nor bug, no philosophic mite who ever thinks about his thinking ! There is no logic in the crickets' senseless noise. Poetry alone is ours, and in the sublime chants of our immortal bards all nature is mirrored back again, and made more fair by passing through the Bumblebee consciousness. [Tremendous applause.] But there is another department of superior consciousness which is also peculiar to us—it is a science and an art—I mean politics. Our assemblies are not a brute congeries of life, like the heaps of caterpillars, it is a well-policed state. How majestic is the presence of our Queen, her wisdom how infinite. [Tremendous applause, long continued.] I need not speak of the Princesses so beautiful, as soon as they break forth from the brittle shell that guards their charmed life ! [Renewed applause.]

What wonderful learning have we heaped up. Our thought is the standard-measure of the world of things. The great world of matter and of mind lies there outside of us—and we are a little world. No, gentlemen, it is we that are the great world. Unconscious matter, and mind not self-conscious, is only the mikrocosm, it is the Bumblebee consciousness that is the true makrocosm, the real great world. [Great sensation.]

But why seek to show the wonderful powers of our intellect and our vast superiority over all external things, when the proof of it is before me in the glorious personalities who represent every excellence actual, possible, or conceivable ?

3. Look at the relation between us and the world of matter. It seems to exist only for our use. Here I will mention but a single fact, and from that you can easily judge of all, for it is a crucial fact, a guide-board instance, that indicates the road which nature travels on. The red clover grows abundantly all over the world : in its deep cup there lies hid the most delicious honey, the nectar of the world. But that cup is so deep, no other insect can reach the sweet treasure at the bottom : even the common honey-bee, who stands next below us in the scale of being, must pass it by—longed for, but not touched ! Yet our proboscis is so constructed that with ease we suck this exquisite provision which nature furnishes solely for us ! [Cheers and applause.]

Now, gentlemen, it is plain that we are the Crown of the

Universe : we stand on the top of the world : all things are for us. I say it with calm deliberation, and also with most emphatic certainty : THE BUMBLEBEE IS THE PURPOSE OF THE UNIVERSE ! [Tremendous applause.] Yes, gentlemen, the Plan of the Universe intends the Bumblebee as its End and Final Cause. Without him the world would be as unmeaning as a flower with no honey in its breast. As I look over the long line of causes and effects which compose the universe ; as I thence dissolve away the material part thereof, and look at the idea, the meaning and ultimate purpose, I see all things point to the Bumblebee as the perfection of finite being ; I had almost said of all being. He alone is the principal, the finality ; all else is but provisional. He alone is his own excuse for being ; his existence is the reason why he is here : but all other things are only that he may be ; their excuse for existence is only this—that they prepare for him, provide for him, and shelter him. Some things do this directly, some in a circuitous manner, but though they serve other purposes, yet their end is to serve him. For him is the world of matter and its four elements, with their manifold forces, static and dynamic too : for him its curious combinations, which make up the world of organization and vegetation : all is but material basis for him !

For him, too, is the world of mind, with its two divisions of animated life, its Protozoa and its Articulata. Here the lower orders are all subservient, ancillary, not existing for their own sake, but only that they may serve him. They are the slope on which he climbs up to existence and enjoyment. The effort of the universe has been to produce the Bumblebee ! So was it at the beginning, so has it ever been ; so is it now ; so must it ever be. Yet how many million years before she could make real her own idea, and the highest possibility of mind became a settled fact—a Bumblebee !

What a difference between us and the highest Infusoria ! The two seem hardly to belong to the same world. How much vaster the odds between us and the inorganic matter, the primeval atoms of the world. Yet even from that to us there has been no leap ; the continuity of being is never broken. Step by step went on the mighty work. It seemed, indeed, to have no meaning, there was only a chaos of organization and decomposition, attraction and

repulsion, growth and decay, life and death, progress and regress. But at length the end is reached, the idea shines through the more material fact. One evening the sun went down on a world without a meaning; the next morning it rose, and behold there were Bumblebees; the chaos of transient night has become the kosmos of eternal day! [Immense sensation, prolonged applause.] Shall I say the Bumblebee was created? No, gentlemen, that were to adduce a mere theory. That he came as the resultant of all the forces there or heretofore active in the universe? No more is this to be allowed in such an assembly! The Bumblebee is mind, mind in himself, for himself, of himself, by himself. So he exists of his own accord, his being is his will, he exists because he wills to be. Perhaps I might say that all things anterior to him were but an efflux from him. For with a being so vast as the Bumblebee's the effect may well precede the cause, and the non-existent Bumblebee project out of himself all actual existence! [Renewed applause.]

Such, gentlemen, is the Purpose of the World—the Bumblebee. Such is its plan—to prepare for, to provide for, to develope him. Here ends the function of the all of things. The world of matter can no further go: no more the world of mind; there can be no progress beyond us; no order of beings above us, different in their plan of structure. Look at the great facts. There are but two divisions of the universe—the world of matter and the world of mind. From the nature of things there *can be* no more. So there are and there *can be* only two orders of living beings, the Protozoa, without permanent definiteness of form, and without distinct organs; and the Articulata, with permanent organs and definite form. Here can be no new animals with a different plan of structure. The possibility of matter and of mind is exhausted in us. I repeat it, gentlemen, though there may be more Protozoa, more Articulata, yet **THERE CAN NEVER BE A NEW FORM OF ANIMATED BEING.** The Articulata sums up and finishes the world. The choice of being is complete in us; the last sublimation of matter, that is our body; the last elevation of mind, that is ourselves, our essence. The next step would be the absolute, the infinite; nay, who shall dare declare that we are not ourselves the absolute, the infinite! [Sensation.]

Gentlemen, do not think it irreverent in me to set limits thus to the powers of the universe [Cries of "No! no!"], for we are the standard of existence, the norm of all being. Our measure was taken before the world began; all fits us, and corresponds to our stature. My antenna is the unit-measure of all space, my thought of all time. Nay, time and space are but conditions of my body and my mind; they have no existence independent of us! My eye controls the light, my tongue is the standard of sweetness. The Bumblebee consciousness is at once the measure and the limit of all that has been, is, or ever shall be. The possibilities of mind and matter are exhausted in the universe and its plan and its purpose on the Bumblebee. [Great sensation and applause.]

But, gentlemen, there is one faculty of our multiform consciousness I have not named as yet, though I think it the greatest of all; I mean the *power of criticism*, the act to praise, the act to reprehend. Let me apply this highest faculty of the Bumblebee to the universe itself, for that is the proper object of our criticism. For a Protozoa to criticise the universe it were ridiculous; so would it be for a light-winged butterfly, for a grasshopper, for a cricket, or even the largest beetle. But for us, gentlemen, the universe lies below the level of the Bumblebee consciousness; we look down thereon, and pass judgment. I will make some criticisms on the universe, and also on some of its parts.

Do not think me presumptuous in standing forth as the representative of Bumblebeedom in this matter. I have peculiar advantages. I have attained great and almost unexampled age. I have buzzed four summers; I have dozed many winters through: the number of my years equals that of my legs and antennæ on one side, and still my eye is not dim nor my natural vigour abated. This fact gives me an advantage over all our short-lived race. My time has been devoted to science, "all summer in the field, all winter in my cell"—this has been my motto all my life. I have travelled wide, and seen the entire world. Starting from this, my ancestral spot, I made expeditions east, west, north, and south. I travelled four entire days in each direction, stopped only at the limits of the world. I have been up to the top of the highest fir-tree (*abies pectinata*),

yes, have flown over it, and touched the sky. I have been deeper down in the earth than any Bumblebee, ten times my own length,—it makes me shudder to think of it, and then I touched the bottom of the monstrous world. I have lived in familiarity with all the philosophers now on earth, and have gathered all that time has left of the great thinkers before me. I am well acquainted with the summits of Bumblebee consciousness in times past and present. If any Bumblebee may criticise, surely I am that one. And if I am judge of anything it is of the universe itself, for I have studied it all my life; if I know anything, or can know anything, it is the all of things,—the world of matter and the world of mind,—this then is my judgment. [Sensation.]

Of the universe in general,—the all of things considered as a whole; I say I like it, and give it my emphatic approval—I admire its plan, I comprehend its wisdom, and rejoice in it—it is kindred to our own. So much for the whole universe—its plan is good, its purpose excellent, and realized in us. However, it is not so large as we have commonly supposed, nor so wonderful! But, gentlemen, when I come to speak of its parts, I confess I have my reserves; I cannot approve of all things in it—hear me in some details.

in time? It may be so. Still, I repeat it, there was a weakness, a fault somewhere. The Bumblebee might have existed twenty million years before he did, and all that time was lost!

2. I find fault, also, with the proportion of the seasons; the summers are too short, the winters are too long and cold. The first frosts come too early and too abruptly. Do we not feel it so, especially when we arrive at our best years—a ripe old age.

3. The trees are too tall, such, I mean, as bear the most valuable flowers, like the elm, the maple, the linden, and the honey-locust. Why must the Bumblebee fly for his daily food to such an exceeding height?

4. The conditions of life are too difficult. Why does not honey run all day in any place, or fall each night like dew? Why must we build our houses, and not find them built? Why wage inevitable war with mandibles and stings against unequal foes? Why does the moth, insensible to stings, devour the honey we lay up, and lodge with every comb we make? Why is so much of our time consumed in these mean evils, which are only for this vile body; and why is there so little left for science and for criticism of the universe?

Yes, gentlemen, I confess it. This is a hard world to live in! 'Tis needlessly hard! This fact gives a melancholy tinge to all our literature!

5. Our life is too short; commonly its years do not exceed the number of legs on one side of our body: now and then it is lengthened by a simple antenna more. It should last as many years as there are legs and feelers on both sides. Then were our life decent and respectable.

Such, gentlemen, is the universe, such its parts, such its purpose and its plan. Such also its defects; and such the proud pre-eminence of the Bumblebee, who not only is its crown and its completion, but can enjoy and comprehend it all; nay, can look beyond and see its faults, and find a serene but melancholy pleasure in thinking that it might be better made! Shall we complain of our lot, at the head of each department of nature, master of two worlds? It were unworthy of the Bumblebee. Let us be proud, because we are so great, and so be greater that we are so proud. Of this, dear friends, be sure. NO ORDER OF BEINGS CAN

EVER COME SUPERIOR TO US, FORMED AFTER A DIFFERENT STRUCTURAL PLAN : we are, and we shall ever be, the END OF THE UNIVERSE, its Final Cause ; all things are made for us alone.

Gentlemen, I shall not long hold out ; the frost of death will soon stiffen even my stalwart limbs. You will forget me for some greater one, and I shall not complain ; as I succeeded so shall I be succeeded. But this shall be my last and greatest wish—may the race of philosophic Bumblebees continue for ever ; their criticism of the universe, may it never cease.

With great applause the assembly welcomed these words: there was a prodigious humming, buzzing, clapping of legs and feelers and mandibles, and rustling of wings, then they flew to a clump of clover, and fed their fill, then went to sleep, and the next day went home.

JOHN BROWN'S EXPEDITION REVIEWED IN A LETTER FROM ROME TO FRANCIS JACKSON.

America is rich in able men, in skilful writers, in ready and accomplished speakers. But few men dare treat public affairs with reference to the great principles of justice, and the American Democracy: nay, few with reference to any remote future, or even with a comprehensive survey of the present. Our public writers ask what effect will this opinion have on the Democratic party, or the Republican party; how will it affect the next Presidential election; what will the great State of Pennsylvania or Ohio, or New York say to it? This is very unfortunate for us all, especially when the people have to deal practically, and that speedily, with a question concerning the very existence of Democratic institutions in America; for it is not to be denied that we must give up DEMOCRACY if we keep SLAVERY, or give up SLAVERY if we keep DEMOCRACY.

I greatly deplore this state of things. Our able men fail to perform their natural function, to give valuable instruction and advice to the people; and at the same time they debase and degrade themselves. The hurrahs and the offices they get are poor compensation for falseness to their own consciences.

In my best estate, I do not pretend to much political wisdom, and still less now while sick; but I wish yet to set down a few thoughts for your private eye, and, it may be, for the ear of the fraternity. They are, at least, the result of long meditation on the subject; besides, they are not at all new nor peculiar to me, but are a part of the public knowledge of all enlightened men.

1. A MAN HELD AGAINST HIS WILL AS A SLAVE HAS A NATURAL RIGHT TO KILL EVERY ONE WHO SEEKS TO PREVENT HIS ENJOYMENT OF LIBERTY. This has long been recognized as a self-evident proposition, coming so directly from the primitive instincts of human nature, that it neither required proofs nor admitted them.

2. IT MAY BE A NATURAL DUTY OF THE SLAVE TO DEVELOPE THIS NATURAL RIGHT IN A PRACTICAL MANNER, AND ACTUALLY KILL ALL THOSE WHO SEEK TO PREVENT HIS ENJOYMENT OF LIBERTY. For if he continue patiently in bondage: First, he entails the foulest of curses on his children; and, second, he encourages other men to commit the crime against nature which he allows his own master to commit. It is my duty to preserve my own body from starvation. If I fail

thereof through sloth, I not only die, but incur the contempt and loathing of my acquaintances while I live. It is not less my duty to do all that is in my power to preserve my body and soul from slavery; and if I submit to that through cowardice, I not only become a bondman, and suffer what thraldom inflicts, but I incur also the contempt and loathing of my acquaintance. Why do freemen scorn and despise a slave? Because they think his condition is a sign of his cowardice, and believe that he ought to prefer death to bondage. The Southerners hold the Africans in great contempt, though mothers of their children. Why? Simply because the Africans are slaves; that is, because the Africans fail to perform the natural duty of securing freedom by killing their oppressors.

3. THE FREEMAN HAS A NATURAL RIGHT TO HELP THE SLAVES RECOVER THEIR LIBERTY, AND IN THAT ENTERPRISE TO DO FOR THEM ALL WHICH THEY HAVE A RIGHT TO DO FOR THEMSELVES.

This statement, I think, requires no argument or illustration.

4. IT MAY BE A NATURAL DUTY FOR THE FREEMAN TO HELP THE SLAVES TO THE ENJOYMENT OF THEIR LIBERTY, AND AS MEANS TO THAT END, TO AID THEM IN KILLING ALL SUCH AS OPPOSE THEIR NATURAL FREEDOM.

If you were attacked by a wolf, I should not only have a *right* to aid you in getting rid of that enemy, but it would be my *duty* to help you in proportion to my power. If it were a MURDERER, and not a wolf, who attacked you, the duty would be still the same. Suppose it is not a murderer who would kill you, but a KIDNAPPER who would enslave, does that make it less my duty to help you out of the hands of your enemy? Suppose it is not a kidnapper who would make you a bondman, but a SLAVEHOLDER who would keep you one, does that remove my obligation to help you?

5. THE PERFORMANCE OF THIS DUTY IS TO BE CONTROLLED BY THE FREEMAN'S POWER AND OPPORTUNITY TO HELP THE SLAVES. (The impossible is never the obligatory.) I cannot help the slaves in Dahomey or Bornou, and am not bound to try. I can help those who escape to my own neighbourhood, and I ought to do so. My duty is commensurate with my power; and as my power increases, my duty enlarges along with it. If I could help the bondmen

in Virginia to their freedom as easily and effectually as I can aid the runaway at my own door, then I OUGHT to do so.

These five maxims have a direct application to America at this day, and the people of the Free States have a certain dim perception thereof, which, fortunately, is becoming clearer every year.

Thus, the people of Massachusetts *feel* that they ought to protect the fugitive slaves who come into our State. Hence come first the irregular attempts to secure their liberty, and the declarations of noble men, like Timothy Gilbert, George W. Carnes, and others, that they will do so even at great personal risk ; and, secondly, the statute laws made by the legislature to accomplish that end.

Now, if Massachusetts had the power to do as much for the slaves in Virginia as for the runaways in her own territory, we should soon see those two sets of measures at work in *that* direction also.

I find it is said in the Democratic newspapers that "Capt. Brown had many friends at the North, who sympathized with him in general, and in special approved of this particular scheme of his ; they furnished him with some twelve or twenty thousand dollars, it would seem." I think much more than that is true of us. If he *had* succeeded in running off one or two thousand slaves to Canada, even at the expense of a little violence and bloodshed, *the majority of men in New-England would have rejoiced, not only in the end, but also in the means.* The first successful attempt of a considerable number of slaves to secure their freedom by violence will clearly show how deep is the sympathy of the people for them, and how strongly they embrace the five principles I mentioned above. A little success of that sort will serve as *priming* for the popular cannon ; it is already loaded.

Of course I was not astonished to hear that an attempt had been made to free the slaves in a certain part of Virginia, nor should I be astonished if another "insurrection" or "rebellion" took place in the State of —, or a third in —, or a fourth in —. Such things are to be expected ; for they do not depend merely on the private will of men like Capt. Brown and his associates, but on the great general causes which move all human kind to hate wrong and love right. Such "insurrections" will continue

as long as slavery lasts, and will increase, both in frequency and in power, just as the people become intelligent and moral. Virginia may hang John Brown and all that family, but she cannot hang the HUMAN RACE; and until that is done, noble men will rejoice in the motto of that once magnanimous State—" *Sic semper Tyrannis!*" "Let such be the end of every oppressor."

It is a good anti-slavery picture on the Virginia shield:—a man standing on a tyrant and chopping his head off with a sword; only I would paint the sword-holder *black* and the tyrant *white*, to show the *immediate application* of the principle. The American people will have to march to rather severe music, I think, and it is better for them to face it in season. A few years ago it did not seem difficult first to check slavery, and then to end it without any blood-shed. I think this cannot be done now, nor ever in the future. All the great charters of HUMANITY have been writ in blood. I once hoped that of American Democracy would be engrossed in less costly ink; but it is plain, now, that our pilgrimage must lead through a Red Sea, wherein many a Pharaoh will go under and perish. Alas! that we are not wise enough to be just, or just enough to be wise, and so gain much at small cost!

Look now at a few notorious facts:

countrymen enjoy their natural right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

He sought by violence what the Anti-Slavery Society works for with other weapons. The two agree in the end, and differ only in the means. Men like Capt. Brown will be continually rising up among the white people of the Free States, attempting to do their *natural duty* to their black countrymen—that is, help them to freedom. Some of these efforts will be successful. Thus, last winter Capt. Brown himself escorted eleven of his countrymen from bondage in Missouri to freedom in Canada. He did not snap a gun, I think, although then, as more recently, he had his fighting tools at hand, and would have used them, if necessary. Even now the under-ground railroad is in constant and beneficent operation. By-and-by it will be an over-ground railroad from Mason and Dixon's line clear to Canada: the only *tunnelling* will be in the slave States. Northern men applaud the brave conductors of that locomotive of liberty.

When Thomas Garrett was introduced to a meeting of political free-soilers in Boston, as "the man who had helped 1800 slaves to their natural liberty," even that meeting gave the righteous quaker *three times three*. All honest Northern hearts beat with admiration of such men; nay, with love for them. Young lads say, "I wish that heaven would make me such a man." The wish will now and then be father to the fact. You and I have had opportunity enough, in twenty years, to see that this philanthropic patriotism is on the increase at the North, and the special direction it takes is toward the liberation of their countrymen in bondage.

Not many years ago Boston sent money to help the Greeks in their struggle for *political freedom* (they never quite lost their *personal liberty*), but with the money she sent what was more valuable and far more precious, one of her most valiant and heroic sons, who staid in Greece to fight the great battle of humanity. Did your friend, Dr Samuel G. Howe, lose the esteem of New-England men by that act? He won the admiration of Europe, and holds it still.

Nay, still later, the same dear old Boston—Hunkers

have never been more than rats and mice in her house, which she suffers for a time, and then drives out twelve hundred of them at once on a certain day of March, 1776,—that same dear old Boston sent the same Dr Howe to carry aid and comfort to the Poles, then in deadly struggle for their political existence. Was he disgraced because he lay seven and-forty days in a Prussian jail in Berlin? Not even in the eyes of the Prussian King, who afterwards sent him a gold medal, whose metal was worth as many dollars as that philanthropist lay days in the despot's jail. It is said, "Charity should begin at home." The American began a good way off, but has been working homeward ever since. The Dr Howe of to-day would and ought to be more ready to help an American to *personal liberty*, than a Pole or a Greek to mere political freedom, and would find more men to furnish aid and comfort to our own countrymen, even if they were black. It would not surprise me if there were other and well-planned attempts in other States to do what Captain Brown heroically, if not successfully, tried in Virginia. Nine out of ten may fail—the tenth will succeed. The victory over Gen. Burgoyne more than made up for all the losses in many a previous defeat; it was the beginning of the end. Slavery will not die a dry death, it may have

not to be done by a surgeon's hand; the poor wretch was laid down on a log, and his legs chopped off with a plantation axe, and the stumps plunged into boiling pitch to stanch the blood, and so save the *property* from entire destruction; for the live *torso* of a slave might serve as a warning. No action of a court was requisite to inflict this punishment; any master could thus mutilate his bondman. Even from 1830 to 1846, it was common for owners to beat their offending victims with "tamarind rods" six feet long and an inch in thickness at the bigger end—rods thick set with ugly thorns. When that process was over, the lacerated back was washed with a decoction of the Manchineel, a poison tree, which made the wounds fester, and long remain open.

In 1846, the negroes were in "rebellion," and took possession of the island; they were 25,000, the whites 3000. But the blacks did not hurt the hair of a white man's head; they got their freedom, but they took no revenge! Suppose 25,000 Americans, held in bondage by 3000 Algerines on a little island, should get their masters into their hands, how many of the 3000 would see the next sun go down?

No doubt it is through the absence of this desire of natural vengeance that the Africans have been reduced to bondage, and kept in it.

But *there is a limit even to the negro's forbearance*. San Domingo is not a great way off. The revolution which changed its black inhabitants from tame slaves into wild men, took place after you had ceased to call yourself a boy.

It shows what may be in America, with no white man to help. In the slave States there is many a possible San Domingo, which may become actual any day; and, if not in 1860, then in some other "year of our Lord." Besides, America offers more than any other country to excite the slave to love of liberty, and the effort for it. We are always talking about "liberty," boasting that we are "the freest people in the world," declaring that "a man would die rather than be a slave." We continually praise our fathers "who fought the Revolution." We build monuments to commemorate even the humblest beginning of that great national work. Once a year we stop all ordinary work, and give up a whole day to the noisiest kind of rejoicing for the War of Independence. How we praise the "champions of liberty!" How we point out the "infamy of the

British oppressors!" "They would make our fathers slaves," say we, "and we slew the oppressor—**SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS!**"

Do you suppose this will fail to produce its effect on the black man, one day? The South must either give up keeping "Independence Day," or else keep it in a little more thorough fashion. Nor is this all: the Southerners are continually taunting the negroes with their miserable nature. "You are only half human," say they, "not capable of freedom." "Hay is good for horses, not for hogs," said the *philosophic American*, who now "represents the great Democracy" at the court of Turin. *So, liberty is good for white men, not for negroes.* Have they souls? I don't know that—*non mi ricordo.* "Contempt," says the proverb, "will cut through the shell of the tortoise." And, one day, even the sluggish African will wake up under the three-fold stimulus of the fourth of July cannon, the whip of the slaveholder, and the sting of his heartless mockery. Then, if "oppression maketh wise men mad," what do you think it will do to African slaves, who are familiar with scenes of violence, and all manner of cruelty? Still more: if the negroes have not general power of mind, or instinctive love of liberty, equal to the whites, they are much our superiors

his personal liberty, than for a white man to fight for political independence, and against a tax of three pence a pound on tea. Wait a little, and things will come round.

III. The existence of slavery endangers all our Democratic institutions. It does this if only tolerated as an exceptional measure—a matter of present convenience, and still more when proclaimed as an instantial principle, a rule of political conduct for all time and every place. Look at this: In 1790 there were (say) 300,000 slaves; soon they make their first doubling, and are 600,000; then their second, 1,200,000; then their third, 2,400,000. They are now in the process of doubling the fourth time, and will soon be 4,800,000; then comes the fifth double, 9,600,000; then the sixth, 19,200,000. Before the year of our Lord nineteen hundred there will be twenty million slaves!

An Anglo-Saxon with common sense does not like this Africanization of America; he wishes the superior race to multiply rather than the inferior. Besides, it is plain to a one-eyed man that slavery is an irreconcilable enemy of the progressive development of Democracy; that, if allowed to exist, it must be allowed to spread, to gain political, social, and ecclesiastical power; and all that it gains for the slave-holders is just so much taken from the freemen.

Look at this—there are twenty Southern representatives who represent nothing but property in man, and yet their vote counts as much in Congress as the twenty Northerners who stand for the will of 1,800,000 freemen. Slavery gives the South the same advantage in the choice of President; consequently the slaveholding South has long controlled the Federal power of the nation.

Look at the recent acts of the slave power! The Fugitive Slave bill, the Kansas-Nebraska bill, the Dred Scott decision, the filibustering against Cuba (till found too strong), and now against Mexico and other feeble neighbours, and, to crown all, the actual re-opening of the African slave-trade!

The South has kidnapped men in Boston, and made the Judges of Massachusetts go under her symbolic chain to enter the courts of justice (!) She has burned houses and butchered innocent men in Kansas, and the perpetrators of that wickedness were rewarded by the Federal government with high office and great pay! Those things are

notorious ; they have stirred up some little indignation at the North, and freemen begin to think of defending their liberty. Hence came the Free-Soil party, and hence the Republican party—it contemplates no direct benefit to the slave, only the defence of the white man in his national rights, or his conventional privileges. It will grow stronger every year, and also bolder. It must lay down principles as a platform to work its measure on ; the principles will be found to require much more than what was at first proposed, and even from this platform Republicans will promptly see that *they cannot defend the natural rights of freemen without destroying that slavery which takes away the natural rights of a negro.* So, first, the wise and just men of the party will sympathize with such as seek to liberate the slaves, either peacefully or by violence ; next, they will declare their opinions in public ; and, finally, the whole body of the party will come to the same sympathy and the same opinion. Then, of course, they will encourage men like Capt. Brown, give him money and all manner of help, and also encourage the slaves whenever they shall rise to take their liberty, at all hazards. When called to help put down an insurrection of the slaves, they will go readily enough and do the work by removing the cause of insurrection—that is—*by destroying*

migrants, and engage in the slave-trade, or venture on filibustering expeditions. This class of persons is common in all the South. One of the legitimate products of her "peculiar institution," they are familiar with violence, ready and able for murder. Public opinion sustains such men. Bully Brooks was but one of their representatives in Congress. Now-a-days they are fond of slavery, defend it, and seek to spread it. But the time must come one day—it may come any time—when the lovers of mischief will do a little filibustering at home, and rouse up the slaves to rob, burn, and kill. Prudent carpenters sweep up all the shavings in their shops at night, and remove this food of conflagration to a safe place, lest the spark of a candle, the end of a cigar, or a friction-match should swiftly end their wealth, slowly gathered together. The South takes pains to strew her carpenter's shop with shavings, and fill it full thereof. She encourages men to walk abroad with naked candles in their hands and lighted cigars in their mouths; then they scatter friction-matches on the floor, and dance a filibustering jig thereon. She cries, "Well done! Hurrah for Walker!" "Hurrah for Brooks!" "Hurrah for the bark Wanderer and its cargo of slaves! Up with the bowie-knife! Down with justice and humanity!" The South must reap as she sows; where she scatters the wind, the whirlwind will come up. It will be a pretty crop for her to reap. Within a few years the South has BURNED ALIVE eight or ten negroes. Other black men looked on, and learned how to fasten the chain, how to pile the green wood, how to set this hell-fire of slavery agoing. The apprentice may be slow to learn, but he has had teaching enough by this time to know the art and mystery of torture; and, depend upon it, the negro will one day apply it to his old tormentors. The fire of vengeance may be waked up even in an African's heart, especially when it is fanned by the wickedness of a white man: then it runs from man to man, from town to town. What shall put it out? *The white man's blood!*

Now, slavery is a wickedness so vast and so old, so rich and so respectable, supported by the State, the press, the market, and the Church, that all those agencies are needed to oppose it with—those, and many more which I cannot speak of now. You and I prefer the peaceful method; but

I, at least, shall welcome the violent, if no other accomplishes the end. So will the great mass of thoughtful and good men at the North; else why do we honour the heroes of the Revolution, and build them monuments all over our blessed New-England? I think you gave money for that of Bunker Hill: I once thought it a folly; now I recognize it as a great sermon in stone, which is worth not only all the money it cost to build it, but all the blood it took to lay its corner-stones. Trust me, its lesson will not be in vain—at the North, I mean, for the LOGIC OF SLAVERY will keep the South on its lower course, and drive it on more swiftly than before. "Capt. Brown's expedition was a failure," I hear it said. I am not quite sure of that. True, it kills fifteen men by sword and shot, and four or five men by the gallows. But it shows the weakness of the greatest slave State in America, the worthlessness of her soldiery, and the utter fear which slavery genders in the bosoms of the masters. Think of the condition of the city of Washington while Brown was at work!

Brown will die, I think, like a martyr, and also like a saint. His noble demeanour, his unflinching bravery, his gentleness, his calm, religious trust in God, and his words of truth and soberness, cannot fail to make a profound

story in my health, and certainly does not mend me. But I look for brighter days and happier nights. The sad tidings from America—my friends in peril, in exile, in jail, killed, or to be hung—have filled me with grief, and so I fall back a little, but hope to get forward again. God bless you and yours, and comfort you!

Ever affectionately yours,

THEODORE PARKER.

A LETTER TO THE BOSTON ASSOCIATION OF CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS, TOUCHING CERTAIN MATTERS OF THEIR THEOLOGY.

GENTLEMEN :

The peculiar circumstances of the last few years have placed both you and me in new relations to the public, and to one another. Your recent actions constrain me to write you this public letter, that all may the more fully understand the matter at issue between us, and the course you design to pursue. You are a portion of the Unitarian body, and your opinions and conduct will no doubt have some influence upon that body. You have, I am told, at great length, and in several consecutive meetings, discussed the subject of my connection with your reverend body; you have debated the matter whether you should expel me for heresy, and by a circuitous movement, recently made, have actually excluded me from preaching the Thursday Lecture. I do not call in question your motives, for it is not my office to judge you, neither do I now complain of your conduct, public or private, towards me during the last three years. That has been various. Some members of your association have uniformly treated me with the courtesy common amongst gentlemen; some also with the civilities that are usual amongst ministers of the same denomination. Towards some of your number I entertain an affectionate gratitude for the good words I have heard from their lips in my youth. I feel a great regard for some of

you, on account of their noble and Christian characters, virtuous, self-denying, pious, and without bigotry. I cherish no unkind feelings towards the rest of you; towards none of you do I feel ill-will on account of what has past. I have treated my opponents with a forbearance which, I think, has not always been sufficiently appreciated by such as have had the chief benefit of that forbearance. However, I hope never to be driven either by abuse from an opponent, or by the treachery of a pretended friend, to depart from the course of forbearance which I have hitherto, and uniformly, pursued.

But since you have, practically, taken so decided a stand, and have so frequently discussed me and my affairs among yourselves, and have at last made your movement, I think it important that the public should have a distinct knowledge of your theological position. I am searching for truth, however humbly, and I suppose that you are as desirous of imparting to others as of receiving it from Heaven; therefore I shall proceed to ask you certain questions, a good deal talked of at the present day, to which I venture to ask a distinct and categorical reply. But, by way of preliminary, I will first refresh your memory with a few facts.

Until recently the Unitarians have been supposed to form

therein, common alike to Catholics and Protestants,—a doctrine for centuries regarded as essential to the Christian scheme, the fundamental dogma of Christianity. For this denial they encountered the usual fate of the movement party ;—they were denied Christian fellowship, and got a bad name, which they keep even now. I am told that they are still called “ Infidels ” by the Trinitarian leaders, and that, you know, gentlemen, is a term of great reproach in the theological world. It has been asserted, I think, in some orthodox journal, that the lamented Dr Channing, whose name is now perhaps praised by your association oftener than his example is followed, undoubtedly went to hell for his sin in denying that Jesus of Nazareth was the infinite God. Gentlemen, these things happened not a great many years ago. I do not wonder at the treatment the Unitarians have received, and still receive, where they are not numerous and powerful, for the Trinitarians maintain that no one can be saved without a belief in certain doctrines of their theology, which very doctrines the Unitarians stoutly denied, and in public too. The orthodox were consistent in what the Unitarians then regarded as persecution, and, I doubt not, would have used the old arguments, fagots and the axe—had not the laws of the land rendered it quite impossible to resort to this ultimate standard of theological appeal, which had been a favourite with many of the clergy for more than fourteen centuries. The Unitarians complained of that treatment as not altogether Christian.

But now, gentlemen, it seems to me that some of you are pursuing the same course you once complained of, and if I rightly apprehend the theology of your learned body —of which, however, I am not quite sure—without the same consistency, having no warrant therefor in your theological system. I say nothing of your motives in all this ; nothing of the spirit in which some of you have acted. That matter is beyond my reach ; to your own master you stand or fall. In 1841 I preached a sermon at South Boston, at an ordination. That was soon attacked by the Rev. Mr Fairchild, and numerous other clergymen, of several denominations, equally zealous for the Christian faith. Since that time most of you have refused me the ministerial courtesies commonly shown to the ministers of the same denomination.

And yet, gentlemen, I think these courtesies are not, in all denominations, withheld when one of the parties has a moral reputation that is at least ambiguous. Only five of your number I believe have since exchanged with me, though comparatively but few members of other Unitarian associations have departed from their former course. I do not complain of this;—I simply state the fact.

Now, gentlemen, there is one matter on which you will allow me to pause a moment. The Benevolent Fraternity of Churches is, I suppose, virtually, though not formally, under the direction of certain members of your association. Now that Fraternity has virtually expelled from his office a minister engaged in a noble and Christian work, and performing that work with rare ability and success. You have thus expelled him from his place, simply because he extended ministerial fellowship to me in common with ministers of several other denominations. The case of Mr Sargent is peculiar, and I must dwell a moment on a few particulars respecting it. If I rightly remember, his family contributed largely to the erection and embellishment of the chapel out of which he is expelled. He has himself spent freely his own property for the poor under his charge, and has been untiring in his labours. No shadow of reproach

church and the Fraternity were his *feudal superiors*, and this seems to be true. You will say, furthermore, that the Boston Association, as a whole, is not responsible for the acts of the Fraternity, and this is doubtless the case, but as I think some of its members are accountable, to them let the above remarks apply. I pass to another matter.

The Unitarians have no recognized and public creed. It used to be their glory. At the Theological School in Cambridge, I subscribed no symbolical books; at my ordination I assented to no form of doctrines—neither church nor council requesting it. When I became a member of your learned body, no one asked me of my opinions, whether orthodox or heterodox. No one even demanded a promise that I should never change an opinion, or discover a new truth! I know well, gentlemen, that I differ, and that very widely, from the systems of theology which are taught, and from the philosophy which underlies those systems. I have no wish to disguise my theology, nor shelter it beneath the authority of your association. Let it stand or fall by itself. But still, I do not know that I have transgressed the limits of Unitarianism, for I do not know what those limits are. It is a great glory to a liberal association to have no symbolical books, but a great inconvenience that a sect becoming exclusive should not declare its creed. I cannot utter the *Shibboleth* of a party till I first hear it pronounced in the orthodox way. I shall presently proceed to beg you to point out the limits of scientific freedom, and tell the *maximum* of theological belief which distinguishes you from the “orthodox” on the one side, and the *minimum* thereof, which distinguishes you from the “infidels” on the other side.

Gentlemen, you refuse me fellowship; you discuss the question whether you shall expel me from your association, and you actually, though indirectly, prohibit me, as I understand it, from preaching “the great and Thursday lecture.” Gentlemen, I wish to know distinctly the ground you take in this matter. It is not altogether plain why you put yourselves in your peculiar attitude towards me. Mr Sargent is expelled for granting me ministerial fellowship. He was an accessory after the fact in my alleged heresies—and being but a vassal of the Fraternity, and therefore within their power, is punished while the principal of

the mischief is allowed to go unscathed, and other clergymen who exchange with me, but have no feudal lords, retain their places as before. Here the issue is obvious, and Mr Sargent is expelled from his pulpit for *Positive Misprision of Heresy*, if I may make use of such a term. Of course the same decree excludes him from his pulpit and the association. But I am told that Mr Pierpont was quite as effectually excluded from the actual fellowship of your association, as even myself; for while three of the city members of your association have continued to extend ministerial fellowship to me—Mr Pierpont, Mr Sargent, and Mr Clarke,—only three—Mr Gannett, Mr Sargent, and Mr Waterston—if I am rightly informed, have actually extended that fellowship to him since the time of the famed Hollis-street council, though Messrs Clarke and Bartol have offered exchanges! Yet I think he is guilty of no heresy,—*theological* and *speculative* heresy I mean, for in practical affairs it is well known that his course is the opposite of that pursued by most of his brethren in the city.

Still more, at a conference I had with the association, a little more than two years ago, the chairman of the association—the Rev. Dr Parkman—declared that my main offence was not my theological heresies, they would have been forgiven and forgot, had it not been for an article I published on the Hollis-street council (printed in the *Dial* for Oct. 1842), in which, as he alleged, I “poured scorn and contempt upon the brethren.” Yet others charge me with heresies, and on account thereof, I am told, actually deny my right to Christian fellowship from them, and even my title to the Christian name.

In this intricate confusion, gentlemen, you will probably see the necessity of saying a word to put all things in a fair light, that I may know on what point you and I are really at issue. Notwithstanding the remarks of the Rev. Dr Parkman, I am still inclined to the belief that the charge of heresy is the main charge, and as you have had the field of controversy entirely to yourselves these several years, and as yet have not, as a body, made a public and authorized statement of your theological belief, I must beg you to inform me what is ORTHODOXY according to the Boston Association. The orthodoxy of the Catholic Church I

know very well; I am not wholly ignorant of what is called orthodox by the Lutheran and Calvinistic Churches; but the orthodoxy of the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers is not a thing so easy to come at. As I try to comprehend it, I feel I am looking at something dim and undefined. It changes colour, and it changes shape; now it seems a mountain, then it appears like a cloud. You will excuse me, gentlemen,—but though I have been more than seven years a member of your reverend body, I do not altogether comprehend your theology—nor know what is orthodox. You will do me a great service, if you will publish your symbolical books, and let the world know what is the true doctrine according to the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers.

I have defined my own position as well as I could, and will presently beg you to reply distinctly, categorically, and unequivocally to the following questions. Gentlemen, you are theologians; men of leisure and learning; mighty in the Scriptures. Some of you have grown grey in teaching the world; most of you, I think, make no scruple of passing judgment, public and private, on my opinions and myself. It is therefore to be supposed that you have examined things at large, and been curious in particulars; have searched into the mysteries of things, deciding what is true, what false, what Christian, and what not, and so have determined on a standard of doctrines, which is to you well known, accessible, and acknowledged by all. Some of you can sling stones at a hair's breadth in the arena of theology. You are many, and I am standing alone. Of course I shall take it for granted that you have, each and all, thoroughly, carefully, and profoundly examined the matters at issue between us; that you have made up your minds thereon, and are all entirely agreed in your conclusions, and that, on all points; for surely it were not charitable to suppose, without good and sufficient proof, that a body of Christian ministers,—conscientious men, learned and aware of the difficulties of the case,—would censure and virtually condemn one of their number for heresy, unless they had made personal investigation of the whole matter, had themselves agreed on their standard of orthodoxy, and were quite ready to place that standard before the eyes of the whole people. I beg that this standard of Unitarian orthodoxy,

as it is agreed upon and established by the authority of the Boston Association, may be set before my eyes, and those of the public at the same time, and therefore, gentlemen, I propose to you the following

QUESTIONS.

CLASS I.—SCHOLASTIC QUESTIONS RELATING TO THE DEFINITION OF TERMS FREQUENTLY USED IN THEOLOGY.

1. What do you mean by the word *salvation*?
2. What do you mean by a *miracle*?
3. What do you mean by *inspiration*?
4. What do you mean by *revelation*?

CLASS II.—DOGMATIC QUESTIONS RELATING TO CERTAIN DOCTRINES OF THEOLOGY.

5. In questions of theology, to what shall a man appeal, and what is the criterion whereby he is to test theological, moral, and religious doctrines; are there limits to theological inquiry,—and if so, what are those limits? is truth to be accepted because it is true, and right to be followed because it is right, or for some other reason?

6. What are the conditions of salvation, both theoretic

or has Jesus exhausted either or both the *capacity of man*, or the *capability of God*?

20. Do you believe that from a state of entire and perfect death, Jesus returned to a state of entire and perfect physical life; that he did all the works, and uttered all the words, attributed to him in the concluding parts of the Gospels, after his resurrection, and was subsequently taken up into heaven, bodily and visibly, as mentioned in the book of Acts?

21. Do you believe that at the death of Jesus the earth quaked, the rocks were rent; that darkness prevailed over the land for three hours; that the graves were opened, and many bodies of saints that slept arose, and appeared to many?

22. Do you believe that Jesus, or any of the writers of the New Testament, believed in, and taught the existence of, a personal devil, of angels good or bad, of demons who possessed the bodies of men; and do you, yourselves, believe the existence of a personal devil, of such angels and demons; in special, do you believe that the angel Gabriel appeared to Zacharias, and to the Virgin Mary, and uttered exactly those words ascribed to him in the third Gospel?

23. Do you believe that the writers of the four Gospels, and the book of Acts, never mingled mythical, poetical, or legendary matter in their compositions; that they never made a mistake in a matter of fact; and that they have, in all cases, reported the words and actions of Jesus, with entire and perfect accuracy?

24. Do you believe the miracles related in the book of Acts,—for example, the miraculous inspiration of the apostles at Pentecost; the cures effected by Peter, his vision, his miraculous deliverance from prison “by the angel of the Lord”; the miraculous death of Ananias and Sapphira; the miraculous conversion of Paul; that diseased persons were cured by handkerchiefs and aprons brought to them from Paul; and that he and Stephen actually, and with the body’s eye, saw Jesus Christ, an actual object exterior to themselves?

25. Do you believe that Peter, in the Acts, correctly explains certain passages of the Old Testament, as referring to Jesus of Nazareth, his sufferings, death, and resurrection; that Jesus himself—if the Gospels truly represent

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his words— in all cases, applies the language of the Old Testament to himself in its proper and legitimate meaning; was he never mistaken in this matter, or have the passages of the Old Testament many meanings?

26. Do you think that a belief in the miraculous inspiration of all or any of the writers of the Old Testament or New Testament; that a belief in all or any of the miracles therein mentioned; that a belief in the miraculous birth, life, resurrection, and ascension of Jesus; that a belief in his miraculous, universal, and infallible inspiration, is essential to a perfect Christian character, to salvation and acceptance with God, or even to participation in the Christian name? and if so, what doctrine of morality or religion really and necessarily rests, in whole or in part, on such a belief?

27. Do you believe that the two ordinances,—Baptism and the Lord's Supper,—are, in themselves, essential, necessary, and of primary importance as ends, valuable for their own sakes, or that they are but *helps* and *means* for the formation of the Christian character, and therefore valuable only so far as they help to form that character?

28. Do you think it wrong or unchristian in another, to abandon and expose what he deems a popular error, or to

distinctly as possible, set forth my own views, and as you have publicly placed yourselves in a hostile attitude to me; as some of you have done all in their power to disown me, and as they have done this, partly, on account of my alleged heresies; it is but due to yourselves to open the Gospel according to the Boston Association, give the public an opportunity to take the length and breadth of your standard of Unitarian orthodoxy, and tell us all what you really think on the points above-mentioned. Then you and I shall know in what we differ; there will be a clear field before us, and if we are doomed to contend, we shall not fight in the dark. I have invited your learned attention to matters on which it is supposed that you have inquired and made up your minds, and that you are entirely agreed among yourselves, and yet that you differ most widely from me. I have not, however, touched the great philosophical questions which lie at the bottom of all theology, because I do not understand that you have yourselves raised these questions, or consciously and distinctly joined issue upon them with me. Gentlemen, you are men of leisure, and I am busied with numerous cares; you are safe in your multitude of council, while I have comparatively none to advise with. But notwithstanding these advantages, so eminently on your side, I have not feared to descend into the arena, and looking only for the truth, to write you this letter. I shall pause, impatient for your reply; and, with hearty wishes for your continued prosperity, your increased usefulness, and growth alike in all Christian virtues, and every manly grace, I remain, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

THEODORE PARKER.

WEST ROXBURY, March 20th, 1845.

SOME ACCOUNT OF MY MINISTRY.

TWO SERMONS

PREACHED BEFORE THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY
IN BOSTON, ON THE 14TH AND 21ST OF NOVEMBER, 1852, ON
LEAVING THEIR OLD AND ENTERING A NEW PLACE OF WORSHIP.

SERMON I.

"I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." *Acts xx. 27.*

On the 22nd of January, 1845, at a meeting of gentlemen in Boston, which some of you very well remember, it was "*Resolved*, that the Rev. Theodore Parker shall have a church to be formed in Boston."

more weary and no better. It is scarcely more than twenty-four hours since I came back, and accordingly but a brief time has been allowed me for the composition of this sermon. For its manner and its matter, its substance and its form, therefore, I must ask your indulgence.

When I spoke to you for the first time on that dark, rainy Sunday, on the 16th of February, 1845, I had recently returned from Europe. I had enjoyed a whole year of leisure : it was the first and last I have ever had. I had employed that time in studying the people and institutions of Western Europe ; their social, academical, political, and ecclesiastical institutions. And that leisure gave me an opportunity to pause, and review my scheme of philosophy and theology ; to compare my own system with that of eminent men, as well living as dead, in all parts of Europe, and see how the scheme would fit the wants of Christendom, Protestant and Catholic. It was a very fortunate thing that at the age of three and thirty I was enabled to pause, and study myself anew ; to re-examine what I had left behind me, and recast my plans for what of life might yet remain.

You remember, when you first asked me to come here and preach, I doubted and hesitated, and at first said, No ; for I distrusted my own ability to make my idea welcome at that time to any large body of men. In the country I had a small parish, very dear to me still, wherein I knew every man, woman, and child, and was well known to them : I knew the thoughts of such as had the habit of thinking. Some of them accepted my conclusions because they had entertained ideas like them before I did, perhaps before I was born. Others tolerated the doctrine because they liked the man, and the doctrine seemed part of him, and, if they took my ideas at all, took them for my sake. You, who knew little of me, must hear the doctrine before you could know the man ; and, as you would know the doctrine only as I had power to set it forth in speech, I doubted if I should make it welcome. I had no doubt of the truth of my idea ; none of its ultimate triumph. I felt certain that one day it would be “a flame in all men’s hearts.” I doubted only of its immediate success in my hands.

Some of you had not a very clear notion of my programme of principles. Most of you knew this,—that a

Some effort was making to exclude me from the pulpits of New-England; not on account of any charge brought against my character, but simply on account of the ideas which I presented; ideas which, as I claimed, were bottomed on the nature of man and the nature of God; my opponents claimed that they were not bottomed on the Bible. You thought that my doctrine was not fairly and soberly met; that an attempt was making, not to put it down by reason, but to hew it down by force of ecclesiastical shouting; and that was true. And so you passed a resolve that Mr Parker should have "a chance to be heard in Boston," because he had not a chance to be heard anywhere else, in a pulpit, except in the little village of West Roxbury.

It was a great principle, certainly, which was at stake; the great Protestant principle of free individuality of thought in matters of religion. And that, with most of you, was stronger than a belief in my peculiar opinions; far stronger than any personal fondness for me. Therefore your resolution was bottomed on a great idea.

My scheme of theology may be briefly told. There are three great doctrines in it, relating to the idea of God, the idea of man, and of the connection or relation be-

That is my idea of God, and it is the foundation of all my preaching. It is the one idea in which I differ from the antichristian sects, and from every Christian sect. I know of no Christian or antichristian sect which really believes in the infinite God. If the infinity of God appears in their synthetic definition of Deity, it is straightway brought to nothing in their analytic description of the divine character, and their historic account of His works and purposes.

Then, of the idea of man. I have taught that God gave mankind powers perfectly adapted to the purpose of God ;—that the body of man was just what God meant it to be ; had nothing redundant, to be cut off sacramentally ; was not deficient in anything, to be sacramentally agglutinated thereunto ;—and that the spirit of man was exactly such a spirit as the good God meant to make ; redundant in nothing, deficient in nothing ; requiring no sacramental amputation of an old faculty, no sacramental imputation of a new faculty from another tree ;—that the mind and conscience and heart and soul were exactly adequate to the function that God meant for them all ; that they found their appropriate objects of satisfaction in the universe ; and as there was food for the body,—all nature ready to serve it on due condition,—so there was satisfaction for the spirit, truth and beauty for the intellect, justice for the conscience ; human beings—lover and maid, husband and wife, kith and kin, friend and friend, parent and child—for the affections ; and God for the soul ;—that man can as naturally find satisfaction for his soul, which hungers after the infinite God, as for his heart, which hungers for a human friend, or for his mouth, which hungers for daily bread ;—that mankind no more needs to receive a miraculous revelation of things pertaining to religion than of things pertaining to housekeeping, agriculture, or manufactures ; for God made the religious faculty as adequate to its function as the practical faculties for theirs.

In the development of man's faculties, I have taught that there has been a great progress of mankind,—outwardly shown in the increased power over nature, in the increase of comfort, art, science, literature ; and this progress is just as obvious in religion as in agriculture or in housekeeping. The progress in man's idea of God is as

remarkable as the progress in building ships; for, indeed, the difference between the popular conception of a jealous and angry God, who said His first word in the Old Testament, and His last word in the New Testament, and who will never speak again "till the last day," and then only damn to everlasting ruin the bulk of mankind,—the difference between that conception and the idea of the infinite God is as great as the difference between the "dug-out" of a Sandwich Islander and a California clipper, that takes all the airs of heaven in its broad arms, and skims over the waters with the speed of wind. I see no limit to this general power of progressive development in man; none to man's power of religious development. The progress did not begin with Moses, nor end with Jesus. Neither of these great benefactors was a finality in benefaction. This power of growth, which belongs to human nature, is only definite in the historical forms already produced, but quite indefinite and boundless in its capabilities of future expansion.

In the human faculties, this is the order of rank: I have put the body and all its powers at the bottom of the scale; and then, of the spiritual powers, I put the intellect the lowest of all; conscience came next higher; the affections higher yet; and highest of all, I have put the religious

the higher and nicer qualities, in the moral power of conscience, the loving power of affection, the religious power of the soul : equal, on the whole, and of course entitled to ~~not~~ the same rights as man ; to the same rights of mind, body, and estate ; the same domestic, social, ecclesiastical, and political rights as man, and only kept from the enjoyment of these by might, not right ; yet herself destined one day to acquire them all. For, as in the development of man, the lower faculties come out and blossom first, and as accordingly, in the development of society, those persons who represent the lower powers first get elevated to prominence ; so man, while he is wanting in the superior quality, possesses brute strength and brute intellect, and in virtue thereof has had the sway in the world. But as the finer qualities come later, and the persons who represent those finer qualities come later into prominence ; so woman is destined one day to come forth and introduce a better element into the family, society, politics, and church, and to bless us far more than the highest of men are yet aware. Out of that mine the fine gold is to be brought which shall sanctify the church, and save the State.

That is my idea of man ; and you see how widely it differs from the popular ecclesiastical idea of him.

Then a word for the idea of the relation between God and man.

I. First, of this on God's part. God is perfect cause and perfect providence, Father and Mother of all men ; and He loves each with all of his being, all of His almighty, His all-knowingness, all-righteousness, all-lovingness, and all-holiness. He knew at the beginning all the future history of mankind, and of each man,—of Jesus of Nazareth and Judas Iscariot : and prepared for all, so that a perfect result shall be worked out at last for each soul. The means for the purposes of God in the human world are the natural powers of man, his faculties ; those faculties which are fettered by instinct, and those also which are winged by free-will. Hence while, with my idea of God, I am sure of the end, and have asked of all men an infinite faith that the result would be brought out right by the forces of God, —with my idea of man, I have also pointed out the human means ; and, while I was sure of the end, and called for divine faith, I have also been sure of the means, and called

for human work. Here are two propositions: first, that God so orders things in His providence, that a perfect result shall be wrought out for each; and, second, that He gives a certain amount of freedom to every man. I believe both of these propositions; I have presented both as strongly as I could. I do not mean to say that I have logically reconciled these two propositions, with all their consequences, in my own mind, and still less to the minds of others. There may seem to be a contradiction. Perhaps I do not know how to reconcile the seeming contradiction, and yet I believe both propositions.

From this it follows that the history of the world is no astonishment to God; that the vice of a Judas, or the virtue of a Jesus, is not a surprise to Him. Error and sin are what stumbling is to a child; accidents of development, which will in due time be overcome. As the finite mother does not hate the sound and strong boy, who sometimes stumbles in learning to walk; nor the sound, but weak boy, who stumbles often; nor yet the crippled boy, who stumbles continually, and only stumbles;—but as she seeks to help and teach all three, so the Infinite Mother of us all does not hate the well-born, who seldom errs; nor the ill-born, who often transgresses; nor yet hate the

Religion is what man owes to God, as God owes providence to man. And with me religion is something exceedingly wide, covering the whole surface, and including the whole depth of human life.

The internal part I have called piety. By that I mean, speaking synthetically, the love of God as God, with all the mind and conscience, heart and soul: speaking analytically, the love of truth and beauty, with the intellect; the love of justice, with the conscience; the love of persons, with the affections; the love of holiness, with the soul. For all these faculties find in God their perfect object,—the all-true, all-beautiful, all-just, all-loving, and all-holy God, the Father and Mother of all.

The more external part of religion I have called morality; that is, keeping all the natural laws which God has writ for the body and spirit, for mind and conscience and heart and soul; and I consider that it is just as much a part of religion to keep every law which God has writ in our frame, as it is to keep the "Ten Commandments;" and just as much our duty to keep the law which He has thus published in human nature, as if the voice of God spoke out of heaven, and said, "Thou shalt," and "Thou shalt not." Man's consciousness proclaims God's law. It is nature on which I have endeavoured to bottom my teachings. Of course this morality includes the subordination of the body to the spirit, and, in the spirit, the subordination of the lower faculties to the higher; so that the religious element shall correct the partiality of affection, the coldness of justice, and the shortsightedness of intellectual calculation; and, still more, shall rule and keep in rank the appetites of the body. But in this the soul must not be a tyrant over the body; for, as there is a holy spirit, so there is likewise a holy flesh; all its natural appetites are sacred; and the religious faculty is not to domineer over the mind, nor over the conscience, nor over the affections of man. All these powers are to be co-ordinated into one great harmony, where the parts are not sacrificed to the whole, nor the whole to any one part. So, in short, man's religious duty is to serve God by the normal use, development, and enjoyment of every limb of the body, every faculty of the spirit, every particle of power which we progressively acquire and possess over matter or over man.

The ordinances of that religion are, inwardly, prayer of penitence and aspiration, the joy and delight in God and His gifts; and, outwardly, they are the daily works of life, by fire-side and street-side and field-side,—“the charities that soothe and heal and bless.” These are the ordinances, and I know no other.

Of course, to determine the religiousness of a man, the question is not merely—what does he believe? but—has he been faithful to himself in coming to his belief? It may be possible that a man comes to the conviction of atheism, but yet has been faithful to himself. It may be that the man believes the highest words taught by Jesus, and yet has been faithless to himself. It is a fact which deserves to be held up everlastingly before men, that religion begins in faithfulness to yourself. I have known men whom the world called infidels, and mocked at, who yet were faithful among the faithulest. Their intellectual conclusions I would have trodden under my feet; but their faithfulness I would fall on my knees to do honour to.

Then the question is not how a man dies, but how he lives. It is very easy for a dying man to be opiated by the doctor and minister to such a degree that his mouth shall utter anything you will; and then, though he was the

difference in the idea of God, of man, and of the relation between the two.

Of course I do not believe in a devil, eternal torment, nor in a particle of absolute evil in God's world or in God. I do not believe there ever was a miracle, or ever will be: everywhere I find law,—the constant mode of operation of the infinite God. I do not believe in the miraculous inspiration of the Old Testament or the New Testament. I do not believe that the Old Testament was God's first word, nor the New Testament his last. The Scriptures are no finality to me. Inspiration is a perpetual fact. Prophets and Apostles did not monopolize the Father: He inspires men to-day as much as heretofore. In nature, also, God speaks for ever. Are not these flowers new words of God? Are not the fossils underneath our feet, hundreds of miles thick, old words of God, spoken millions of millions of years before Moses began to be?

I do not believe the miraculous origin of the Hebrew Church, or the Buddhist Church, or the Christian Church; nor the miraculous character of Jesus. I take not the Bible for my master, nor yet the church; nor even Jesus of Nazareth for my master. I feel not at all bound to believe what any church says is true, nor what any writer in the Old or New Testament declares true; and I am ready to believe that Jesus taught, as I think, eternal torment, the existence of a devil, and that he himself should ere long come back in the clouds of heaven. I do not accept these things on his authority. I try all things by the human faculties,—intellectual things by the intellect, moral things by the conscience, affectional things by the affections, and religious things by the soul. Has God given us anything better than our nature? How can we serve Him and His purposes but by its normal use?

But, at the same time, I reverence the Christian Church for the great good it has done for mankind; I reverence the Mahometan Church for the good it has done,—a far less good. I reverence the Scriptures for every word of truth they teach,—and they are crowded with truth and beauty, from end to end. Above all men do I bow my face before that august personage, Jesus of Nazareth, who seems to have had the strength of man and the softness of

woman,—man's mighty, wide-grasping, reasoning, calculating, and poetic mind ; and woman's conscience, woman's heart, and woman's faith in God. He is my best historic ideal of human greatness ; not without errors, not without the stain of his times, and, I presume, of course not without sins,—for men without sins exist in the dreams of girls, not in real fact ; you never saw such a one, nor I, and we never shall. But Jesus of Nazareth is my best historic ideal of a religious man, and revolutionizes the vulgar conception of human greatness. What are your Cæsars, Alexanders, Cromwells, Napoleons, Bacons, and Leibnitz, and Kant, and Shakspeare, and Milton even,—men of immense brain and will,—what are they all to this person of large and delicate intellect, of a great conscience, and heart and soul far mightier yet ?

With such ideas of man, of God, and of the relation between them, how all things must look from my point of view ! I cannot praise a man because he is rich. While I deplore the vulgar rage for wealth, and warn men against the popular lust of gold, which makes money the tri-une deity of so many men, I yet see the function of riches, and have probably preached in favour of national and individual accumulation thereof more than any other man in all New-England, as I see the necessity of a material basis for the spiritual development of man ; but I never honour a live man because he is rich, and should not think of ascribing to a dead one all the Christian virtues because he died with a large estate, and his faith, hope, and charity were only faith in money, hope for money, and love of money. I should not think such a man entitled to the praise of all the Christian virtues.

And again, I should never praise or honour a man simply because he had a great office, nor because he had the praise of men ; nor should I praise and honour a man because he had the greatest intellect in the world, and the widest culture of that intellect. I should take the intellect for what it was worth ; but I should honour the just conscience of a man who carried a hod up the tallest ladder in Boston ; I should honour the loving heart of a girl who went without her dinner to feed a poor boy ; the faith in God which made a poor woman faithful to every daily duty, while poverty and sickness stared her in the face,

and a drunken husband smote her in the heart,—a faith which conquered despair, and still kept loving on ! I should honour any one of these things more than the intellect of Cæsar and Bacon and Hannibal all united into one : and you see why ; because I put intellect at the bottom of the scale, and these higher faculties at the other end.

I put small value on the common “signs of religion.” Church-going is not morality : it is compliance with common custom. It may be grievous self-denial, and often is. Reading the Bible daily or weekly is not piety : it may help to it. The “sacraments” are no signs of religion to me : they are dispensations of water, of wine, of bread, and no more. I do not think a few hours of crying on a sick-bed proves that a notorious miser or voluptuary, a hard, worldly fellow, for fifty years, has been a saint all that time, any more than one mild day in March proves that there was no ice in Labrador all winter.

With such views, you see in what esteem I must be held by society, church, and state. I cannot be otherwise than hated. This is the necessity of my position,—that I must be hated ; and, accordingly, I believe there is no living man in America so widely, abundantly, and deeply hated as I have been, and still continue to be. In the last twelve years I fear there has been more ecclesiastical preaching in the United States against me than against war and slavery. Those that hate any particular set of reformers hate me because I am with that particular set ; with each and with all. I do not blame men for this ; not so much as some others have done on my account. I pity very much more than I blame ; not with the pity of contempt, I hope, but with the pity of appreciation, and with the pity of love. I see in the circumstances of men very much to palliate the offences of their character ; and I long ago learned not to hate men who hated me. It was not hard to learn ; I began early,—I had a mother who taught me.

You know the actual condition of the American Church,—I mean all the ecclesiastical institutions of the land—that it has a theology which cannot stand the test of reason ; and accordingly it very wisely resolved to throw reason overboard before it began its voyage. You know that all Christendom, with a small exception, professes a belief in the devil, in eternal torment ; and of course all

Christendom, with scarce any exception, professes a belief in a God who has those qualities which created a devil and eternal torment.

You know the morality of the American Church. The clergy are a body of kindly and charitable men. Some virtues, which are not very easy to possess, they have in advance of any other class of men amongst us ; they are the virtues which belong to their position. I believe they are, as a body, a good deal better than their creed. I know men often say a man is not so good as his creed ; I never knew a minister who was half so bad as Calvinism. I surely have no prejudice against John Calvin, when I say he was an uncommonly hard man, with a great head and a rigorous conscience ; but John Calvin himself was a great deal better than the Calvinistic idea of God. I should give up in despair with that idea of God : I should not cast myself on His mercy, for there would be no mercy in Him.

But the preaching of the churches is not adapted to produce the higher kinds of morality. Certain humble but needful forms thereof the Church helps, and very much indeed. On the whole it blocks the wheels of society backwards, so that society does not run down-hill ; but on the

money and in praise ! I know but few exceptions to that rule.

Then there are certain other merely ecclesiastical vices, mere conventional vices ; not sins, not transgressions of any natural law. These the churches regard as great sins. Such are doubt and disbelief of ecclesiastical doctrine ; neglect of ecclesiastical ordinances,—of the “ Sabbath day,” as it is called ; neglect of the great bodily sacrament, church-going, and the like. All these offences the churches preach against with great power.

Accordingly the churches hinder the highest morality, favour the lower. The highest morality is thought superfluous in society, contemptible in politics, and an abomination in the church.

Just now I learned through the newspapers that John Wesley’s pulpit has been brought to America, and it is thought a great gain. But if John Wesley’s voice, declaring aloud that slavery is “the sum of all villanies,” were to be brought, it would presently be excommunicated from the Methodist Church. I understand that the chair in which the “Shepherd of Salisbury Plains” once sat, has likewise arrived in America ; and the tub, I think it is, which belonged to the “Dairyman’s Daughter,” has also immigrated ; and these will be thought much more valuable ecclesiastical furniture than the piety of the Shepherd of Salisbury Plains, and the self-denial of the Dairyman’s Daughter. It is popular to sprinkle babies with water from the Jordan ; unpopular to baptize men with the spirit of Jesus, and with fire from the Holy Ghost.

My preaching has been mainly positive, of truth and duty in their application to life : but sometimes negative and critical, even militant. This was unavoidable ; for I must show how my scheme would work when brought face to face with the church, society, and the State.

So I have sometimes preached against the evil doctrines of the popular theology ; its false idea of God, of man, and of religion. This popular theology contains many excellent things : but its false things, taken as a whole, are the greatest curse of the nation ; a greater curse than drunkenness, than the corruption of political parties ; greater than slavery. It stands in the way of every advance. Would you reform the criminal,—along comes

theology, with its "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." Would you improve the church,—men say, "You must listen to the church, but not reform it; it must reform you, and not you it." Would you elevate woman to her rights,—the popular theology quotes St Paul till you are almost sick of his name. Would you refuse obedience to a wicked law, and quote Jesus, and every great martyr from the beginning of the world,—the popular theology meets you with "Whoso resisteth the powers that be, resisteth the ordinance of God." If you wish to abolish slavery,—ministers come out with the old story of Ham and Noah, and justify American bondage on an old mythology, writ three thousand years ago, nobody knows where, nobody knows by whom, nobody knows for what purpose. All the garments possessed by the children of Shem and Japheth are too scant to hide the shame of the popular theology. At this day it bears the same relation to human progress, that Heathenism and Judaism bore in the first and second and third and fourth centuries after Christ. I confess that, while I respect the clergy as much as any class of men, I hate the false ideas of the popular theology, and hate them with my body and with my spirit, with my mind and my conscience, with my

ing at it barely as a part of housekeeping, if I were a monarch, I should not like to say to California, Texas, and New Mexico : " You might have institutions that would make your land worth thirty dollars an acre, and enable your people to earn four dollars a week ; but you shall have institutions that will make your land worth five dollars an acre, and the average earnings of the people one dollar a week." I like money too well to take off three dollars from every four that might be earned, and twenty-five dollars from every acre of land worth thirty. I should think twice, if I were the President of the United States, before I did anything to bring about that result.

That is not all. Slavery is a principle, to be looked on as a part of our national religion : for our actions are our worship of God, if pious ; of the " devil," if impious. It is to be estimated by its conformity to natural law. From my point of view it is against all natural right, all natural religion, and is, as John Wesley said, " the sum of all villainies." When the question comes up, Shall we introduce slavery into a new territory ? this is the question to be asked, Shall the labouring population be reduced to the legal rank of cattle ; bought, bred, branded as cattle ? Shall the husband have no right to his wife's society ? Shall the maiden have no protection for her own virtue ? Shall the wife be torn from her husband ? Shall a mother be forced to cut the throats of four of her children, or else see them sold into slavery ?—a case that has actually happened. If I were a monarch, I should not like to levy such a tax on any people under my dominion. If I were President of the United States, I should not like to say to California, New Mexico, or old Mexico, " I intend to reduce you to that position ;" and I think if I did, and stood up before you afterwards, you would have something to say about it. I should not like to do this for the sake of being President of the United States.

Now, I must confess that I hate slavery ; and I do not hate it any the less since it has become so popular in Boston, and, after a belief in the finality of the compromise measures has been made the *sine qua non* of a man's social, political, and ecclesiastical respectability. I always hated it, and hate it all the worse to-day for what it has done.

Then I have preached against oppression in every form :

the tyranny of man over woman ; of popular opinion over the individual reason, conscience, and soul. I have preached against the tyranny of public law, when the law was wicked. Standing in a pulpit, preaching in the name of God, could I call on you to blaspheme the name of God for the sake of obeying a wicked statute which men had made ? When I do that, may my right arm drop from my shoulder, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth ! I have preached against the tyranny which takes advantage of men's misfortunes, and with the sponge of illegal usury sucks up the earnings of honest men ; against the tyranny of the few over the many in Europe, and of the many over the few in America. I love freedom of thought and of action ; and I claim for every man the right to think, not as I do, but as he must or may.

Then I have preached against intemperance, against making rum, selling rum, and drinking rum. The evil of intemperance has been under my eyes every Sunday. There is not a man before me, not a woman before me, not a girl or boy before me, but has lost some dear and valued relative, within not many years, slain by this monstrous vampire, which sucks and poisons the body of America. The poor men that I feed have been made paupers by rum ; of the funerals that I attend, rum, with its harsh hammer, has often nailed down the coffin-lid ; and of the marriages that I have helped to solemnize, how often has the wife been left worse than a widow ! Since intemperance has become so popular in Boston ; since it has got the mayor and aldermen on its side, and while every thirty-fifth voter in Boston is a licensed seller of rum ; when it is invested with such strength, and gets possession of the House of Representatives, — I have preached against it all the more. I know, from the little town where I was born, as well as this large one, what a curse and blight drunkenness is.

Then I have preached against war, and I suppose, before long, I shall have a new occasion to lift up my voice against it once more.

Now, with such ideas, and such a style of preaching, I could not be popular. Hated I must needs be. How could it be otherwise ? Men who knew no God but a jealous God ; no human nature but total depravity ; no

religion but the ordinances of baptism, the Lord's Supper, and reverence for ancient words of holy men, and the like ; no truth but public opinion ; no justice but public law ; no earthly good above respectability,—they must needs hate me, and I do not wonder at it. I fear there is not a theological newspaper in the land that has not delivered its shot in my face. You know how the pulpits, at various times, have rung out with indignation against me, and what names you and I have been called.

Well, I have not yet fired a shot in my own defence. Not one. I have replied to no attack, to no calumny. I have had too much else to do. In comparison with the idea which I endeavour to set forth, I am nothing, and may go to the ground, so that the truth goes on.

When I first came to stand in this place, many of my Unitarian brethren of the city, and elsewhere, complained publicly and privately, that they were held responsible for my theological opinions, which they did not share ; and that they had no opportunity to place themselves right before the public. To give them an opportunity and occasion for developing the theological antithesis betwixt their doctrines and my own, and to let the public see in what things they all agreed, and in what they unitedly differed from me, I published "a Letter to the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers, touching certain Matters of their Theology." But, alas ! they have not answered the letter, nor informed the public of the things in which they "all agree with each other," and wherein they all differ from me.

Men predicted our defeat. I believe, six months was the longest space allotted to us to live and repent : that was the extent of our "mortal probation." We ought not to think harshly of men for this. I suppose they did the best they could with their light. But we went on, and continued to live. It is a little curious to notice the reasons assigned, by the press and the pulpit, for the audience that came together. For the first six months I took pains to collect the opinions of the theological press and pulpit. I would say that, with this exception, I have seldom read the various denunciations which have been written against you and me, and which have been sent, I hope with the best intentions, from all parts of the United States. When I have received them, and seen their character from a line

or two,—and the postage was seldom paid,*—I have immediately put them in the safest of all places,—committed them to the flames. But, for this period of six months, during which our ecclesiastical existence was likely to continue, I inquired what the opinions of the press and pulpit were.

The first reason assigned for the audience coming together was this: They came from vain curiosity, having itching ears to hear “what this babbler sayeth.”

Then it was said men came here because I taught “utter irreligion, blank immorality;” that I had “no love of God, no fear of God, no love of man;” and that you thought if you could get rid of your conscience and soul, and trample immortality under-foot, and were satisfied there was no God, you should “have a very nice time of it here and hereafter.” Men read history very poorly. It is not ministers who falsify the word of God that are ever popular with the great mass of men. Never, never! Not so. The strictest, hardest preacher draws crowds of men together, when he speaks in the name of religion and God’s higher law; but eloquent Voltaire gets most of his admirers of scoffing among the cultivated, the refined, and the rich: atheism is never democratic.

Then it was declared that I was a shrewd, practical man.

nicely feathered arrows very deftly into the mark ; and that men came to attend the sharp-shooting of a wit.

Then there was a seventh thing,—that I was an eloquent man ; and I remember certain diatribes against the folly of “ filling churches with eloquence.”

Then again, it was charged against me that I was a philanthropist, and taught the love of men, but did “ not teach at all the love of God ;” and that men really loved to love one another, and so came.

Then it was thought that I was a sentimentalists, and tickled the ears of “ weak women,” who came to delight themselves, and be filled full of “ poetry and love.”

The real thing they did not seem to hit ; that I preached an idea of God, of man, and of religion, which commended itself to the nature of mankind.

From the churches in general I expected little ; but I have found much deep and real kindness from fellow-ministers of all denominations,—Unitarian, Universalist, Baptist, Methodist, Calvinist, and Christian. On the whole,—I am sorry to say it,—I have had less friendship shown me by the Unitarian sect in America, all things considered, than by the other sects. The heartiest abuse has come from my own brethren, and the stingiest testimonials for any merit. That was to be expected. I was a Unitarian : that is, I utterly rejected the Trinitarian theology ; I associated chiefly with Unitarian clergymen. When my theological opinions became known to the wider public, some twelve years ago, they were declared “ unsafe ” and “ dangerous ” by the stricter sects. So an outcry was raised, not only against me, but also against the Unitarian sect. In self-defence, many Unitarian ministers, who had long been accused of being “ hag-ridden by the orthodox,” turned round, and denounced both my opinions and me, sometimes in the bitterest and most cruel fashion. They said, “ He must be put down.” They sought to “ silence ” me, to exclude me from the journals and the pulpits of the sect, to dissuade lyceum committees from asking me to lecture, and to prevent my speaking in Boston. Nay, some took pains to prevent my parishioners at West Roxbury from attending service there ; they tried to hinder booksellers from publishing my works ; and twelve years ago I could not find a publisher to put his name to the

title-page of the first edition of my “Discourse of the Transient and Permanent in Christianity,”—the Swedenborgian printers generously volunteered their name! The commonest courtesies of life were carefully withheld. I was treated like a leprous Jew. Studious attempts at deliberate insult were frequently made by Unitarian clergymen. I soon found, that, if theological odium had been legally deprived of the arrows in its ancient quiver, it had yet lost none of the old venom from its heart. The Unitarians denied the great principle they had so manfully contended for,—free spiritual individuality in religion. I must say I think they made a mistake. As a measure, their conduct was inexpedient; as a principle, it was false and wrong; as priesthood, it was impolitic; as ethics, it was wicked: they hurt their own hand in breaking the Golden Rule over my head. But there were some very honourable exceptions in the denomination; men who lost sectarian favour by adhering to a universal principle of morals; and let me say, that I think no sect in Christendom would, in such a case, have treated a “heretic” in their own bosom with so little harshness as the Unitarians have shown to me. They have at least the tradition of liberality, which no other sect possesses. In England they

It is eight years since first we came together; and that is a long time in American history. America has gained four new States in that time; a territory bigger than the old thirteen; and got all this new country by wickedness. We have spread slavery anew over a country larger than the empire of France; have fought the Mexican war, so notorious for its iniquity. We have seen both political parties become the tools of slavery; the Democratic perhaps a little worse than the Whig. We have seen the Fugitive Slave Bill welcomed in Boston, a salute of one hundred guns fired to honour its passage; and a man kidnapped out of the birth-place of Samuel Adams, to the delight of the controlling men thereof! You and I have repeatedly transgressed the laws of the land, in order to hinder "Unitarian Christians" of Boston, supported by their clergy, from sending our fellowshippers into the most hideous slavery in the world!

Great men have died,—Jackson, Adams, Taylor, Calhoun, Clay, Webster. What changes have taken place in Europe in this brief eight years! The old Pope has died. The new Pope promised to be a philanthropist, and turned out what we now see. All of royalty, all of the king, "was carried out from Paris in a single street cab;" and a few days later "Napoleon the Little" came in, furnished with nothing but "a tame eagle and a pocketful of debts." We have seen France rise up to the highest point of sublimity, and declare government to be founded on the unchanging law of God; and the same France, with scarcely the firing of a musket, drop down to the bottom of the ridiculous, and become the slave of the stupidest and vulgardest even of vulgar kings. We have seen all Western Europe convulsed with revolutions; the hope of political freedom brightening in men's hearts; and now see a heavier despotism as the present result of the defeated effort. Kossuth is an exile; and a ruined debauchee is the "imperial representative of morality" on the throne of Saint Louis.

I have been your minister almost eighty years. Some of our members have withdrawn, and walk no more with us. I trust they were true to their conscience, and went where wiser and abler and better men can feed their souls as I cannot. I have never thought it a religious duty for any man to listen to my poor words; how poor nobody knows so well as I.

In myself there are many things which I lament. It has been a great grief to me, as I have looked upon your faces, that I was no worthier to speak to you : that I had not a larger intellectual power, by birth and culture, to honour the ideas withal ; and, still more, that, in conscience and heart and soul, I was so poor.

One thing in my ministry has troubled me a good deal. Coming from a little country parish, with the habits of a country minister ; knowing every man, woman, and child therein ; knowing the thoughts of all that had any thoughts, and the doubts of such as had strength to raise a doubt,—I have found it painful to preach to men whom I did not know in the intimacy of private life. For the future, I hope it will be possible for me to know you better, and more intimately in your homes.

I must have committed many errors. When an old man I trust I shall see them, and some time point them out, that others may be warned by my follies. You must know my character better than I know it. My private actions I know best ; but you see me in joy and sorrow, in indignation and penitence, in sermon and in prayer, when there is no concealment in a man's face. Hold a medal, worn smooth, before the fire, and the old stamp comes out as before. Concealment lifts her veil before any strong

glance, stood before me,—my friends, I have thanked my God it was my lot to stand here ; and yet have reproached myself again and again, that I was no worthier of the trust, and have asked before God, “ Who is sufficient for these things ? ”

I know how often I must have wounded your feelings, in speaking of the political conduct of America ; for I have endeavoured to honour what was right, and expose to censure what was wrong, in both parties, and in the third party during its existence. I have not passed over the sins of trade. I have preached on all the exciting and agitating topics of the day. I wonder not that some friends were offended. I only wonder that such a multitude has still continued to listen. Verily, there is little to attract you in these surroundings : public opinion pronounced it infamous to be here. It was the ideas of absolute religion that drew you here through ill report. The highest and the best things I have had to offer have always found the warmest welcome in your heart.

We must bid farewell to these old walls. They have not been very comfortable. All the elements have been hostile. The winter's cold has chilled us ; the summer's heat has burned us ; the air has often been poisoned with contaminations, a whole week long in collecting ; and the element of earth, the dirt, that was everywhere. As I have stood here, I have often seen the spangles of opera-dancers, who beguiled the previous night, lying on the floor beside me ; and have picked them up in imagination, and woven them into my sermon and psalm and prayer. The associations commonly connected with this hall have not been of the most agreeable character. Dancing monkeys and “ Ethiopian serenaders,” making vulgar merriment out of the ignorance and the wretchedness of the American slave, have occupied this spot during the week, and left their marks, their instruments, and their breath, behind them on Sunday. Could we complain of such things ? I have thought we were very well provided for, and have given God thanks for these old, but spacious walls. The early Christians worshipped in caverns of the ground. In the tombs of dead men did the only live religion find its dwelling-place at Rome. The star of Christianity “ first stood still over a stable ! ” These old walls will always be dear

and sacred to me. Even the weather-stains thereon are to me more sacred than the pictures which the genius of Angelo painted in the Sistine Chapel, or those with which Raphael adorned the Vatican. To me they are associated with some of the holiest aspirations and devoutest hours of my mortal life, and with the faces which welcomed every noble word I ever learned to speak.

Well, we must bid them farewell. Yonder clock will no more remind me how long I have trespassed on your patience, when your faces tell no such tale. We will bid these old walls, these dusty lights, farewell. Our old companion, the organ, has gone before us; and again shall we hear its voice.

But what have I been to you in all this time? You have lent me your ears: I have taken your hearts too, I believe. But let me ask this of you: have I done you good, or harm? Have I taught you, and helped you, to reverence God the more; to have a firmer and heartier faith in Him; to love Him the deeper, and keep His laws the better; to love man the more? If so, then indeed has my work been blessed, and I have been a minister to you. But if it has not been so; if your reverence and faith in God grow cold under my preaching, and your zeal for man dwindles and passes

SERMON II.

OF THE POSITION AND DUTY OF A MINISTER.

"I know whom I have believed."—2 TIMOTHY i. 12.

the development of mankind, all the great desires get instrument to help achieve their end—a machine for private hand, an institution for the mind and conscience, heart and soul, of millions of men. Thus all the great es, great duties, great rights, become organized in an history ; provided with some instrument to reach and achieve their end. This is true of the finite desires ; also of the infinite.

an would be fed and clothed : behold the tools of agri-
ire and the arts,—the plough and the factory. He
ld be housed and comforted : behold the hamlet and
own. Man and maid would love one another : see the
e and the family,—the instrument of their love.
nsands want mutual succour : there is society, with its
hourly charities, and duties every day. Millions of
ask defence, guidance, unity of action : behold the
e, with its constitutions and its laws, its officers, and
ts array of political means. These are finite ; a length-
g of the arm, a widening of the understanding ; tools
the conscience and the heart. Thereby I lay hold of
ter and lay hold of man, and get the uses of the mate-
world and of my brother men.

hese are finite, for to-day. But the same rule applies
he infinite desires. Man would orient himself before
God ; and hence, along-side of the field and the factory,
ie midst of the hamlet and the town, beside the State-
ie and the Market-house, there rises up the Church, its
er pointing to the sky. This is to represent to man the
ite desire, infinite duty, infinite right. Thereby mankind
ld avail itself of the forces of God, and be at home in His

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world. Man is so much body, that the mouth goes always: he never forgets to build and plant. But the body is so full of soul, that no generation ever loses sight of God. In this ship of the body, cruising oft in many an unholy enterprise, standing off and standing on, tacking and veering with the shifting wind of circumstance and time, there is yet a little needle that points up, which has its dip and variations;

"But, though it trembles as it lowly lies,
Points to the light that changes not in heaven."

Man must have his institution for the divine side of him, and hence comes the church. Man has a priest before he has a king; and the progress in his idea of priest marks the continual advance of the human race.

The minister is to serve the infinite duties of man, minister to his infinite rights; and is to betake himself to the work of religion, as the farmer to agriculture, the housewright to building. But his function will depend on his idea of religion, of what religion is; that on his idea of God, of what God is.

Now, in all the great historical forms of religion, both before and after Christ, priest and people have regarded God as imperfect in power, in wisdom, in justice, in love, or in holiness: as a finite God, and often with a dark back-

The priest attempts this, first, by sacrifice, which the offending offers to the offended; and the sacrifice is an atonement, a peace-offering, a bribe to God to buy off his anger. Next, he attempts it by prayers, which, it is thought, alter the mind of God and his purpose; for the priest is supposed to be more humane than the God who made humanity. But God, it is thought, will not hear the prayer of the profane people, nor accept their sacrifice; only that of the sacred priest.

This, then, was the function of the heathen and Hebrew priest for a long time. Without sacrifice by the priest's hand, there was no salvation. That was the rule. "Come not empty-handed before the Lord," says the priest, "else He will turn you off." Then, the offering of a sacrifice was thought to be religion, and the priest's function was to offer it. That is the rudest form.

II. Next, the function of the priest is to reconcile the offended God to offending men by ritual action, and then to communicate salvation to men by outward means,—baptism, penitence, communion, absolution, extreme unction, and the like. Here the priest is no longer merely a sacrificer: he is a communicator of salvation already achieved; he does not make a new deposit of salvation, but only draws on the established fund. That is the chief function of the Catholic priest at this day. But still, like the Hebrew and heathen priests, he makes "intercession with God" for the living and the dead. "Out of the range of the sacraments of the Church," says he, "there is no salvation: the wrath of God will eat you up." The Catholic priest does not make a new and original sacrifice; for the one great sacrifice has been made once for all, and God has been appeased towards mankind in general. But the priest is to take that great sacrifice, and therewith redeem this and the other particular man; communicating to individuals the general salvation which Christ has wrought. With the Catholic, therefore, to take the sacraments is thought to be religion, and the great thing of religion.

III. Then, as a third thing, the priest aims to communicate and explain a miraculous revelation of the will of God; and the worshippers are to believe that miraculous revelation of the will of God, and have faith in it. That is the only means of salvation with them. So, in this third form,

to take the Scriptures and believe them is thought to be religion. This is the chief official function of the Protestant priest,—to communicate and explain the Scriptures; and all the theological seminaries in the Protestant world for the education of clergymen are established chiefly for that function,—to teach the young man to communicate and explain the Scriptures to mankind; for belief in them is thought to be religion. Chillingworth, two hundred years ago, said, “The Bible is the religion of Protestants;” and meant, To believe the Bible is the religion of Protestants! And that is what is meant by salvation by faith.

The line of historical continuity is never broke. The Catholic priest, like the Hebrew and the heathen, still claims to alter the mind of God by “intercession.” The Protestant priest, like the Catholic, yet pretends to communicate salvation by the “sacraments,” in the waters of baptism, or the bread and wine of communion; and to change the purposes of God, by prayer for rain in time of drought, for health in time of pestilence. However, the chief function of the Protestant priest is to communicate and explain the Scriptures; for he says, “Out of the range of belief in Scripture there is no salvation.”

The heathen and Hebrew priests say, “Offer the sacrifice.” The Catholic priest says, “Offer the sacrifice.”

This, I say, is exceptional. It is only a subsidiary part of the function, even of the Protestant minister. True, throughout all Christendom the priest demands righteousness. But mark this: he demands it as a measure convenient for present expediency, not as a principle necessary to eternal salvation. This exceptional function is more important with the Catholic than it was with the heathen or Hebrew; more important with the Protestant than it is with the Catholic. Still it is subsidiary; and it is thought that the sin of a whole life, however wicked, may be wiped out all at once, if, on his death-bed, a man repeats a few passages of Scripture, and declares his faith in the redemption of Christ, and a belief in the words of the Bible. A man so base as Aaron Burr—the most dreadful specimen of human depravity that America has yet produced, so far as I know—might have left an unblemished reputation for Christianity, if, a few weeks before he died, he had confessed his belief in every word between the lids of this Bible; had declared that he had no confidence in human virtue, hoped for salvation only through Christ; and if he had taken the communion at a priest's hand. That would have given him a better reputation in the churches than the noble career of Washington, and the long, philanthropic, and almost unspotted life of Franklin.

I say this is subsidiary. The Protestant priest does not rely on it as his main work; and, in proof of success, I have seldom known a minister point to the morality of his parish,—not a drunkard in it, not a licentious man, not a dishonest man, in it. I have seldom known him refer even to the comfort of his parish,—pauperism gone, all active, doing well, and well to do. He tells you of the number that he has admitted to the “Christian communion,” of those that he has “sprinkled” with the waters of baptism; not the souls he has baptized with the Holy Ghost and its beauteous fire! Men wish to prove that the Americans are a “Christian people,” a “religious people;” they tell the number of Bibles there are in the land; the number of churches that point their finger with such beauty to the sky; they never tell of the good deeds of the nation; of its institutions, of its ideas, its sentiments. And when an outcry is made against the advance of “in-

fidelity," nobody quotes the three million slaves, the political corruption of the rulers, the venality of the courts, the disposition to plunder other nations; nobody speaks of intemperance and licentiousness, and dishonesty in trade: they only say that some man "denies total depravity, or the fall," or "the miracles," or "the existence of a devil," and thinks he is "wiser than the Bible." Anywhere in Christendom it would be deemed a heresy against all Christendom to say that human nature was sufficient for human history, and had turned out on trial just as God meant it should turn out on trial; and that a man's salvation was his character, his heart, and his life.

If we start with the idea that God is infinitely perfect in power, in wisdom, in justice, and in love and holiness,—then the function of the minister is not to appease the wrath of God by sacrifice and intercession; not to communicate miraculous salvation; not even to communicate and explain a miraculous revelation: it will be to promote absolute religion amongst mankind.

He will start with three facts: first, with the infinite perfection of the dear God; next, with human nature, which God made as a perfect means to his perfect end,—human nature developed thus far in its history; and, as

of man ; service by every limb of the body, every faculty of the spirit, and every power which we possess over matter or over men.

The minister is to show what this piety and morality demand,—in the form, first, of individual life ; then in the form of domestic life ; then of social, political, ecclesiastical, and general human life. He is to show how this religion will look in the person of a man, in a family, community, church, nation, and world. That is his function.

He is not to humanize God, but to humanize men ; not to appease the wrath of God,—there is no such thing ; not to communicate a mysterious salvation from an imaginary devil in another world ; but, in this life, to help men get a real salvation from want, from ignorance, folly, impiety, immorality, oppression, and every form of evil. He is to teach man to save himself by his character and his life ; not to lean on another arm. His function is not to communicate and explain a miraculous revelation. He knows revelation only by constant modes of operation ; revelation by law, not against law ; revelation in this universe of matter and in this greater universe of man, not revelation by miracle. What is the exceptional function of the heathen, the Hebrew, the Catholic, and the Protestant priest, is the instantial and only function of the minister of the infinite God, who would teach the absolute religion.

Well, this minister must have regard to man in his nature as body and as spirit. Natural religion,—why, it is for this life, as well as the life to come. It is but part of the function of religion to save me for the next world : I must be saved for this. He is to teach men to subordinate the body to the spirit, but to give the body its due ; to subordinate the lower desires to the higher ; all finite desires, duties, and rights, to the infinite desire, duty, and right ; but to do this so that no one faculty shall tyrannize over any other, but that a man shall be the harmony which God meant him to be. He is to see to it that every one is faithful to his own individual character, and takes no man for master ; everybody for teacher who can serve and teach ; nobody for master barely to command. And while he insists on individuality of life, he must also remember that the individual is for the family, that for the community, the community for the nation, and the nation for

mankind; and that all of these must be harmoniously developed together. Thus the partiality of friendship, of con-nubial or parental love, the narrowness of the clan, neighbourhood, or country, he is to correct by that universal philanthropy which takes in neighbourhood, nation, and all mankind.

He is to remember, also, the immortal life of man, and to shed the light of eternity into man's consciousness, in the hour of passion, and in the more dangerous, long, cold, clear day of ambition. In the hour of distress and dreadful peril, he is to help men to that faith in God which gives stillness in every storm. He is to help them overcome this puerile fear of death, and to translate their fear of God into love for Him,—into perfect, blameless, absolute trust in the Father; and he is to bring the light of all this beneficence upon men in the season of peril, and in the dreadful hour of mortal bereavement, when father and mother and child and wife gather blackness in their countenance, and pass away. Over the gate of death he is to arch the rainbow of everlasting life, and bid men walk through unabashed, and not ashamed. He is to promote the sentiment of religion, as a feeling of dependence on God, obligation to God, trust in God, and love for God; of ultimate dependence on His providence, unalien-

as well as a spirit. In a material world, by means of material things, must he work out his spiritual problems. The soul is a soul in the flesh, and the eternal duties of life bear hard on the transient interests of to-day.

Man's character is always, the result of two forces,—the immortal spirit within him, and the transient circumstances about him. The minister is to know, that nine persons out of ten have their character much influenced by the circumstances about them ; and he is to see to it that those circumstances are good. Thus, the abstract work of promoting religion, and helping to form the character of the people, brings the minister into contact with the material forces of the world.

It is idle to say the minister must not meddle with practical things. If the sun is to shine in heaven, it must look into the street, and the shop, and the cellar ; it must burnish with lovely light a filing of gold in the jeweller's shop, and it must illuminate the straggling straw in a farmer's yard. And just so religion, which communes with God with one hand, must lay the other on every human duty. So you see the relation which the minister must sustain to the great works of man, to political and commercial activity, to literature, and to society in general.

The State is a machine to work for the advantage of a special nation, for its material welfare alone, by means of certain restricted sentiments and ideas limited to that work, written in a Constitution, which is the norm of the statutes ; by means of statute laws, which are the norm of domestic and social conduct. So the Legislature makes statutes for the material welfare of the majority of that nation ; the Judiciary decides that the statutes conform to the Constitution ; the Executive enforces the statutes, and the people obey. When the State has done this, it has done everything which its idea demands of it at the present day.

Now, the minister is to represent, not America, not England, not France alone, but the human nature of all mankind ; and see that his nation harms no other nation ; that the majority hinders no minority, however small ; that it brings the weight of its foot upon no single man, never so little. He must see that the material comfort of

to-day is not got at the cost of man's spiritual welfare for to-day, to-morrow, and eternity. So he is to try every statute of men by the law of God; the Constitution of America by the Constitution of the Universe. National measures he must try by universal principles; and if a measure does not square with the abstract true and the abstract right, does not conform to the will and the law of God,—then he must cry out, "Away with it!" Statesmen look at political economy; and they ask of each measure, "Will it pay, here and now?" The minister must look for political morality, and ask, "Is it right in the eyes of God?" So you see that at once the pulpit becomes a very near neighbour to the State-house; and the minister must have an eye to correct and guide the politicians. He must warn men to keep laws that are just, warn them to break laws that are wicked; and, as they reverence the dear God, never to bow before an idol of statesmen or the State.

Then he must have an eye to the business of the nation; and while the trader asks only, "What merchandise can we make?" the minister must also ask, "What men shall we become?" Both the politicians and the merchant are wont to use men as mere tools, for the purposes of polities and trade, heedless of what comes, by such conduct, to their human instruments. The minister is to see to it,

free press ; and no wicked censor lays his hand on any writer's page. See what a great expansion the press has got : what was a private thought one night in a senator's heart, is the next day a printed page, spread before the eyes of a million men. The press is an irresponsible power, and needs all the more to be looked after ; and who is there to look after it, if not the minister that reverences the great God ?

Then the minister is to study nicely the general conduct of society, and seek to guide men from mere desire to the solemn counsels of duty ; to check the redundancy of appetite in the period of passion, and the redundancy of ambition in the more dangerous period of calculation ; to guard men against sudden gusts of popular frenzy.

The great concerns of education come also beneath the minister's eye ; and while the press, business, and politics keep the lower understanding intensely active and excessively developed, he is to guide men to the culture of reason, imagination, conscience, the affections, and the soul ; is to show them a truth far above the forum and the market's din ; is to lead them to justice and to love, and to enchant their eyes with the beauty of the infinite God. The minister of absolute religion must be the schoolmaster for the loftier intellect and the conscience ; the teacher of a philanthropy that knows no distinction of colour or of race ; the teacher of a faith in God which never shrinks from obedience to His law.

In society, as yet, there is still a large mass of "heathenism,"—I mean of scorn for that which is spiritual in the body, and immortal in the soul ; a contempt for the feeble, hatred against the unpopular transgressor, a contempt for justice, a truckling to expediency, and a cringing to men of large understanding and colossal wickedness. Hence, in the nation there is a perishing class three and thirty hundred thousand strong, held as slaves. In all our great cities there is another perishing class, goaded by poverty, oppressed by crime. The minister is to be an especial guardian and benefactor of the neglected, the oppressed, the poor ; eyes to the ignorant, and conscience and self-respect to the criminal. He is not to represent merely the gallows and the jail : he is to represent the

spirit of the man who "came to save that which was lost," and the infinite goodness of God, who sends this sunlight on you and me, as well as on better men.

Then, in all our great cities, there is one deep, and dark, and ghastly pit of corruption, whereinto, from all New-England's hills, there flows down what was once as fair and as pure and as virgin-fresh as the breath of maiden morn. It is the standing monument which shows the actual position of woman in modern society; that men regard her as the vehicle of their comfort and the instrument of their lust,—not a person, only a thing! The minister, remembering who it was that drew Moses out of the river Nile, and who washed the feet of one greater than Moses with her own tears, and wiped them with her hair, must not forget this crime, its consequences, which contaminate society, and its cause afar off,—contempt and scorn for woman: that is its cause.

In all this you see how different is the position and function of the minister of absolute religion from that of the mere priest. In Russia the few hold down the many, and the priest says nothing against it. He is there only to appease God, to administer salvation, to communicate Scripture; not to teach morality and piety. In America the many hold down the few,—the twenty millions chain the three; and the priest says nothing against it. What does he care? He goes on appeasing the wrath of God, administering salvation, explaining and communicating Scripture, and turns round and says: "This is all just as it should be, a part of the revelation, salvation, and sacraments too; come unto me, and believe, and be baptized with water." But the minister of absolute religion is to hold a different speech. He is to say: "My brethren, hold there! Stop your appealing of God!—wait till God is angry. Stop your imputing of righteousness! There is no salvation in that. Stop your outcry of 'Believe, believe, believe?' Turn round and put an end to this hateful oppression, and tread it under your feet; and then come before your God with clean hands, and offer your gift. That is your sacrifice."

Warlike David plunders Uriah of the one lamb that lay all night in his bosom; then slays the injured man with the sword of the children of Ammon. The priest knows

it all, and says against it not a single word ; but he slays his bullocks, and offers his goats and his turtledoves, and makes his sacrifices, and spreads out his hands and says, "Save us, good Lord ! David is a man after the Lord's own heart. No word touches the conscience of the king under his royal robe. But there comes forth a plain man, not a priest, nay, a prophet : he points the finger, with his "Thou art the man !" and the penitent king lies prostrate and weeping in the dust.

A man of great intellect leads off the people : city by city they go over. All the priests of commerce cry out, "Let us do as we list." "There is no higher law !" "I will send back my own brother." Then it is for the minister to speak,—words tender if he can, but at all events, words that are true, words that are just.

Just now the American Esau is hungry again. The Cuban pottage is savoury. "Feed me," cries he ; "for I am faint." "Eat, O Esau !" says the tempter, "rough and hairy, and tired with hunting gold in California, and negroes in New-England. Eat of this, O American Esau ! and be glad. There is no God !" But the minister is to say : "American Esau, wilt thou sell thy birthright of unalienable justice ? Thou sell that ! Dost not thou remember the eye which never slumbers nor sleeps ?"

This, my friends, is the function of the minister. Well, has he means adequate to his work ? They are only his gifts by nature, and his subsequent attainments ; his power of wisdom and justice, his power of love, and his power of religion ; that is all : nothing more than that, with his power of speech to bring it to the heart of men. But he has for ally the human nature which is in all men, which loves the true and the just, loves man and loves God. He has all the forces of the universe to help him just so far as he is on the side of truth and right ; for all history is only a large showing, that "the way of the transgressor is hard ;" and "the path of the righteous shineth more and more unto the perfect day." There are the august faces of noble men, who made the world loftier by their holiness, their philanthropy, and their faith in God. There are the prophets and apostles,—that Moses whom a woman drew out from the waters ; this greater than Moses, whose feet a penitent sinner washed with

her tears. There are the blessed words in this book, fragrant all over with beauty and with trust in God. There are the words in every wise book. And, if the minister is strong enough, the ground under his feet is his ally; and the heavens over his head,—they also are his help; they both shall mingle in his sermon as these various flowers at my side mingle their beauty in this cup.

There are living men and women about him already to help. Some of them will teach him new piety and new morality. There are great teachers thereof abroad in the world at this day; there are others equally far-sighted in the stillness of many a home. Helpers for a religious work—they are everywhere. Soon as the trumpet gives a not uncertain sound, they set themselves in order, and are ready for the battle. The noblest men of the times come round to the side of truth and right; and, when the hands of Moses hang heavy, men and women hold them up, till the sun goes down, and the sky flames with victory.

The minister has a most excellent position. It is so partly by old custom. Rest on Sunday, and the institution of preaching, are two habits exceedingly needful at this day, and of great advantage, if wisely used. But his

The churches decline. All over New-England they decline. They cannot draw the rich, nor drive the poor, as once they did of old. Why is it so? They have an idea which is behind the age; a theology that did very well for the seventeenth century, but is feeble in the nineteenth. Their science is not good science; you must take it on faith, not knowledge: it does not represent a fact. Their history is not good history: it does not represent man, but old dreams of miracles. They have an idea of God which is not adequate to the purposes of science or philanthropy, and yet more valueless for the purposes of piety. Hence men of science turn off with contempt from the God of the popular theology; the philanthropists can only loathe a Deity who dooms mankind to torture. And will you ask deeply pious men to love the popular idea of God? Here are in Boston a hundred ministers: you would hardly know it except by the calendar. Many of them are good, kind, well-conducted, well-mannered men, with rather less than the average of selfishness, and rather more than the average of charity. But how little do they bring to pass? Drunkenness reels through all the streets, and shakes their pulpit; the Bible rocks; but they have nothing to say, though it rock over. The kidnapper seizes his prey, and they have excuses for the stealer of men, but cannot put up a prayer for his victim; nay, would drive the fugitive from their own door. What is the reason? Blame them not. They are "ordained to appease the wrath of God," to "administer salvation" in wine or water, to "communicate and explain a miraculous revelation." They do not think that religion is piety and morality: it is belief in the Scriptures; compliance with the ritual. This is the cause which paralyzes the churches of New-England and all the North. The clergy are better than their creed. But who can work well with a poor tool?

Well, my friends, it is to this pulpit that I have come. This is my function, such are my means. There was never such a time for preaching as this nineteenth century,—so full of vigour, enterprise, activity; so full of hardy-headed men. There was never such a time to speak in, such a people to speak to. In no country could I have so fair "a chance to be heard" as you have given me.

There is nothing between me and my God ; only my folly, my prejudice, my pride, my passion, and my sin. I may get all of truth, of justice, of love, of faith in God, which the dear Father has treasured up for eternity, age after age. "Fear not, my son," says the Father: "thou shalt have whatsoever thou canst take." And there is nothing betwixt me and the 23,000,000 of America, or the 260,000,000 of Christendom ; nothing but my cowardice, my folly, my selfishness, and my sin ; my poverty of spirit, and my poverty of speech. I am free to speak, you are free to hear ; to gather the good into vessels, and cast the bad away. If old churches do not suit us, there is all the continent to build new ones on, all the firmament to build into. A good word flies swift and far. There is attraction for it in human hearts. Truth, justice, religion, and humanity,—how we all love them ! Every day gives witness how dear they are to the hungry heart of man. Able men make a wicked statute, wicked judges violate the Constitution, and defile the great charter of human liberty with ungodly hoofs ; but very seldom can they get the statute executed. "Keep it," says the priest : "there is no higher law !" The preaching comes to nothing ; but a modest woman writes a little book—a great book ; pardon

and such a homestead as never lay out of doors before. Look at her riches,—her corn, cattle, houses, shops, factories, ships, towns; her freedom here at the North,—at the South it is not America: it is Turkey in Asia moved over. Look at the schools, colleges, libraries, lyceums. The world never saw such a population; so rich, vigorous, well-educated, so fearless, so free, and yet so young. I know America very well. I know her faults; I have never spared them, nor never will. I have great faith in America; in the American idea; in the ideal of our government,—a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people; a government to serve the unalienable rights of man; government according to the law of God, and His constitution of the universe. To the power of numbers, of money, of industry, and invention, I will ask the nation to add the power of justice, of love, of faith in God and in the natural law of God. Then we might surpass the other nations, not only in vulgar numbers and vulgar gold, but in righteousness, which the good God asks of us.

I have confidence in America. I do not believe that American Democracy is always to be Satanic, and never celestial. I do not believe in the Democracy that swears and swaggers, that invades Mexico and Cuba, and mocks at every "higher law" which is above the passions of the mob. I know America better. The Democracy of the New Testament, of the Lord's Prayer, "Forgive as we forgive;" the Democracy of the beatitudes,—that shall one day be a "Kingdom come." I have confidence in America, because I have confidence in man and confidence in God; for He knew what He did when He made the world, and made human nature sufficient for human history and its own salvation.

I say I have great faith in preaching; faith that a religious sentiment, a religious idea will revolutionize the world to beauty, holiness, peace, and love. Pardon me, my friends, if I say I have faith in my own preaching; faith that even I shall not speak in vain. You have taught me that. You have taught me to have a good deal of faith in my own preaching; for it is your love of the idea which I have set before you, that has brought you together week after week, and now it has come to be year after year, in

the midst of evil report—it was never good report. It was not your love for me : I am glad it was not. It was your love for my idea of man, of God, and of religion. I have faith in preaching, and you have given me reason to have that faith.

I well know the difficulty in the way of the religious development of America, of New-England, of Boston. Look round, and see what blocks the wheels forward; how strong unrighteousness appears ; how old it is, how ancient and honourable. But I am too old to be scared. I have seen too much ever to despair. The history of the world,—why, it is the story of the perpetual triumph of truth over error, of justice over wrong, of love against hate, of faith in God victorious over everything which resists His law. Is there no lesson in the life of that dear and crucified one ? Eighteen hundred years ago his voice began to cry to us ; and now it has got the ear of the world. Each Christian sect has some truth the others have not: all have earnest and holy-hearted men, sectarian in their creed, but catholic in character, waiting for the consolation, and seeking to be men.

I may have an easy life,—I should like it very well; a good reputation,—it would be quite delightful ; I love the praise of men —perhaps no man better. But I may have

become a brilliant spot in my memory, all the elements were against us : here they are in our favour. Here is clear air in our mouths ; here is beauty about us on every side. The sacrament is administered to our eyes : O God, that I could administer such a sacrament of beauty also to your ear, and through it to your heart !

Bear with me and pardon me when I say that I fear that, of the many persons whom curiosity has brought hither to-day to behold the beauty of these walls, I cannot expect to gather more than a handful in my arms. Standing in this large expanse, with this crowd on every side, around and above me, and behind, I feel my weakness more than I have felt it ever before. If my word can reach a few earnest and holy hearts, and appear in their lives, then I thank my God that the word has come to me, and will try not to be faithless, but true.

I know my imperfections, my follies, my faults, my sins ; how slenderly I am furnished for the functions I assume. You do not ask that I should preach to you of that ; rather that I should preach thereof to myself, when there is no presence but the unslumbering Eye, which searches the heart of man.

If you lend me your ears, I shall doubtless take your hearts too. That I may not lead you into any wrong, let me warn you of this. Never violate the sacredness of your individual self-respect. Be true to your own mind and conscience, your heart and your soul. So only can you be true to God.

You and I may perish. Temptation, which has been too strong for thousands of stronger men, may be too great for me ; I may prove false to my own idea of religion and of duty ; the gold of commerce may buy me, as it has bought richer men ; the love of the praise of men may seduce me ; or the fear of men may deter my coward voice, and I may be swept off in the earthquake, in the storm, or in the fire, and prove false to that still small voice. If it shall ever be so, still the great ideas which I have set forth, of man, of God, of religion,—they will endure, and one day will be “a flame in the heart of all mankind.” To-day ! why, my friends, eternity is all around to-day, and we can step but towards that. A truth of the mind, of the conscience, of the heart, or the soul,—it is

the will of God ; and the omnipotence of God is pledged for the achievement of that will. Eternity is the lifetime of truth. As the forces of matter, from necessity, obey the laws of gravitation ; so the forces of man must, consciously and by our volition, obey the infinite will of God. Out of this absolute religion, which I so dimly see,—and it is only the dimness of the beginning of twilight which I behold, and whence I dimly preach,—there shall rise up one day men with the intellect of an Aristotle and the heart of a Jesus, and with the beauty of life which belongs to human nature ; there shall rise up full-grown and many men, womanly women, attaining the loveliness of their estate ; there shall be families, communities, and nations ; ay, and a great world also, wherein the will of God is the law, and the children of God have come of age and taken possession. God's thought must be a human thing, and the religion of human nature get incarnated in men, families, communities, nations, and the world.

Can you and I do anything for that ? Each of us can take this great idea, and change it into daily life. That is the religion which God asks, the sacrament in which He communes, the sacrifice which He accepts.

A FRIENDLY LETTER

TO THE

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE AMERICAN
UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

TOUCHING

THEIR NEW UNITARIAN CREED OR GENERAL PROCLAMATION
OF UNITARIAN VIEWS.

TO MESSRS REV. SAMUEL K. LOTHROP, D.D., REV. CALVIN LINCOLN,
ISAIAH BANGS, ESQ., HON. ALBERT FEARING, REV. HENRY A.
MILES, D.D., REV. GEORGE W. BRIGGS, AND REV. WILLIAM A.
ALGER, LATE "EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE AMERICAN
UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION."

GENTLEMEN:—

At the recent meeting of the American Unitarian Association, on the 24th of last May, you submitted to that body a "Report," containing certain matters which lead me to address you this friendly letter. As a life-member of long standing in the Association, I feel called on to do this. For while in virtue of my membership, I enjoy the privilege of receiving the "tracts," published from time to time, I am aware that I also owe certain duties consequent on my membership, and on the enjoyment of that privilege. And though the membership was conferred on me without any action of my own, still I must look upon it in the nature of a trust, as well as a benefit, and must discharge the duties it involves. It is, therefore, in my capacity as a life-member of the American Unitarian Association, that I write you this letter, though I confess I feel that I owe likewise a duty to some Unitarian ministers younger than myself, and to the public at large, which I think I cannot accomplish without writing you this letter.

In "The Twenty-eighth Report of the American Unitarian Association," you say the tracts of the Association "are carried to the remotest and least inhabited portions of our broad land, and are read with avidity by the pioneer in our country's civilization ;" and add, that "in many portions of our country, the inquiry, 'What is truth ?' has lost none of its significance, and cannot be slighted, if we would be faithful to the cause of our Master." Still further you ask, "Is not one of the pressing wants in all new societies, that of well-considered and clearly-defined opinions, as to what the New Testament teaches, and what it requires ?"

From these and other statements I infer that you desire to make known, widely and rapidly, the peculiar doctrines of religion which you hold dear. You say,—

"During the year we have been encouraged in our work by witnessing in different sections of our body a deep-felt desire for a closer alliance among those holding our common faith, a more intimate union of our churches, a convention of their moral forces in accomplishing appropriate Christian objects." (*Report*, p. 12.)

I rejoice with you in this encouraging aspect of things, and share that desire.

You add, moreover, that a clergyman from one of the

After stating that the receipts of money for the purposes of the denomination "fail to indicate the required fidelity to our trust, as stewards of divine mercies in Jesus Christ," you "ask attention to the present attitude of our body, the difficulties with which it struggles, and the special duties incumbent upon it." You say,—

"We find that there were in the so-called Unitarian Controversy three primary drifts of meaning and purpose. First, it was a maintenance of the fullest right of individual freedom of judgment in all matters of opinion, a protest of discriminating consciences against the tyranny of church parties, tests, and creeds. Secondly, it was an assertion of the right province of reason in the interpretation of Scripture, and in the decision of religious and theological questions—a protest of enlightened understandings against the unnatural and repulsive points of the prevailing theology. Thirdly, it was a claim for a more genial and winning expression of the Christian character, a more hopeful and elevating view of man and nature in their actual relations to God—a protest of generous hearts against the stiff and stern formalities of the Puritanical piety." (p. 15.)

You state the occasion of that controversy:

"Among the people here, the congregational system of church government, established from the first, had fostered in a high degree the spirit of liberty, personal freedom of thought and speech. Their marked intellectual characteristics, and admirable educational system, had developed, to an uncommon extent, the spirit of intelligence and inquiry. Their ancestral experience, with its transmitted effects, had eminently nourished the spirit of loyalty to individual convictions of truth. And the strong humane tendencies of the age had kindled the spirit of philanthropy. Under these circumstances—eagerly interested, and deeply versed, as both clergy and laity then generally were in researches and discussions on all the mooted subjects of theology—a decided and somewhat extensive advance of rational and liberal views could scarcely fail to result."

"Accordingly, the offensive forms in which the darker dogmas of the common theology were at that time held, were emphatically assailed by many, and really rejected by more. This led to discussions, dissensions, bitter charges, and recriminations. The *exclusives* demanded the expulsion of their liberal brethren from fellowship. The *liberals* declared that the only just condition of a right to the Christian name and fellowship, was acknowledgment of the revelation by Christ, and manifestation of a Christian character and life. Their opponents insisted on the acceptance of the prevalent creeds in detail. By votes of majorities, they made such a test and com-

elled its observance. Precisely this assumption of human authority was the actual cause of the final outbreak and division. The minority, refusing to yield, were driven from the common fellowship of the churches, and forced into a virtually distinct denominational existence and attitude." (pp. 15, 16.)

You declare that the formation of the liberal, that is, the Unitarian party, was "a necessary act of self-defence, to preserve intact from the tyranny of majorities the right which they had always exercised here of perfect individual freedom in matters of opinion." "The only striking particular on which they all held the same distinct view was in rejecting the Trinity, and proclaiming the unity of God."

But this belief of the unity of God, you are perhaps aware, was not peculiar to the new sect; for almost all the Trinitarians affirm the unity of God, a denial of which, or an affirmation of the multiplicity of gods, would be deemed a heresy, I take it, among either Catholic or Protestant Trinitarians. If this be so, then the new party were distinguished from others by their disbelief in the Trinity. Their only distinctive agreement, therefore, was in a negation. Still further you add:

"The new party in reality chiefly sought to effect the protection

Yet you think that the Unitarian body does "not possess the organized and operative power which we ought to be wielding;" and that "our views have not acquired a tithe of the prevalence which they ought to have reached ere now." (p. 18.)

You then "glance briefly at the causes of this undue limitation of our progress." I will copy some of the things you say respecting five of these causes, of which you speak in detail.

I. "The liberal movement was in its origin a negative act of self-defence. It was in regard to all detail vague and indeterminate." But, you add, "it need no longer be so." "Now, we are ready to define our position, and concentrate and direct our energies, and invite the attention of the world to our aims and our methods. Our movement is no longer a contingent, local affair, but a broad and determined effort to purify our religion from the metaphysical abstractions and historic corruptions connected with it, and to diffuse a pure and rational Christianity among men." (p. 18, 19.)

II. "Our cause has been greatly hindered by the almost exclusively intellectual character it took at the commencement." "It practically elevated pure morals and kindly charities among men far above all passionate fervours of piety towards God. Its intellectual isolation and quietude could not stir and win the great masses of the people. But in this particular we are now, and have been for several years, more and more improving. Our preachers and our laity now recognize the necessity of piety as well as of morality." (pp. 19, 20.)

III. "A very great obstacle to the general adoption of our interpretations of Scripture, and conclusions in theology, is the tremendous power of prejudices instilled by education, and nourished by custom." (p. 20.)

IV. Another enemy "is the subtle power of social *prestige*. Except in some parts of New-England, and in a few other places, the so-called best society, the wealth, fashion, power of the Christian world, move in circles alien from our peculiar views, and regarding them with undissembled horror. The immense and dishonourable power thus silently, but most effectually wielded, is beginning to be felt even here, by means of the universal intercommunication of the world. Elsewhere, in scores of places, this influence is known by us to press with most unfair and disastrous weight against the advance of our cause. One of the saddest features of our times is this worldly and selfish infidelity to the light of knowledge, reason, and natural sentiment. Our views will never spread according to their intrinsic merits, until, by unflinching utterance of cogent argument, rebuke,

and appeal, we have forced upon the consciences of men a recognition of the sacred duty of public loyalty to private convictions of truth under all circumstances." (p. 21.)

V. "One of the chief clogs impeding our numerical advance, one of the principal sources of the odium with which we are regarded, and consequently of the common neglect or uncandid treatment of our arguments, has been what is considered the excessive radicalism and irreverence of some who have nominally stood within our own circle, and who have been considered by the public as representing our household of faith. They have seemed to treat the holy oracles, and the endeared forms of our common religion, with contempt. They have offensively assailed and denied all traces of the supernatural in the history of Christianity, and in the life of its august founder. In this way, shocking many pious hearts, and alarming many sensitive minds, they have brought an unwarranted and injurious suspicion and prejudice against the men and views that stood in apparent support of them and theirs, and have caused an influential reaction of fear against liberal opinions in theology. It seems to us that the time has arrived, when, by a proclamation of our general thought on this matter, we should relieve ourselves from the embarrassments with which we as a body are thus unjustly entangled by the peculiarities of a few, and those few not belonging to us alone." (pp. 21, 22.)

Now, gentlemen, you will pardon me, if I ask you a few questions, which I trust your desire to remove "one of the

of them and theirs; and have caused an influential reaction of fear against liberal opinions in theology."

2. What are the peculiar doctrines of these men that wrought this mischief, and in what consists their "excessive radicalism and irreverence" which you complain of?

3. Are the doctrines of these men (whereof you complain as radical and irreverent) in your opinion true, and still offensive; or is their falseness their sole offence?

4. What is the ultimate standard by which you determine what is true and what is false, what right and what wrong, what religious and what not religious?

5. What do you propose to do with those persons who have wrought this mischief to your success; if they chance to be members of your churches, or "association,"—do you, as you say the "*exclusives*" did with the "*liberals*," demand their "expulsion" "from fellowship;" and "their acceptance of the prevalent creeds in detail;" and "by votes of majorities" to make "a test," and compel "its observance;" to deny that they are "Christians," "Unitarians," or "*liberals*;" to give them a bad name, and let them go?

You go on to say:

"The real facts in the case, as well as a due regard for the interests of truth, require us, in the most emphatic manner, to disavow any indorsement of that view which utterly denies the supernatural in Christianity. We desire, in a denominational capacity, to assert our profound belief in the Divine origin, the Divine authority, the Divine sanctions, of the religion of Jesus Christ. This is the basis of our associated action." (p. 22.)

Here I must continue my questions:

6. What do you mean by the phrase "supernatural in Christianity;" and how do you distinguish it from the "natural" in Christianity; what by the "Divine origin," the "Divine authority," the "Divine sanctions," of the religion of Jesus Christ?

You are aware that these words, "supernatural" and "divine," are used in several different senses. Thus, a very strong man is sometimes said to have "supernatural" strength; and "divine" often means only excellent; and in the sense of being derived from God. I take it, the law of gravitation has "Divine origin, Divine authority, and

Divine sanctions." Indeed, you say in your Report, that you believe "the divinely-ordained laws of the natural world." I wish to know if you, individually as men, and professionally as the "executive committee," believe that the religion of Jesus Christ had a miraculous "origin;" that it has "authority" separate from its truth and fitness for its function; that it has "sanctions" not dependent on its character, and different in kind from those which naturally attach to all true religion?

Still further you say,—

"We desire openly to declare and record our belief, as a denomination, so far as it can be officially represented by the American Unitarian Association, that God, moved by His own love, did raise up Jesus to aid in our redemption from sin, did by him pour a fresh flood of purifying life through the withered veins of humanity, and along the corrupted channels of the world, and is, by his religion, for ever sweeping the nations with regenerating gales from heaven, and visiting the hearts of men with celestial solicitations. We receive the teachings of Christ, separated from all foreign admixtures and later accretions, as infallible truth from God. (pp. 21—23)

Here, also, I must ask for further information:

7. Do you believe that God "did raise up Jesus" miraculously, in a manner different from that by which he raises

does this *only* through Jesus, and that God's action through him is different in kind from His action through other men,—or is the difference only in degree?

10. What is meant by "the withered veins of humanity?" I understand this language in the mouths of such as believe "the total depravity and helplessness of human nature, and the dogma of the dislocation and degradation of the material world, and the causal introduction of physical death into it, by the sin of the first man;" but in those who "as a body disbelieve" that dogma, and who declare their belief in "the originally given and never wholly forfeited ability of man to secure his salvation by a right improvement of his faculties and opportunities, whether in Christian or in Pagan lands," it seems to me to require a little explanation.

11. When you say, "we receive the teachings of Christ as infallible truth from God," do you mean, in general, that you believe that all the "teachings" ascribed to Christ in the four Gospels, are the infallible truth of God," or do you pick over those Gospels, and from the various "teachings" therein ascribed to Christ, cull out "the infallible truth of God?"

Since the Gospels are in some respects contradictory to each other, and the fourth differs deeply and widely in several weighty particulars from its three predecessors, how do you determine what are "the teachings of Christ,"—and what are "foreign admixtures and later accretions;" and do you believe these teachings merely because they seem to you true, or because they are "the teachings of Christ,"—that is, are you led to believe thus by your own "human reason," or by his "divine authority?"

12. By what means do you know that all the teachings of Christ are the infallible truth of God;—and if you know a thing to be the "infallible truth of God," does it acquire any additional value by being also a teaching of Christ;—and if so, whence, and how, does it acquire this additional value;—and are not all true "teachings" equally "the infallible truth of God?"

In conclusion, I ask attention to a "subject of the greatest practical importance." To the charge, "Nobody can tell what Unitarianism is," you say, "We can give, and ought to give, a candid answer to the question, *What is*

"have authority over individuals,
delay upon such minor matters."

You then proceed to make known our Unitarian views, as a guide to know reliably what our church with that design you give a logical body, disbelieve." If I were to articles of disbelief, which I v

I. "The triune nature of God."

II. "All those commonly defended dogmas of the Divine Government, are of vindictive character."

III. "The current dogmas of the origin of human nature, and the dogma of the creation of the material world, and the cause of all evil into it by the sin of the first man."

IV. "The Deity of Christ."

V. "An infinite sacrifice vicariously made for us, and the pardon of the sins of mankind."

VI. "The arbitrary election of some individuals to salvation, and others to eternal torture."

VII. "The resurrection of the flesh, and the judgment."

VIII. "That Christianity is any magical salvation of man."

IX. "That the Scriptures are physical, and literal composition of God."

Then you next state the things which "we as a body do believe," which I will restate, numbering the items as before.

I. "In the unity and in the paternal character and merciful government of God."

II. "In man's natural capacity of virtue and liability to sin, and in the historic and actual mingled sinfulness and goodness of all human character."

III. "In the divinely-ordained laws and orderly development of the natural world, admitting the facts of imperfection and the ravages of sin as incident to the scheme."

IV. "In the supernatural appointment of Christ as a messenger from God."

V. "In the originally given and never wholly forfeited ability of man to secure his salvation by a right improvement of his faculties and opportunities, whether in Christian or in Pagan lands."

VI. "In the immediate and unreturning passage of the soul, on release from the body, to its account and reward."

VII. "In the remedial, as well as retributive, office of the Divine punishments."

VIII. "We regard Christianity, not as in contradiction to, but as in harmony with, the teachings and laws of nature,—not as a gracious annulment of natural religion, or a devised revision of it, or antidote to it, but as a Divine announcement of its real doctrines with fulfilling completeness and crowning authority, its uncertainties being removed, and its dim points illuminated, and its operative force made historic, through the teachings, life, character, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ, of which we reverently receive the Scriptures as furnishing an authentic and reliable record, to be studied and discriminated under the guidance of reason, in the light of learning, and by the laws of universal criticism."

IX. "We believe in the absolute perfection of the one living, the only wise and true God. We believe in the omniscient scrutiny of His providence, the unspeakable nearness of His spirit, accessible to every obedient soul as the medium of regeneration and element of eternal life."

X. "We believe in the supernatural authority of Christ as a Teacher, in his divine mission as a Redeemer, in his moral perfection as an example."

XI. "We believe in the Scriptures as containing the recorded history of the promulgation of a revelation."

XII. "We believe in the existence and influence of hereditary evil, but hold that man is morally free and responsible, living under a dispensation of justice and mercy, wherein he is capable, by piety,

purity, love, and good works, of securing the approval of God, and fitting himself for heaven."

XIII. "In the all-transcending importance of a thoroughly earnest religious faith and experience."

XIV. "We believe that in the immortal life, beyond the grave, just compensations of glory and woe await us for what is left incomplete in the rewards and punishments of the present state."

XV. "We conceive the essence of Christianity, as adequately as it can be described in a few words, to be the historic and livingly-continued exertion of a moral power from God, through Christ, to emancipate the human race from the bondage of evil : it is the sum of intelligible and experimental truth and life incarnated in and clothed upon the historic person of Christ, sealed by the authority of his divine commission, recommended by the beauty of his divine character, stealing into prepared hearts, and winning the allegiance of the world.

Such are the great essentials by which we stand." (pp. 25—27.)

Here, also, I must ask you a few questions, that by your answers you may show the public how much you differ from those who, as you say, "have nominally stood within our own circle, and who have been considered by the public as representing our household of faith," but who "have offensively assailed and denied all traces of the supernatural in the history of Christianity and the life of its Divine Founder."

is the test by which you distinguish a "divine" from a human announcement; and does that "divine announcement" make a truth any more true, and a religious obligation any more obligatory, than a mere human announcement of the same truth and duty?

17. You say Christianity is an announcement of the doctrines "with fulfilling completeness and crowning authority." Do you believe that Christianity, as it was taught by Jesus of Nazareth, or his followers in any age of the Church, is so complete as to be exhaustive of natural religion, and to embrace the truths thereof, so that it will never be possible for mankind, or for any man, to have a religious truth which is not contained in that Christianity?

18. Do you believe this "divine announcement" of the real doctrines of natural religion gives them any "crowning authority" which they had not before, or do not have when announced by one not a Christian; and if so, does that new authority come from God, the Author of the divinely-ordained laws of the natural world, or from Jesus, who announces them?

19. What "uncertainties" of natural religion have been "removed," "through the teaching, life, character, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ," and by what means have they made sure what was before uncertain?

21. As you charge those who "have nominally stood in our ranks," and have wrought such damage to the Unitarian reputation, with having "seemed to treat the holy oracles and the endeared forms of our common religion with contempt," and as "the public have considered them as representing our household of faith," it becomes important that you should clearly avow your doctrines concerning the Scriptures, in order to relieve yourselves "from the embarrassments," with which, you say, "we, as a body, are thus unjustly entangled."

That you may extricate yourselves from this special difficulty I will ask you several questions.

In No. VIII. you say you receive the Scriptures as furnishing an authentic and reliable record of "the teachings, life, character, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ;" and again, in No. XI., "as containing the recorded history of the promulgation of a revelation;" and yet, once more

you do, "in the most emphatic manner, disown any indorsement of that view which utterly denies the supernatural in Christianity."

(1.) Do you believe that the "revelation" of whose "promulgation" you say the Scriptures contain "the recorded history," was a miraculous communication from God to man, or that it was a communication by means of the ordinary human faculties; and did it communicate what man did not know; what man could not know without this "revelation"?

(2.) Are all parts of the Scriptures "the recorded history of the promulgation of a revelation"?

(3.) Do you believe that all, or any of the writers of Scripture, had any inspiration which was supernatural and miraculous, either qualitatively in kind, or quantitatively in degree, which distinguishes them from all other writers? If some, but not all, which had it? Did their inspiration secure them from historical or dogmatical and other mistakes incident to men writing with no such miraculous inspiration?

(4.) Do you believe all the accounts of miraculous phenomena contained in the Scriptures of the Old Testament and the New Testament?

(5.) And to be more specific, and to limit the question to the matters of which you seem to say the Scriptures furnish "an authentic and reliable record," do you believe that Jesus of Nazareth was born with no human father, as it is distinctly related in the first and third Gospels, and that he wrought all the miracles ascribed to him in any or all of the Gospels? Do you believe the resurrection of Christ;—that is, do you believe that Jesus of Nazareth was entirely dead, and returned to entire life, and appeared to the natural, bodily senses of some of his disciples, and "did eat before them"?

You then define your position in relation to other parties:—

"We are distinguished, on the one extreme, from the sacerdotal and the Calvinistic churches, by our disbelief in the magically saving efficacy of sacramental forms or metaphysical dogmas. In the mean, we are distinguished from the liberal and growing body of our Universalist brethren, on this wise. It is our firm conviction that the final restoration of all is not revealed in the Scriptures, but that the

ultimate fate of the impenitent wicked is left shrouded in impenetrable obscurity, so far as the total declarations of the sacred writers are concerned; and while we do generally hold to the doctrine of salvation as a consistent speculation of the reason, and a strong belief of the heart, yet we deem it to be, in each case, a matter of contingency always depending on conditions freely to be accepted or rejected. Those of us who believe (as the large majority of us do) in the final recovery of all souls, therefore, cannot emphasize it in the foreground of their preaching as a sure part of Christianity, but only elevate it in the background of their system as a glorious hope, which seems to them a warranted inference from the cardinal principles of Christianity, as well as from the great verities of moral science. On the other extreme, we are distinguished from the ultra rationalists, by devoutly acknowledging the supernatural origin and contents of our faith, and taking a posture of lowly discipleship at the feet of Christ our Master, owning him for the immaculate Son of God."

22. Do you believe it consistent with the "absolute perfection," the "paternal character" of God, and "the omniscient scrutiny of his providence," to create, directly or indirectly, any human being who shall receive eternal torment in the next life? If you do not, and if the final recovery of all souls be "a consistent speculation of the reason, and a strong belief of the heart," and also "a warranted inference from the cardinal principles of Christianity, as well as from the great verities of moral science," why can you not "emphasize it" "in the foreground" of your "preaching as a sure part of Christianity"?

23. You speak of Christ as "our Master," "owning him for the immaculate Son of God." In what sense is Christ "our Master;" that is, do you take him as your "Master" absolutely, so that you accept his word as perfect truth, his actions as perfectly right, and do you subordinate your spirit absolutely to him, or only use his special superiority as your help to religious and other excellency? In what sense is he "immaculate;" does this word refer to his "immaculate conception and birth," or to some moral characteristic; do you believe that he was morally immaculate—that is, that in all his life, from birth till death, he never committed a sin, made no error, or mistake? If so, on what ground do you entertain this opinion? What is the nature of Christ—human or not human?

You say :—

"We are not infidels, spurning God's word, deifying human reason, and proudly relying on our own merits for admission to heaven, but, with deepest sense of human frailty and sin, we bow before every manifest token of God's will, and humbly trust in his pardoning goodness, so eminently certified to us through Christ, for salvation at last." (p. 26.)

24. What are "infidels," which you say "we are not"?

25. If you have the ability to secure your salvation by the right improvement of your faculties and opportunities, and yet do not rely "proudly" on your "own merits for admission to heaven," or on the "magically saving efficacy of sacramental forms, or metaphysical dogmas," what do you rely on for admission thither? Do you not believe that a man's happiness in the next world will depend on the faithfulness with which he uses his powers and opportunities here on earth; and if not, then on what other condition does it depend?

26. When, in describing your difference from the "infidels," you say, "We bow before every manifest token of God's will," do you mean any such token that is "manifest" to *you*, or which is "manifest" to some other person; and if the former, do you not believe that the "infi-

are faith and love, piety and good works, or their opposites?"?

28. Do you believe that your creed is entirely free from error, and contains all religious truth, so that, on the one hand, it is needless to try and remove mistakes therefrom, and on the other, to look for further truth?

You have seen fit, gentlemen, to bring very serious charges against some persons. It has been repeatedly intimated that I am one of them, and, therefore, you will expect at once that I have a claim on you for a distinct reply to the above questions, which your publication has called it. In your Report you have said,—

"Not what they were brought up under, or what they love, or what they would like, or what they think would work well, but that which, after honest and adequate inquiry, they are convinced is true, just men accept and follow."

I know you have deeply at heart the welfare of the denomination you represent; and sympathizing with your desire to diffuse a pure and rational Christianity among men, I shall watch with interest for your joint and official reply to my letter, and remain

Your obedient servant,

THEODORE PARKER.

Boston, October 3rd, 1853.

THEODORE PARKER'S
EXPERIENCE AS A MINISTER,
WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS EARLY LIFE, AND EDUCATION
FOR THE MINISTRY.

PREFACE.

THE following letter from Mr Parker to his congregation has been received within a few days. It sufficiently explains itself, and needs no introduction. For the information, however, of those who may not be familiar with the circumstances which gave rise to the other letters which are here printed, it may be well to make the following statements:—

Mr Parker's health, which had been gradually failing for a year or two previous, during the year 1858 became so much impaired as to excite the serious apprehensions of his friends. He continued, however, though suffering from much illness, to preach regularly at the Music Hall—with two intermissions, of several weeks each, when positively unable to officiate—up to the 2nd of January last, when he delivered a discourse entitled “What Religion may do for a Man: a Sermon for the New Year,” which has since been given to the public.

On the following Sunday the congregation assembled as usual, expecting to listen to their minister. He did not appear, but sent the following note, which was read to the audience:—

Sunday Morning, Jan. 9, 1859.

TO THE CONGREGATION AT THE MUSIC HALL.

WELL-BELOVED AND LONG-TRIED FRIENDS,—I shall not speak to you to-day; for this morning, a little after four o'clock, I had a slight attack of bleeding in the lungs or

throat. I intended to preach on "The Religion of Jesus and the Christianity of the Church, or the Superiority of Good Will to Man over Theological Fancies."

I hope you will not forget the contribution for the poor, whom we have with us always. I don't know when I shall again look upon your welcome faces, which have so often cheered my spirits when my flesh was weak.

May we do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with our God, and His blessing will be upon us here and hereafter, for His infinite love is with us for ever and ever.

Faithfully your Friend,
THEODORE PARKER.

The sensation of grief excited by the reading of this note was general and profound. Very many eyes were dimmed with tears, for although the withdrawal of Mr Parker from his public ministrations had not been altogether unanticipated by those who had been aware of his feeble state of health for some time previous, yet it had been hoped that no trouble so serious as that announced in the note would arise.

After the reading of the note, a meeting of the parish was held, at which, after remarks by several gentlemen, it was voted to continue the salary of Mr Parker for one year, at least, with the understanding that he would take a respite from all public duties for that period, or longer. A vote expressive of the deep and heartfelt sympathy of the society with their minister was also unanimously passed.

Mr Parker was advised by his physicians to leave as soon as possible for the West Indies; and accordingly, after arranging his affairs as if he were not to return again, he left Boston for Santa Cruz on the 3rd of February. Previous to his departure he wrote a brief farewell letter to his congregation, on the 27th of January, which was published at the end of the New Year's Sermon, and is now reprinted here.

Meanwhile the letter from the congregation to their minister, bearing the date of January 11th, was prepared, and read at a meeting of the standing committee of the society and many others of Mr Parker's friends, held on that day; and at that time, and within a few days subse-

persons as were most easily
reason it was not considered pri
of the letter previous to his le
not until the 6th of March th
Cruz.

The whole correspondence
members of the society, and al
terest.

Boston, June 10, 1859.

FAREWELL L

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE TWENT
SOCIETY IN BO

MUCH VALUED FRIENDS,—When
able to speak to you again, and I
silent, and flee off for my life to a
terminated, before I went, to make
New Year's Sermon, the last I
one which was to follow it, the
there yet unspoken; and also to
reviewing our past intercourse
years.

Thos —

Now, I can but write this note in parting, to thank you for the patience with which you have heard me so long; for the open-handed generosity which has provided for my unexpected needs; for the continued affection which so many of you have always shown me, and now more tenderly than ever; and yet, above all, for the joy it has given me to see the great ideas and emotions of true religion spring up in your fields with such signs of promise. If my labours were to end to-day, I should still say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," for I think few men have seen larger results follow such labours, and so brief. But I shall not think our connection is ended, or likely soon to be: I hope yet to look in your eyes again, and speak to your hearts. So far as my recovery depends on me, be assured, dear friends, I shall leave nothing undone to effect it; and, so far as it is beyond human control, certainly you and I can trust the Infinite Parent of us all, without whose beneficent providence not even a sparrow falls to the ground; living here or in heaven, we are all equally the children of that unbounded Love.

It has given me great pain that I could not be with such of you as have lately suffered bereavements and other affliction, and at least speak words of endearment and sympathy when words of consolation would not suffice.

I know not how long we shall be separated, but, while thankful for our past relations, I shall still fervently pray for your welfare and progress in true religion, both as a society, and as individual men and women. I know you will still think only too kindly of

Your Minister and Friend,

THEODORE PARKER.

Exeter Place, Jan. 27, 1859.

LETTER TO MR PARKER.

THE MEMBERS OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY OF BOSTON TO THEIR BELOVED MINISTER.

DEAR SIR,—It is now many years since you came, at the request of some of us, to preach in this city. A few

men and women, acting under the impulse of a deep religious need, which the churches of Boston at that time failed to satisfy, sought to establish a pulpit which should teach a higher idea of religion than yet prevailed, and wherein the largest freedom of thought and speech should be allowed and respected. They asked you to come and stand in such a pulpit, thinking that you would meet their demand, and resolving that you should "have a chance to be heard in Boston"—a chance which other men were not willing to allow. At their earnest solicitation you came, and the result has shown that they were not mistaken in their choice.

On the formal organization of the society, when you were installed as its minister, on the 4th of January, 1846, you preached a sermon of "The True Idea of a Christian Church." How well and faithfully you have laboured from that time till now to make that idea a fact, and to build up such a church, we all know. From Sunday to Sunday, year after year—with rare exceptions, when other duties or necessities compelled your absence—you have been at your post, and have always discharged the great functions of your office in a manner which has left nothing to be desired on your part—avoiding no responsibility, neglect-

experience of mankind, of nations, and of individuals, you have drawn great lessons of truth and wisdom for our warning or guidance. Above all, your own noble and manly and Christian life has been to us a perpetual sermon, fuller of wisdom and beauty, more eloquent and instructive, even, than the lessons which have fallen from your lips.

In all our intercourse with you, you have ever been to us as a teacher, a friend, and brother, and have never assumed to be our master. You have respected and encouraged in us that free individuality of thought in matters of religion, and all other matters, which you have claimed for yourself; you have never imposed on us your opinions, asking us to accept them because they were yours, but you have always warned us to use a wise discretion, and decide according to our own judgment and conscience, not according to yours. You have not sought to build up a sect, but a free Christian community.

You have indeed been a minister to us, and we feel that your ministry has been for our good; that through it we are better prepared to successfully resist those temptations and to overcome those evils by which we are surrounded in life, to discharge those obligations which devolve upon us as men aiming to be Christians, and to acquit ourselves as we ought.

As we have gathered together from Sunday to Sunday, as we have looked into your face, and your words have touched our sympathies, and stirred within us our deepest and best emotions, as we have come to know you better year by year, and to appreciate more fully the service which you have been doing for us and for other men, and the faithfulness with which you have laboured in it, we have felt that ours was indeed a blessed privilege; and we have indulged a hope that our lives might testify to the good influence of your teachings—a hope which we humbly trust has to some extent, at least, been realized. If we have failed to approximate that high ideal of excellence which you have always set before us, the blame is our own, and not yours.

The world has called us hard names, but it is on you that have fallen the hatred, the intolerance, the insults, and calumnies of men calling themselves Christian. Alas! that they should be so wanting in the first principles of that religion which Christ taught and lived, and which they pretend to honour and uphold. Of those who have

opposed us, many have done so through ignorance, misled by the false representations of others ; some from conscientious motives ; others from selfishness in many forms. Time has already done much to correct this evil with many; it will do more to correct it with others. While the little we may have sacrificed on our part has been as nothing in comparison with all we have gained, from our connection with you, as members of this society, on yours the sacrifice has been great indeed—not, however, without its recompense to you also, we hope and trust.

For all that you have been to us, for all that you have done, and borne, and forborne, in our behalf, we thank you kindly, cordially, and affectionately. We feel that we owe you such gratitude as no words of ours can express. If we have not shown it in the past by conforming our lives to that high standard of morality and piety, which you have exemplified in your own, let us at least try to do so in the future.

We cannot but feel a just pride in the success of this church ; that in spite of all obstacles, it has strengthened and increased from year to year, and that the circle of its influence has continually widened. Thousands of earnest men and women in this and other lands, who do not gather with us from week to week, look to this church as their "city of refuge ;" their sympathies, their convictions, and their hopes coincide with our own ; they are of us, though not with us. Most of them have never listened to your voice, nor looked upon your face, but the noble words which you have uttered are dear to their hearts, and they also bless God for the service which you have done for them.

In all your labours for us and for others, we have only one thing to regret, and that is, that you have not spared yourself, but have sacrificed your health and strength to an extent which, of late, has excited our deepest solicitude and apprehension. We thank God that he furnished you with a vigorous constitution, which has stood the test of so many years of incessant and unwearied toil, in so many departments of usefulness, and which has enabled you to accomplish so much as you have already done ; but there is a limit to the endurance of even the strongest man, and the frequent warnings which you have received within the past year or two would seem to indicate that nature will not suffer even the best of her children to transgress the great

laws which she has established for their observance, without inflicting the penalty of disobedience, even though they are engaged in the highest and holiest service which man can render unto man. We would not presume to instruct you in this matter; we only repeat what you have yourself often taught us.

A warning now comes of so imperative a nature that it cannot be disregarded.

We need not assure you that the note from you which was read at the Music Hall on Sunday morning last, was listened to by us with the most sincere and heartfelt sorrow—sorrow, however, not unmixed with hope. While we feel the deepest and warmest sympathy for you under the new and serious development of the disease from which you are suffering, we yet trust that it is not too late to arrest its progress, and that, in some more genial clime than ours, relieved from the cares and responsibilities which have borne heavily upon you for so many years, you may regain that soundness of health which shall enable you to resume, at some future day, the great work to which you have devoted your life.

We know with how much reluctance it is that you feel compelled to suspend your labour among us at this time; but there is the less cause for regret on your part, inasmuch as you have, by the services you have already rendered to mankind, far more than earned the right to do so, even if the necessity did not exist.

Whether it is for a longer or a shorter period that you will be separated from us, of course none of us can tell. In any event, God's will be done! and at all times, wherever you may be, you will have our deepest veneration and regard.

Waiting for that happier day when we shall again take you by the hand, and again listen to your welcome voice, we remain,

Your faithful and loving Friends

(In behalf of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society),

SAMUEL MAY,

MARY MAY,

THOMAS GODDARD,

FRANCIS JACKSON,

Boston, Jan. 11, 1859.

JOHN FLINT,

WILLIAM DALL,

JOHN R. MANLEY.

And three hundred others.

REPLY OF MR PARKER.

Fredericksted, Santa Cruz, May 9, 1859.

To Samuel May, Mary May, Thomas Goddard, Francis Jackson, John Flint, William Dall, John R. Manley, and the other signers of a letter to me, dated Boston, Jan. 11, 1859.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Your genial and most welcome letter was handed to me at this place the 6th of March; I had not strength before to bear the excitement it must occasion. It was Sunday morning; and while you were at the Music Hall, I read it in this little far-off island, with emotions you may imagine easier than I can relate. It brought back the times of trial we have had together, and your many kindnesses to me. I can easily bear to be opposed, and that with the greatest amount of abuse; for habit makes all things familiar. I fear it flatters my pride a little, to be greatly underrated; but to be appreciated so tenderly by your affection, and rated so much above my own deservings, it makes me ashamed that I am no more worthy of your esteem and praise:

The letter would have been quite different, no doubt, in plan and execution—better, I hope, in thought and language, had I been sound and well; for all a sick man's work seems likely to be infected with his illness. I beg you to forgive its imperfections, and be as gentle in your judgment as fairness will allow.

Though I have been reasonably industrious all my life, when I come to look over what I have actually done, it seems very little in comparison with the opportunities I have had; only the beginning of what I intended to accomplish. But it is idle to make excuses now, and not profitable to complain.

As that letter is intended for all the members of the twenty-eighth Congregational Society, I beg you to transmit it to the Standing Committee—I know not their names—who will lay it before them in some suitable manner.

With thanks for the past, and hearty good wishes for your future welfare, believe me

Faithfully your Minister and Friend,
THEODORE PARKER.

Fredericksted, Santa Cruz, May 9, 1859.

TO THE STANDING COMMITTEE OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY IN BOSTON.

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES,—Here is a letter addressed to the members of your society. I beg you to lay it before them in such a manner as you may see most fit. Believe me

Faithfully your Minister and Friend,

THEODORE PARKER.

THEODORE PARKER'S EXPERIENCE

LETTER.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY OF BOSTON.

MY DEAR AND VALUED FRIENDS,—After it became needful that I should be silent, and flee off from my home, I determined, at least, before I went, to write you a letter, touching our long connection, and my efforts in your service, and so bid you farewell. But the experienced doctors and other wise friends forbade the undertaking, and directed me to wait for a more favourable time, when the work might be more leisurely and better done, with less risk also to my life; promising indeed a time when it would not diminish the chances of recovery. In the twenty-four days which came between the sudden, decisive attack, and my departure from Boston, there was little time for even a sound, well man to settle and arrange his worldly affairs, to straighten out complicated matters, and return thanks to the many that have befriended him in the difficult emergencies of life—for surely I left home as one not to set eyes on New-England again. Since then there has been no time till now when I have had strength to endure the intellectual labour, and still more the emotional agitation, which must attend such a review of my past life. Consumption, having long since slain almost all my near kinsfolk, horsed on the north-wind, rode at me also, seeking my life. Swiftly I fled hither, hoping in this little quiet and far-skied Island of the Holy Cross to hide me from his monstrous sight, to pull his arrows from my flesh, and heal my wounded side. It is yet too soon to conjecture how or when my exile shall end; but at home, wise, friendly, and hopeful doctors told me I had “but one chance in ten” for complete recovery,

though more for a partial restoration to some small show of health, I suppose, and power of moderate work. But if the danger be as they say, I do not despair nor lose heart at such odds, having often in my life contended against much greater, and come off triumphant, though the chances against me were a hundred or a thousand to one. Besides, this is now the third time that I remember friends and doctors despairing of my life. Still, I know that I am no longer young, and that I stand up to my shoulders in my grave, whose uncertain sides at any moment may cave in and bury me with their resistless weight. Yet I hope to climb out this side, and live and work again amid laborious New-England men; for, though the flesh be weak and the spirit resigned to either fate, yet still the will to live, though reverent and submissive, is exceeding strong, more vehement than ever before, as I have still much to do—some things to begin upon, and many more lying now half done, that I alone can finish—and I should not like to suffer the little I have done to perish now for lack of a few years' work.

I know well both the despondency of sick men that makes the night seem darker than it is, and also the pleasing illusion which flits before consumptive patients, and while this Will-o'-the-wisp comes flickering from their kindred's grave, they think it is the breaking of a new and more auspicious day. So indeed it is, the Day-spring from on high, revealing the white, tall porches of Eternity. Let you and me be neither cheated by delusive hopes, nor weakened by unmanly fears, but, looking the facts fairly in the face, let us meet the inevitable with calmness and pious joy, singing the wealthy psalm of life:—

" Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope and be undismayed!
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head!

Though comprehended not,
Yet Earth and Heaven tell,
He sits a Father on the throne:
God guideth all things well!"

But while my strength is but weakness, and my time for this letter so uncertain, I will waste neither in a lengthened introduction, knowing "it were a foolish thing to make a long prologue, and be short in the story itself."

In this letter I must needs speak much of myself, and tell some things which seem to belong only to my private history; for without a knowledge of them, my public conduct might appear other than it really is. Yet I would gladly defer them to a more fitting place, in some brief autobiography to be published after my death; but I am not certain of time to prepare that, so shall here, in small compass, briefly sketch out some small personal particulars which might elsewhere be presented in their full proportions, and with appropriate light and shade. As this letter is confidential and addressed to you, I could wish it might be read only to the members of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, or printed solely for their affection, not also published for the eye of the world; but that were impossible, for what is offered to the hearts of so many, thereby becomes accessible to the eyes and ears of all who wish to see and hear; so what I write private to you, becomes public also for mankind, whether I will or not.

In my early boyhood I *felt* I was to be a minister, and looked forward with eager longings for the work to which I still think my nature itself an "effectual call," certainly a deep one, and a continuous. Few men have ever been more fortunate than I in having pains judiciously taken with their intellectual culture.

My early education was not costly, as men count expense by dollars; it was exceeding precious, as they might reckon outlay by the fitness of the process to secure a development of natural powers. By father and mother, yes, even by brothers and sisters, great and unceasing care was taken to secure power of observation, that the senses might grasp their natural objects; of voluntary attention, fixed, continuous, and exact, which, despite of appearances, sees the fact just as it is, no more, no less; of memory, that holds all things firm as gravitation, and yet, like that, keeps them unmixed, not confusing the most delicate outline, and reproduces them at will, complete in the whole, and perfect in each part; much stress was also laid on judgment and inventive imagination. It was a great game they set me to play; it was also an advantage that the counters cost little money, but were common things, picked up daily on a farm, in a kitchen, or a mechanic's thoughtful shop. But still more pains were taken with

my moral and religious culture. In my earliest boyhood I was taught to respect the instinctive promptings of conscience, regarding it as the "voice of God in the soul of man," which must always be obeyed; to speak the truth without evasion or concealment; to love justice and conform to it; to reverence merit in all men, and that regardless of their rank or reputation; and, above all things, I was taught to love and trust the dear God. He was not presented to me as a great King, with force for his chief quality, but rather as a Father, eminent for perfect justice, and complete and perfect love, alike the parent of Jew and Gentile, Christian and non-Christian, dealing with all, not according to the accident of their name and situation, but to the real use each should make of his talents and opportunities, however little or great. I was taught self-reliance, intellectual, moral, and of many another form; to investigate all things with my own eyes; carefully to form opinions for myself, and while I believed them reasonable and just, to hold and defend them with modest firmness. Inquiry was encouraged in all directions.

Of course I took in many of the absurd theological opinions of the time; but I think few New-Englanders born of religious families in the first ten years of this century, were formally taught so little superstition. I have met none with whom more judicious attempts were made to produce a natural unfolding of the religious and moral faculties; I do not speak of results, only of aim and process. I have often been praised for virtues which really belonged to my father and mother, and if they were also mine, they must have come so easy under such training, that I should feel entitled to but small merit for possessing them. They made a careful distinction between a man's character and his creed, and in my hearing never spoke a bigoted or irreverent word.

As my relatives and neighbours were all hard-working people, living in one of the most laborious communities in the world, I did not fail to learn the great lesson of personal industry, and to acquire power of work—to begin early, to continue long, with strong and rapid stroke. The discipline and habit of bodily toil were quite easily transferred to thought, and I learned early to apply my mind with exact, active, and long-continued attention, which

outward things did not disturb ; so, while working skillfully with my hands, I could yet think on what I would.

Good books by great masters fell into even my boyish hands ; the best English authors of prose and verse, the Bible, the Greek and Roman classics—which I at first read mainly in translations, but soon became familiar with in their original beauty—these were my literary helps. What was read at all, was also studied, and not laid aside till well understood. If my books in boyhood were not many, they were much, and also great.

I had an original fondness for scientific and metaphysical thought, which found happy encouragement in my early days : my father's strong, discriminating, and comprehensive mind also inclining that way, offered me an excellent help. Nature was all about me ; my attention was wisely directed to both use and beauty, and I early became familiar with the flora of New-England, and attentive also to the habits of beast and bird, insect, reptile, fish. A few scientific works on natural history gave me their stimulus and their help.

After my general preliminary education was pretty well advanced, the hour came when I must decide on my profession for life. All about me there were ministers who had sufficient talents ; now and then one admirably endowed with learning ; devout and humane men, also, with no stain on their personal character. But I did not see much in their clerical profession to attract me thither ; the notorious dulness of the Sunday services, their mechanical character, the poverty and insignificance of the sermons, the unnaturalness and uncertainty of the doctrines preached on the authority of a “divine and infallible revelation,” the lifelessness of the public prayers, and the consequent heedlessness of the congregation, all tended to turn a young man off from becoming a minister. Besides, it did not appear that the New-England clergy were leaders in the intellectual, moral, or religious progress of the people ; if they tried to seem so, it was only the appearance which was kept up. “Do you think our minister would dare tell his audience of their actual faults ?”—so a rough blacksmith once asked me in my youth. “Certainly I do !” was the boyish answer. “Humph !” rejoined the smith, “I should like to have him begin, then !” The genius of Emerson

soon moved from the clerical constellation, and stood forth alone, a fixed and solitary star. Dr Channing was the only man in the New-England pulpit who to me seemed great. All my friends advised me against the ministry—it was "a narrow place, affording no opportunity to do much!" I thought it a wide place.

The legal profession seemed to have many attractions. There were eminent men in its ranks, rising to public honours, judicial or political; they seemed to have more freedom and individuality than the ministers. For some time I hesitated, inclined that way, and made preliminary studies in the law. But at length the perils of that profession seemed greater than I cared to rush upon. Mistaking sound for sense, I thought the lawyer's moral tone was lower than the minister's, and dared not put myself under that temptation I prayed God not to lead me into. I could not make up my mind to defend a cause I knew to be wrong, using all my efforts to lead judge or jury to a decision I thought unjust. A powerful and successful practitioner told me "none could be a lawyer without doing so," and quoted the well-known words of Lord Brougham. I saw men of large talents yielding to this temptation, and counting as great success what to me even then seemed only great ruin. I could not decide to set up a law-mill beside the public road, to put my hand on the winch, and by turning one way, rob innocent men of their property, liberty, life; or, by reversing the motion, withdraw the guilty from just punishment, pecuniary or corporeal. Though I hesitated some time, soon as I got clearness of sight, I returned to my first love, for that seemed free from guile. I then asked myself these three questions:—

1. "Can you seek for what is eternally true, and not be blinded by the opinions of any sect, or of the Christian Church; and can you tell that truth you learn, even when it is unpopular and hated?" I answered, "I CAN!" Rash youth is ever confident.

2. "Can you seek the eternal right, and not be blinded by the statutes and customs of men, ecclesiastical, political, and social; and can you declare that eternal right you discover, applying it to the actual life of man, individual and associated, though it bring you into painful relations of men?" Again I swiftly answered, "I CAN."

3. "Can you represent in your life that truth of the intellect and that right of the conscience, and so not disgrace with your character what you preach with your lips?" I doubted of this more than the others; the temptation to personal wickedness seemed stronger than that to professional deceit—at least it was then better known; but I answered, "I CAN TRY, AND WILL!"

Alas! I little knew all that was involved in these three questions, and their prompt, youthful answers. I understand it better now.

So I determined to become a minister, hoping to help mankind in the most important of all human concerns, the development of man's highest powers.

Zealously I entered on my theological education, with many ill-defined doubts, and some distinct denials, of the chief doctrines of the ecclesiastical theology of Christendom.

1. In my early childhood, after a severe and silent struggle, I made way with the ghastly doctrine of Eternal Damnation and a wrathful God; this is the Goliath of that theology. From my seventh year I have had no fear of God, only an ever-greatening love and trust.

2. The doctrine of the Trinity, the "great mystery of Population," had long since gone the same way. For a

tradicitory and good for nothing ; we had not the affidavit of the mother, the only competent human witness, nor even the declaration of the son ; there was no circumstantial evidence to confirm the statement in the Gospels of a most improbable event.

4. Many miracles related in the Old and New Testament seemed incredible to me ; some were clearly impossible, others ridiculous, and a few were wicked ; such, of course, I rejected at once, while I still arbitrarily admitted others. The general question of miracles was one which gave me much uneasiness, for I had not learned carefully to examine evidence for alleged historical events, and had, besides, no clear conception of what is involved in the notion that God ever violates the else constant mode of operation of the universe. Of course I had not then that philosophical idea of God which makes a theological miracle as impossible as a round triangle, or any other self-evident contradiction.

5. I had no belief in the plenary, infallible, verbal inspiration of the whole Bible, and strong doubts as to the miraculous inspiration of any part of it. Some things were the opposite of divine ; I could not put my finger on any great moral or religious truth taught by revelation in the New Testament, which had not previously been set forth by men for whom no miraculous help was ever claimed. But, on the whole matter of Inspiration, I lacked clear and definite ideas, and found neither friend nor book to help me.

In due time I entered the Theological School at Cambridge, then under the charge of the Unitarians, or "Liberal Christians." I found excellent opportunities for study : there were able and earnest professors, who laid no yoke on any neck, but left each man free to think for himself, and come to such conclusions as he must. Telling what they thought they knew, they never pretended they had learned all that may be known, or winnowed out all error from their creed. They were honest guides, with no more sophistry than is perhaps almost universal in that calling, and did not pretend to be masters. There, too, was a large library containing much valuable ancient lore, though, alas ! almost none of the new theologic thought of the German masters. Besides, there was leisure, and un-

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bounded freedom of research ; and I could work as many hours in the study as a mechanic in his shop, or a farmer in his field. The pulpits of Boston were within an easy walk, and Dr Channing drew near the zenith of his power.

Here, under these influences, I pursued the usual routine of theological reading, but yet, of course, had my own private studies, suited to my special wants. It is now easy to tell what I then attempted without always being conscious of my aim, and what results I gradually reached before I settled in the ministry.

I. I studied the Bible with much care. First, I wished to learn, What is the Bible—what books and words compose it ? this is the question of criticism ; next, What does the Bible mean—what sentiments and ideas do its words contain ? this is the question of interpretation. I read the Bible critically, in its original tongues, the most important parts of it also in the early versions, and sought for the meaning early attributed to its words, and so studied the works of Jewish Rabbis on the Old Testament, and of the early Christian Fathers on both New and Old ; besides, I studied carefully the latest critics and interpreters, especially the German.

I soon found that the Bible is a collection of quite heterogeneous books, most of them anonymous, or bearing

was still a puzzle to me, and for a long time a source of anxiety ; for I had not studied the principles of historic evidence, nor learned to identify and scrutinize the witnesses. But the problem of inspiration got sooner solved. I believed in the immanence of God in man, as well as matter, his activity in both ; hence, that all men are inspired in proportion to their actual powers, and their normal use thereof ; that truth is the test of intellectual inspiration, justice of moral, and so on. I did not find the Bible inspired, except in this general way, and in proportion to the truth and justice therein. It seemed to me that no part of the Old Testament or New could be called the "Word of God," save in the sense that all truth is God's word.

II. I studied the historical development of religion and theology amongst Jews and Christians, and saw the gradual formation of the great ecclesiastical doctrines which so domineered over the world. As I found the Bible was the work of men, so I also found that the Christian Church was no more divine than the British State, a Dutchman's shop, or an Austrian's farm. The miraculous, infallible Bible, and the miraculous, infallible Church, disappeared when they were closely looked at ; and I found the fact of history quite different from the pretension of theology.

III. I studied the historical development of religion and theology amongst the nations not Jewish or Christian, and attended as well as I then could to the four other great religious sects—the Brahminic, the Buddhistic, the Classic, and the Mohammedan. As far as possible at that time, I studied the sacred books of mankind in their original tongues, and with the help of the most faithful interpreters. Here the Greek and Roman poets and philosophers came in for their place, there being no sacred books of the classic nations. I attended pretty carefully to the religion of savages and barbarians, and was thereby helped to the solution of many a difficult problem. I found no tribe of men destitute of religion who had attained power of articulate speech.

IV. I studied assiduously the metaphysics and psychology of religion. Religious consciousness was universal in human history. Was it then natural to man, inseparable from his essence, and so from his development ? In my

own consciousness I found it automatic and indispensable; was it really so likewise in the human race? The authority of Bibles and Churches was no answer to that question. I tried to make an analysis of humanity, and see if by psychologic science I could detect the special element which produced religious consciousness in me, and religious phenomena in mankind—seeking a cause adequate to the facts of experience and observation. The common books of philosophy seemed quite insufficient; the sensational system so ably presented by Locke in his masterly *Essay*, developed into various forms by Hobbes, Berkeley, Hume, Paley, and the French Materialists, and modified, but not much mended, by Reid and Stewart, gave little help; it could not legitimate my own religious instincts, nor explain the religious history of mankind, or even of the British people, to whom that philosophy is still so manifold a hindrance. Ecclesiastical writers, though able as Clarke and Butler, and learned also as Cudworth and Barrow, could not solve the difficulty; for the principle of authority, though more or less concealed, yet lay there, and, like buried iron, disturbed the free action of their magnetic genius, affecting its dip and inclination. The brilliant mosaic, which Cousin set before the world, was of great service, but not satisfactory. I found most help in the works of Immanuel Kant, one of the profoundest thinkers in the world, though one of the worst writers, even of Germany; if he did not always furnish conclusions I could rest in, he yet gave me the true method, and put me on the right road.

I found certain great primal intuitions of human nature, which depend on no logical process of demonstration, but are rather facts of consciousness given by the instinctive action of human nature itself. I will mention only the three most important which pertain to religion.

1. The instinctive intuition of the divine, the consciousness that there is a God.

2. The instinctive intuition of the just and right, a consciousness that there is a moral law, independent of our will, which we ought to keep.

3. The instinctive intuition of the immortal, a consciousness that the essential element of man, the principle of individuality, never dies.

Here, then, was the foundation of religion, laid in human

nature itself, which neither the atheist nor the more pernicious bigot, with their sophisms of denial or affirmation, could move, or even shake. I had gone through the great spiritual trial of my life, telling no one of its hopes or fears ; and I thought it a triumph that I had psychologically established these three things to my own satisfaction, and devised a scheme which to the scholar's mind, I thought, could legitimate what was spontaneously given to all, by the great primal instincts of mankind.

Then I proceeded to develope the contents of these instinctive intuitions of the divine, the just, and the immortal, and see what God actually is, what morality is, and what eternal life has to offer. In each case I pursued two methods—the inductive and deductive.

First, from the history of mankind—savage, barbarous, civilized, enlightened—I gathered the most significant facts I could find relating to men's opinions about God, Morality, Heaven, and Hell, and thence made such generalizations as the facts would warrant, which, however, were seldom satisfactory ; for they did not represent facts of the universe, the actual God, justice, and eternal life, but only what men had thought or felt thereof ; yet this comparative and inductive theology was of great value to me.

Next, from the primitive facts of consciousness, given by the power of instinctive intuition, I endeavoured to deduce the true notion of God, of justice, and futurity. Here I could draw from human nature, and not be hindered by the limitations of human history ; but I know now better than it was possible then, how difficult is this work, and how often the inquirer mistakes his own subjective imagination for a fact of the universe. It is for others to decide whether I have sometimes mistaken a little grain of brilliant dust in my telescope for a fixed star in heaven.

To learn what I could about the spiritual faculties of man, I not only studied the sacred books of various nations, the poets and the philosophers who professedly treat thereof, but also such as deal with sleep-walking, dreams, visions, prophecies, second-sight, oracles, ecstacies, witchcraft, magic wonders, the appearance of devils, ghosts, and the like. Besides, I studied other works which lie out from the regular highway of theology, the spurious books

preaching it for the salvation of mankind!" Most heartily did I say "Amen!" to this supplication.

For the first year or two the congregation did not exceed seventy persons, including the children. I soon became well acquainted with all in the little parish, where I found some men of rare enlightenment, some truly generous and noble souls. I knew the characters of all, and the thoughts of such as had them. I took great pains with the composition of my sermons; they were never out of my mind. I had an intense delight in writing and preaching; but I was a learner quite as much as a teacher, and was feeling my way forward and upward with one hand, while I tried to lead men with the other. I preached natural laws, nothing on the authority of any church, any tradition, any sect, though I sought illustration and confirmation from all these sources. For historical things, I told the historical evidence; for spiritual things, I found ready proof in the primal instincts of the soul, and confirmation in the life of religious men. The simple life of the farmers, mechanics, and milk-men, about me, of its own accord, turned into a sort of poetry, and re-appeared in the sermons, as the green woods, not far off, looked in at the windows of the meeting-house. I think I preached only

land's spiritual history, when a great revolution went on—so silent that few men knew it was taking place, and none then understood its whither or its whence.

The Unitarians, after a long and bitter controversy, in which they were often shamelessly ill-treated by the "orthodox," had conquered, and secured their ecclesiastical right to deny the Trinity, "the Achilles of dogmas;" they had won the respect of the New-England public; had absorbed most of the religious talent of Massachusetts, founded many churches, and possessed and liberally administered the oldest and richest college in America. Not yet petrified into a sect, they rejoiced in the large liberty of "the children of God," and, owning neither racks nor dungeons, "did not covet any of those things that were their neighbours'." With less education and literary skill, the Universalists had fought manfully against eternal damnation—the foulest doctrine which defiles the pages of man's theologic history—secured their ecclesiastical position, wiping malignant statutes from the law books, and, though in a poor and vulgar way, were popularizing the great truth that God's chief attribute is LOVE, which is extended to all men. Alone of all Christian sects, they professedly taught the immortality of man in such a form that it is no curse to the race to find it true! But, though departing from those doctrines which are essential to the Christian ecclesiastic scheme, neither Universalist nor Unitarian had broken with the authority of Revelation, the word of the Bible, but still professed a willingness to believe both Trinity and Damnation, could they be found in the miraculous and infallible Scripture.

Mr Garrison, with his friends, inheriting what was best in the Puritan founders of New-England, fired with the zeal of the Hebrew prophets and Christian martyrs, while they were animated with a spirit of humanity rarely found in any of the three, was beginning his noble work, but in a style so humble that, after much search, the police of Boston discovered there was nothing dangerous in it, for "his only visible auxiliary was a negro boy." Dr Channing was in the full maturity of his powers, and after long preaching the dignity of man as an abstraction, and piety as a purely inward life, with rare and winsome eloquence, and ever progressive humanity, began to apply his sublime

doctrines to actual life in the individual, the state, and the church. In the name of Christianity, the great American Unitarian called for the reform of the drunkard, the elevation of the poor, the instruction of the ignorant, and, above all, for the liberation of the American slave. A remarkable man, his instinct of progress grew stronger the more he travelled and the further he went, for he surrounded himself with young life. Horace Mann, with his coadjutors, began a great movement, to improve the public education of the people. Pierpont, single-handed, was fighting a grand and two-fold battle—against drunkenness in the street, and for righteousness in the pulpit—against fearful ecclesiastic odds, maintaining a minister's right and duty to oppose actual wickedness, however popular and destructive. The brilliant genius of Emerson rose in the winter nights, and hung over Boston, drawing the eyes of ingenuous young people to look up to that great, new star, a beauty and a mystery, which charmed for the moment, while it gave also perennial inspiration, as it led them forward along new paths, and toward new hopes. America had seen no such sight before; it is not less a blessed wonder now.

Besides, the Phrenologists, so ably represented by

tinental, not insular, in his range, also became familiar to the Americans—reviews and translations going where the eloquent original was not heard—and helped to free the young mind from the gross sensationalism of the academic philosophy on one side, and the grosser supernaturalism of the ecclesiastic theology on the other.

The German language, hitherto the priceless treasure of a few, was becoming well known, and many were thereby made acquainted with the most original, deep, bold, comprehensive, and wealthy literature in the world, full of theologic and philosophic thought. Thus, a great storehouse was opened to such as were earnestly in quest of truth. Young Mr Strauss, in whom genius for criticism was united with extraordinary learning and rare facility of philosophic speech, wrote his "Life of Jesus," where he rigidly scrutinized the genuineness of the Gospels and the authenticity of their contents, and, with scientific calmness, brought every statement to his steady scales, weighing it, not always justly, as I think, but impartially always, with philosophic coolness and deliberation. The most formidable assailant of the ecclesiastical theology of Christendom, he roused a host of foes, whose writings—mainly ill-tempered, insolent, and sophistical—it was very profitable for a young man to read.

The value of Christian miracles, not the question of fact, was discussed at Boston, as never before in America. Prophecy had been thought the Jachin, and miracles the Boaz, whereon alone Christianity could rest; but, said some, if both be shaken down, the Lord's house will not fall. The claims of ecclesiastical tradition came up to be settled anew; and young men, walking solitary through the moonlight, asked, "Which is to be permanent master—a single accident in human history, nay, perchance only the whim of some anonymous dreamer, or the substance of human nature, greatness with continual development, and

"Not without access of unexpected strength?"

The question was also its answer.

The rights of labour were discussed with deep philanthropic feeling, and sometimes with profound thought, metaphysic and economic both. The works of Charles Fourier—a strange, fantastic, visionary man, no doubt,

but gifted also with amazing insight of the truths of social science—shed some light in these dark places of speculation. Mr Ripley, a born Democrat, in the high sense of that abused word, and one of the best cultured and most enlightened men in America, made an attempt at Brook-farm in West Roxbury, so to organize society that the results of labour should remain in the workman's hand, and not slip thence to the trader's till; that there should be “no exploitation of man by man,” but toil and thought, hard work and high culture, should be united in the same person.

The natural rights of women began to be inquired into, and publicly discussed; while in private, great pains were taken in the chief towns of New-England, to furnish a thorough and comprehensive education to such young maidens as were born with two talents, mind and money.

Of course, a strong reaction followed. At the Cambridge Divinity school, Professor Henry Ware, jun., told the young men, if there appeared to them any contradiction between the reason of man and the letter of the Bible, they “must follow the written word,” “for you can never be so certain of the correctness of what takes place in your own mind, as of what is written in the Bible.” In an ordination sermon, he told the young minister not to preach himself, but Christ; and not to appeal to human nature for proof of doctrines, but to the authority of revelation. Other Unitarian ministers declared, “There are limits to free inquiry;” and preached, “Reason must be put down, or she will soon ask terrible questions;” protested against the union of philosophy and religion, and assumed to “prohibit the banns” of marriage between the two. Mr Norton—then a great name at Cambridge, a scholar of rare but contracted merit, a careful and exact writer, born for controversy, really learned and able in his special department, the interpretations of the New Testament—opened his mouth and spoke: the mass of men must accept the doctrines of religion solely on the authority of the learned, as they do the doctrines of mathematical astronomy; the miracles of Jesus—he made merry at those of the Old Testament—are the only evidence of the truth of Christianity; in the popular religion of the Greeks and Romans, there was no conception of God; the new philosophic attempts to ex-

plain the facts of religious consciousness were "the latest form of infidelity;" the great philosophical and theological thinkers of Germany were "all atheists;" "Schleiermacher was an atheist," as was also Spinoza, his master, before him; and Cousin, who was only "that Frenchman," was no better; the study of philosophy, and the neglect of "Biblical criticism," were leading mankind to ruin—everywhere was instability and insecurity!

Of course, this reaction was supported by the ministers in the great churches of commerce, and by the old literary periodicals, which never knew a star was risen till men wondered at it in the zenith; the Unitarian journals gradually went over to the opponents of freedom and progress, with lofty scorn rejecting their former principles, and repeating the conduct they had once complained of; Cambridge and Princeton seemed to be interchanging cards. From such hands Cousin and Emerson could not receive needed criticism, but only vulgar abuse. Dr Channing could "not draw a long breath in Boston," where he found the successors of Paul trembling before the successors of Felix. Even Trinitarian Moses Stuart seemed scarcely safe in his hard-bottomed Hopkinsian chair, at Andover. The Trinitarian ministers and city schoolmasters galled Horace Mann with continual assaults on his measures for educating the people. Unitarian ministers struck hands with wealthy liquor dealers to drive Mr Pierpoint from his pulpit, where he valiantly preached "temperance, righteousness, and judgment to come," appealing to "a day after to-day." Prominent anti-slavery men were dropped out of all wealthy society in Boston, their former friends not knowing them in the streets; Mr Garrison was mobbed by men in handsome coats, and found defence from their fury only in a jail; an assembly of women, consulting for the liberation of their darker sisters, was driven with hootings into the street. The Attorney-General of Massachusetts brought an indictment for blasphemy against a country minister, one of the most learned Biblical scholars in America, for publicly proving that none of the "Messianic prophecies" of the Old Testament was ever fulfilled by Jesus of Nazareth, who accordingly was not the expected Christ of the Jews. Abner Kneeland, editor of a newspaper, in which he boasted of the name "Infidel," was

clapped in jail for writing against the ecclesiastical notion of God, the last man ever punished for blasphemy in the State. At the beck of a Virginian slave-holder, the Governor of Massachusetts suggested to the legislature the expediency of abridging the old New-England liberty of speech.

The movement party established a new quarterly, the *Dial*, wherein their wisdom and their folly rode together on the same saddle, to the amazement of lookers-on. The short-lived journal had a narrow circulation, but its most significant papers were scattered wide by newspapers which copied them. A *Quarterly Review* was also established by Mr Brownson, then a Unitarian minister and "sceptical democrat" of the most extravagant class, but now a Catholic, a powerful advocate of material and spiritual despotism, and perhaps the ablest writer in America against the rights of man and the welfare of his race. In this he diffused important philosophic ideas, displayed and disciplined his own extraordinary talents for philosophic thought and popular writings, and directed them towards Democracy, Transcendentalism, "New Views," and the "Progress of the Species."

I count it a piece of good fortune that I was a young

phers, theologians, and Biblical critics of Germany, the only land where theology was then studied as a science, and developed with scientific freedom. I was much helped by the large learning and nice analysis of these great thinkers, who have done as much for the history of the Christian movement as Niebuhr for that of the Roman State. But as I studied the profound works of Catholic and Protestant, the regressive and the progressive men, and got instruction from all, I did not feel inclined to accept any one as my master, thinking it lawful to ride on their horses without being myself either saddled or bridled.

The critical study of the Bible only enhanced my reverence for the great and good things I found in the Old Testament and New. They were not the less valuable because they were not the work of "miraculous and infallible inspiration," and because I found them mixed with some of the worst doctrines ever taught by men ; it was no strange thing to find pearls surrounded by sand, and roses beset with thorns. I liked the Bible better when I could consciously take its contradictory books each for what it is, and felt nothing commanding me to accept it for what it is not ; and could freely use it as a help, not slavishly serve it as a master, or worship it as an idol. I took no doctrine for true, simply because it was in the Bible ; what therein seemed false or wrong, I rejected as freely as if I had found it in the sacred books of the Buddhists or Mormons.

I had not preached long before I found, as never before, that practically, the ecclesiastical worship of the Bible hindered the religious welfare and progress of the Christians more than any other cause.

With doctors, the traditional drug was once a fetish, which they reverenced and administered without much inquiring whether it would kill or cure. But now, fortunately, they are divided into so many sects, each terribly criticising the other, the spirit of philosophic scepticism and inquiry by experiment has so entered the profession, that many have broken with that authority, and ask freely, "How can the sick man recover?" The worship of the traditional drug is getting ended.

With lawyers, the law of the land, custom, or promulgated statute, is also a fetish. They do not ask, "Is the

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statute right?—will its application promote justice?" which is the common interest of all men; but only, "Is it law?" To this the judge and advocate must prostitute their conscience; hence the personal ruin which so often is mistaken for personal success.

With Protestant ministers, the Bible is a fetish; it is so with Catholic priests likewise, only to them the Roman Church is the master-fetish, the "big thunder," while the Bible is but an inferior and subservient idol. For ultimate authority, the minister does not appeal to God, manifesting himself in the world of matter and the world of man, but only to the Bible; to that he prostitutes his mind and conscience, heart and soul; on the authority of an anonymous Hebrew book, he will justify the slaughter of innocent men, women, and children, by the thousand; and, on that of an anonymous Greek book, he will believe, or at least command others to believe, that man is born totally depraved, and God will perpetually slaughter men in hell by the million though they had committed no fault, except that of not believing an absurd doctrine they had never heard of. Ministers take the Bible in the lump as divine; all between the lids of the book is equally the "Word of God," infallible and miraculous: he that be-

chapter every day!" So the Catholic mother uses an image of the "Virgin Mother of God," and the Rocky Mountain savage a bundle of grass: it is a fetish.

But with this general worship of the Bible there is yet a cunning use of it; as the lawyers twist a statute to wring out a meaning they know it does not contain, but themselves put in, or warp a decision till it fits their purpose, so, with equal sophistry, and perhaps self-deceit, do the ministers twist the Bible to support their special doctrine: no book has been explained with such sophistry. Thus, some make the Apostle Paul a Unitarian, and find neither Divinity nor the pre-existence ascribed to Jesus in the fourth Gospel; while others discover the full-blown Trinity in the first verse of the first chapter of the first book in the Bible; nay, yet others can find no devil, no wrathful God, and no eternal damnation, even in the New Testament. But all these ministers agree that the Bible is the "Word of God," "His only Word," miraculous and infallible, and that belief in it is indispensable to Christianity, and continually preach this to the people.

I had not been long a minister, before I found this worship of the Bible as a fetish hindering me at each progressive step. If I wished to teach the nobleness of man, the Old Testament and New were there with dreadful condemnations of human nature; did I speak of God's love for all men, the Bible was full of ghastly things—chosen people, hell, devil, damnation—to prove that He loved only a few, and them not overmuch; did I encourage free individuality of soul, such as the great Bible-men themselves had, asking all to be Christians as Jesus was a Christ, there were texts of bondage, commanding a belief in this or that absurdity. There was no virtue, but the Scriptures could furnish an argument against it. I could not deny the existence of ghosts and witches, devils and demons, haunting the earth, but revelation could be quoted against me. Nay, if I declared the constancy of nature's laws, and sought therein great argument for the constancy of God, all the miracles came and held their mythologic finger up. Even slavery was "of God," for the "divine statutes" in the Old Testament admitted the principle that man might own a man as well as a garden or an ox, and provided for the measure. Moses and the prophets were on its side, and neither Paul

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of Tarsus nor Jesus of Nazareth uttered a direct word against it. The best thing in the Bible is the free genius for religion, which is itself inspiration, and not only learns particular truths through its direct normal intercourse with God, but creates new men in its own likeness, to lead every Israel out of his Egypt, and conduct all men to the Land of Promise : whoso worships the Bible loses this.

I set myself seriously to consider how I could best oppose this monstrous evil : it required great caution. I feared lest I should weaken men's natural trust in God, and their respect for true religion, by rudely showing them that they worshipped an idol, and were misled into gross superstition. This fear did not come from my nature, but from ecclesiastical tradition, and the vice of a New-England theologic culture. It has been the maxim of almost every sect in Christendom that the mass of men, in religious matters, must be ruled with authority, that is, by outward force ; this principle belongs to the idea of a supernatural revelation ; the people cannot determine for themselves what is true, moral, religious ; their opinions must be made for them by supernatural authority, not by them through the normal use of their higher faculties ! Hence the Catholic priest appeals to the supernatural Church to prove the infallibility of the Pope the actual

itself; the authors of Scripture were mistaken here and there; they believed in a devil, which was a popular fancy of their times; a particular prophecy has never been fulfilled.

But the whole matter must be treated more philosophically, and set on its true foundation. So, designing to save men's reverence for the grand truths of the Bible, while I should wean them away from worshipping it, I soon laboriously wrote two sermons on the contradictions in the Scripture—treating of historic contradictions, where one part is at variance with another, or with actual facts, authenticated by other witnesses; of scientific contradictions, passages at open variance with the facts of the material universe; and of moral and religious contradictions, passages which were hostile to the highest intuitions and reflections of human nature. I made the discourses as perfect as I then could at that early stage of my life; very imperfect and incomplete I should, doubtless, find them now. I then inquired about the expediency of preaching them immediately. I had not yet enough practical experiences of men to authorize me to depart from the ecclesiastical distrust of the people; I consulted older and enlightened ministers. They all said, "No! preach no such thing! You will only do harm." One of the most learned and liberal ministers of New-England advised me never to oppose the popular religion! "But, if it be wrong to hinder the religious welfare of the people—what then?" Why, let it alone; all the old philosophers did so; Socrates sacrificed a cock to *Aesculapius*! He that spits in the wind spits in his own face; you will ruin yourself, and do nobody any good!

Silenced, but not convinced, I kept my unpreached sermons, read books on kindred matters, and sought to make my work more complete as a whole, and more perfect in all its parts. At length I consulted a very wise and thoughtful layman, old, with large social experience, and much esteemed for sound sense, one who knew the difficulties of the case, and would not let his young children read the Old Testament, lest it should injure their religious character. I told him my conviction and my doubts, asking his advice. He also thought silence wiser than speech, yet said there were many thoughtful men who felt troubled by the offensive things in the Bible, and would be grateful to any one who could show that religion was

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independent thereof. "But," he added, "if you try it, you will be misunderstood. Take the society at ——, perhaps one of the most intelligent in the city; you will preach your sermons, a few will understand and thank you. But the great vulgar, who hear imperfectly and remember imperfectly, and at the best understand but little, they will say, 'He finds faults in the Bible! What does it all mean; what have we got left?' And the little vulgar, who hear and remember still more imperfectly, and understand even less, they will exclaim, 'Why, the man is an infidel! He tells us there are faults in the Bible. He is pulling down religion!' Then it will get into the newspapers, and all the ministers in the land will be down upon you! No good will be done, but much harm. You had better let it all alone!"

I kept my sermons more than a year, doubting whether the little congregation would be able to choose between truth and error when both were set before them, and fearing lest I should weaken their faith in pure religion, when I showed it was not responsible for the contradictions in the Hebrew and Greek Scripture! But at length I could wait no longer; and to ease my own conscience, I preached the two sermons, yet not venturing to look the audience in the face and see the immediate result. In the course of the week, men and women of the

tion, and while they needed the scholar as their help, had no need of a self-appointed master. It was clear that a teacher of religion and theology should tell the world all he knew thereunto appertaining, as all teachers of mathematics or of chemistry are expected to do in their profession.

I had once felt very happy, when I could legitimate these three great primal instinctive intuitions, of the divine, the just, and the immortal; I now felt equally joyous at finding I might safely appeal to the same instincts in the mass of New-England men, and build religion on that imperishable foundation.

I continued my humble studies, philosophical and theological; and as fast as I found a new truth, I preached it to gladden other hearts in my own parish, and elsewhere, when I spoke in the pulpits of my friends. The neighbouring ministers became familiar with my opinions and my practice, but seldom uttered a reproach. At length, on the 19th of May, 1841, at the ordination of Mr Shackford, a thoughtful and promising young man, at South Boston, I preached a "Discourse of the Transient and Permanent in Christianity." The Trinitarian ministers who were present joined in a public protest; a great outcry was raised against the sermon and its author. Theological and commercial newspapers rang with animadversions against its wickedness. "Unbeliever," "Infidel," "Atheist," were the titles bestowed on me by my brothers in the Christian ministry; a venerable minister, who heard the report in an adjoining county, printed his letter in one of the most widely circulated journals of New-England, calling on the Attorney-General to prosecute, the grand jury to indict, and the judge to sentence me to three years' confinement in the State prison for blasphemy!

I printed the sermon, but no bookseller in Boston would put his name to the title-page—Unitarian ministers had been busy with their advice. The Swedenborgian printers volunteered the protection of their name; the little pamphlet was thus published, sold, and vehemently denounced. Most of my clerical friends fell off; some would not speak to me in the street, and refused to take me by the hand; in their public meetings they left the sofas or benches when I sat down, and withdrew from me as Jews from contact with a leper. In a few months most of my former

ministerial coadjutors forsook me, and there were only six who would allow me to enter their pulpits. But yet one Unitarian minister, Rev. John L. Russell, though a stranger till then, presently after came and offered me his help in my time of need! The controlling men of the denomination determined, "This young man must be silenced!" The Unitarian periodicals were shut against me and my friends—the public must not read what I wrote. Attempts were secretly made to alienate my little congregation, and expel me from my obscure station at West Roxbury. But I had not gone to war without counting the cost. I well knew beforehand what awaited me, and had determined to fight the battle through, and never thought of yielding or being silenced. I told my opponents the only man who could "put me down" was myself, and I trusted I should do nothing to bring about that result. If thrust out of my own pulpit, I made up my mind to lecture from city to city, from town to town, from village to village, nay, if need were, from house to house, well assured that I should not thus go over the hamlets of New-England till something was come. But the little society came generously to my support and defence, giving me the heartiest sympathy, and offered me all the indulgence in their power. Some

England towns, and published them in a volume the next spring. I thought no bookseller would put his name to the title-page ; but when the work was ready for the public eye, my friend, the late Mr James Brown, perhaps the most eminent man in the American book trade, volunteered to take charge of it, and the book appeared with the advantage of issuing from one of the most respectable publishing-houses in the United States. Years afterwards he told me that two "rich and highly-respectable gentlemen of Boston" begged him to have nothing to do with it ; "we wish," said they, "to render it impossible for him to publish his work !" But the bookseller wanted fair play.

The next autumn I delivered in Boston six "Sermons for the Times," treating of theology, of religion, and of its application to life. These also were repeated in several other places. But, weary with anxiety and excess of work, both public and private, my health began to be seriously impaired ; and in September, 1843, I fled off to Europe, to spend a year in recovery, observation, and thought. I had there an opportunity to study nations I had previously known only by their literature, and by other men's words ; to see the effect which despotic, monarchic, and aristocratic institutions have on multitudes of men, who, from generation to generation, had lived under them ; to study the effect of those forms of religion which are enforced by the inquisitor or the constable ; and, in many forms, to see the difference between freedom and bondage. In their architecture, painting, and sculpture, the European cities afforded me a new world of art, while the heterogeneous crowds which thronged the streets of those vast ancient capitals, so rich in their historic monuments, presented human life in forms I had not known before. It is only in the low parts of London, Paris, and Naples, that an American learns what the ancients meant by the "people," the "populace," and sees what barbarism may exist in the midst of wealth, culture, refinement, and manly virtue. There I could learn what warning and what guidance the Old World had to offer to the New. Visiting some of the seats of learning, which, in Europe, are also sometimes the citadel of new thought and homes of genius, I had an opportunity of conversing with eminent men, and comparing their schemes for improving mankind with my

own. Still more, I had an entire year, free from all practical duties, for revising my own philosophy and theology, and laying out plans for future work. My involuntary year of rest and inaction turned out, perhaps, the most profitable in my life, up to that time, in the acquisition of knowledge, and in preparing for much that was to follow.

Coming home the next September, with more physical strength than ever before, I found a hearty welcome from the many friends who crowded the little meeting-house to welcome my return—as before to bid me God-speed—and resumed my usual labours, public and private. In my absence my theological foes had contented themselves with declaring that my doctrines had taken no root in America, and my personal friends were turning off from the error of their ways; but the sound of my voice roused my opponents to new activity, and ere long the pulpits and newspapers rang with the accustomed warfare. But even in Boston there were earnest ministers who lifted up their voices in behalf of freedom of thought in the study, and free speech in the pulpit. I shall never cease to be grateful to Mr Pierpont, Mr Sargent, and James Freeman Clarke, “friends in need, and friends in deed.” They defended the principle of religious freedom, though they did

the Rev. Theodore Parker shall have a chance to be heard in Boston." That motion prevailed, and measures were soon taken to make the resolution an event. But, so low was our reputation, that, though payment was offered in advance, of all the unoccupied halls in Boston, only one could be hired for our purpose; but that was the largest and most central. So, one rainy Sunday, the streets full of snow, on the 16th of February, 1845, for the first time, I stood before you to preach and pray: we were strangers then! I spoke of the "Indispensableness of True Religion for Man's Welfare in his Individual and his Social Life." I came to build up piety and morality; to pull down only what cumbered the ground. I was then in my thirty-fifth year, and had some knowledge of the historical development of religion in the Christian world. I knew that I came to a "thirty years' war," and I had enlisted for the whole, should life hold out so long. I knew well what we had to expect at first; for we were committing the sin which all the great world-sects have held unpardonable—attempting to correct the errors of theory and the vices of practice in the Church. No offence could ecclesiastically be greater; the Inquisition was built to punish such; to that end blazed the faggots at Smithfield, and the cross was set up on Calvary. Truth has her cradle near Golgotha. You knew my spirit and tendency better than my special opinions, which you then gave a "chance to be heard in Boston." But I knew that I had thoroughly broken with the ecclesiastical authority of Christendom; its God was not my God, nor its Scriptures my Word of God, nor its Christ my Saviour; for I preferred the Jesus of historic fact to the Christ of theologic fancy. Its narrow, partial, and unnatural heaven I did not wish to enter on the terms proposed, nor did I fear, since earliest youth, its mythic, roomy hell, wherein the triune God, with His pack of devils to aid, tore the human race in pieces for ever and ever. I came to preach "another Gospel," sentiments, ideas, actions, quite unlike what belonged to the theology of the Christian church. Though, severely in earnest, I came to educate men into true religion as well as I could; I knew I should be accounted the worst of men, ranked among triflers, mockers, infidels, and atheists. But I did not know all the public had to offer me of good or ill; nay,

I did not know what was latent in myself, nor foresee all the doctrines which then were hid in my own first principles, what embryo fruits and flowers lay sheathed in the obvious bud. But at the beginning I warned you that if you came, Sunday after Sunday, you would soon think very much as I did on the great matters you asked me to teach—because I had drawn my doctrine from the same human nature which was in you, and that would recognize and own its child.

Let me arrange, under three heads, some of the most important doctrines I have aimed to set forth.

1. THE INFINITE PERFECTION OF GOD.—This doctrine is the corner-stone of all my theological and religious teaching—the foundation, perhaps, of all that is peculiar in my system. It is not known to the Old Testament or the New; it has never been accepted by any sect in the Christian world; for, though it be equally claimed by all, from the Catholic to the Mormon, none has ever consistently developed it, even in theory, but all continually limit God in power, in wisdom, and still more eminently in justice and in love. The idea of God's imperfection has been carried out with dreadful logic in the "Christian Scheme." Thus it is commonly taught, in all the great theologies, that at the crucifixion of Jesus, "the Creator of the uni-

"religion," and name the hideous thing "Christianity!" They cannot escape the consequence of their first principle; their gate must turn on its own hinge.

I have taught that God contains all possible and conceivable perfection:—the perfection of being, self-subsistence, conditioned only by itself; the perfection of power, all-mightiness; of mind, all-knowingness; of conscience, all-righteousness; of affection, all-lovingness; and the perfection of that innermost element, which in finite man is personality, all-holiness, faithfulness to Himself.

The infinitely perfect God is immanent in the world of matter, and in the world of spirit, the two hemispheres which to us make up the universe; each particle thereof is inseparable from Him, while He yet transcends both, is limited by neither, but in Himself is complete and perfect.

I have not taught that the special qualities I find in the Deity are all that are actually there; higher and more must doubtless appear to beings of larger powers than man's. My definition distinguishes God from all other beings; it does not limit Him to the details of my conception. I only tell what I know, not what others may know, which lies beyond my present consciousness.

He is a perfect Creator, making all from a perfect motive, for a perfect purpose, of perfect substance, and as a perfect means; none other are conceivable with a perfect God. The motive must be love, the purpose welfare, the means the constitution of the universe itself, as a whole and in parts—for each great or little thing coming from Him must be perfectly adapted to secure the purpose it was intended for, and achieve the end it was meant to serve, and represent the causal motive which brought it forth. So there must be a complete solidarity between God and the two-fold universe which He creates. The perfect Creator is thus also a perfect providence; indeed, creation and providence are not objective accidents of Deity, nor subjective caprices, but the development of the perfect motive to its perfect purpose, love becoming a universe of perfect welfare.

I have called God Father, but also Mother, not by this figure implying that the Divine Being has the limitations of the female figure—as some ministers deceitfully allege

of late, who might have been supposed to know better than thus to pervert plain speech—but to express more sensibly the quality of tender and unselfish love, which mankind associates more with Mother than aught else beside.

II. THE ADEQUACY OF MAN FOR ALL HIS FUNCTIONS.—From the infinite perfection of God there follows unavoidably the relative perfection of all that He creates. So, the nature of man, tending to a progressive development of all his manifold powers, must be the best possible nature, most fit for the perfect accomplishment of the perfect purpose, and the attainment of the perfect end, which God designs for the race and the individual. It is not difficult in this general way to show the relative perfection of human nature, deducing this from the infinite perfection of God; but I think it impossible to prove it by the inductive process of reasoning from concrete facts of external observation, of which we know not yet the entire sum, nor any one, perhaps, completely. Yet I have travelled also this inductive road, as far as it reaches, and tried to show the constitution of man's body, with its adaptation to the surrounding world of matter, and the constitution of his spirit, with its intellectual, moral, affectional, and religious powers, and its harmonious relation with the world of

it must have required many a thousand years for Divine Providence to bring this child from his mute, naked, ignorant poverty, up to the many-voiced, many-coloured civilization of these times ; and, as in the strata of mountain and plain, on the shores of the sea, and under "the bottom of the monstrous world," the geologist finds proof of time immense, wherein this material Cosmos assumed its present form, so in ruins of cities, in the weapons of iron, bronze, or stone, found in Scandinavian swamps, on the sub-aquatic enclosures of the Swiss lakes, in the remains of Egyptian industry, which the holy Nile, "mother of blessings"—now spiritual to us, as once material to those whose flesh she fed—has covered with many folds of earth and kept for us ; and still more in the history of art, science, war, industry, and the structure of language itself, a slow-growing plant, do I find proof of time immense, wherein man, this spiritual Cosmos, has been assuming his present condition, individual, domestic, social, and national, and accumulating that wealth of things and thoughts which is the mark of civilization. I have tried to show by history the progressive development of industry and wealth, of mind and knowledge, of conscience and justice, of the affections and philanthropy, of the soul and true religion ; the many forms of the family, the community, state, and church, I look on as so many "experiments in living," all useful, each, perhaps, in its time and place, as indispensable as the various geological changes. But this progressive development does not end with us ; we have seen only the beginning ; the future triumphs of the race must be vastly greater than all accomplished yet. In the primal instincts and automatic desires of man, I have found a prophecy that what he wants is possible, and shall one day be actual. It is a glorious future on earth which I have set before your eyes and hopes, thereby stimulating both your patience to bear now what is inevitable, and your thought and toil to secure a future triumph to be had on no other terms. What good is not with us is before, to be attained by toil and thought, and religious life.

III. ABSOLUTE OR NATURAL RELIGION.—In its complete and perfect form, this is the normal development, use, discipline, and enjoyment of every part of the body, and

every faculty of the spirit ; the direction of all natural powers to their natural purposes. I have taught that there were three parts which make up the sum of true religion ; the emotional part, of right feelings, where religion at first begins in the automatic, primal instinct ; the intellectual part, of true ideas, which either directly represent the primitive, instinctive feelings of whoso holds them, or else produce a kindred, secondary, and derivative feeling in whoso receives them ; and the practical part, of just actions, which correspond to the feelings and the ideas, and make the mere thought or emotion into a concrete deed. So, the true religion which comes from the nature of man, consists of normal feelings towards God and man, of correct thoughts about God, man, and the relation between them, and of actions corresponding to the natural conscience when developed in harmony with the entire constitution of man.

But this religion which begins in the instinctive feelings, and thence advances to reflective ideas, assumes its ultimate form in the character of men, and so appears in their actions, individual, domestic, social, national, ecclesiastical, and general—human ; it builds manifold institutions like itself, wherein it rears up men in its own image. All the six great historic forms of religion—the Brahmanic, Hebrew, Classic, Buddhistic, Christian, Mohammedan—profess to have come miraculously from God, not normally from man ; and, spite of the excellence which they contain, and the vast service the humblest of them has done, yet each must ere long prove a hindrance to human welfare, for it claims to be a finality, and makes the whole of human nature wait upon an accident of human history—and that accident the whim of some single man. The absolute religion which belongs to man's nature, and is gradually unfolded thence, like the high achievements of art, science, literature, and politics, is only distinctly conceived of in an advanced stage of man's growth ; to make its idea a fact, is the highest triumph of the human race. This is the idea of humanity, dimly seen but clearly felt, which has flitted before the pious eyes of men in all lands and many an age, and been prayed for as the “ Kingdom of Heaven.” The religious history of the race is the record of man's continual but unconscious efforts to attain this “ desire of all nations ;”

poetic stories of the "golden age," or of man in the garden of Eden, are but this natural wish looking back and fondly dreaming that "the former days were better than these." But while all the other forms of religion must ultimately fail before this, fading as it flowers, each one of them has yet been a help towards it, probably indispensable to the development of mankind. For each has grown out of the condition of some people, as naturally as the wild primitive flora of Santa Cruz has come from the state of this island —its geologic structure and chemical composition, its tropic heat, and its special situation amid the great currents of water and of air; as naturally as the dependent fauna of the place comes from its flora. Thus in the religions of mankind, as in the various governments, nay, as in the different geologic periods, there is diversity of form, but unity of aim; destruction is only to create; earthquakes, which submerged the sunken continents whose former mountains are but islands now, and revolutions, in which the Hebrew and Classic religions went under, their poetic summits only visible, have analogous functions to perform—handmaids of creation both.

For these three great doctrines—of God, of Man, of Religion—I have depended on no church and no scripture; yet have I found things to serve me in all scriptures and every church. I have sought my authority in the nature of man—in facts of consciousness within me, and facts of observation in the human world without. To me the material world and the outward history of man do not supply a sufficient revelation of God, nor warrant me to speak of infinite perfection. It is only from the nature of man, from facts of intuition, that I can gather this greatest of all truths, as I find it in my consciousness reflected back from Deity itself.

I know well what may be said of the "feebleness of all the human faculties," their "unfaithfulness and unfitness for their work;" that the mind is not adequate for man's intellectual function, nor the conscience for the moral, nor the affections for the philanthropic, nor the soul for the religious, nor even the body for the corporeal, but that each requires miraculous help from a God who is only outside of humanity! There is a denial which boldly rejects the immortality of man and the existence of Deity, with many

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another doctrine, dear and precious to mankind; but the most dangerous scepticism is that, which, professing allegiance to all these, and crossing itself at the name of Jesus, is yet so false to the great primeval instincts of man, that it declares he cannot be certain of anything he learns by the normal exercise of any faculty! I have carefully studied this school of doubt, modern, not less than old, as it appears in history. In it there are honest inquirers after truth, but misled by some accident, and also sophists, who live by their sleight of mind, as jugglers by their dexterity of hand. But the chief members of this body are the mockers, who, in a world they make empty, find the most fitting echo to their hideous laugh; and churchmen of all denominations, who are so anxious to support their ecclesiastic theology, that they think it is not safe on its throne till they have annihilated the claim of reason, conscience, the affections, and the soul to any voice in determining the greatest concerns of man—thinking there is no place for the Christian Church or the Bible till they have nullified the faculties which created both, and rendered Bible-makers and Church-founders impossible. But it is rather a poor compliment these ecclesiastic sceptics pay their Deity, to say He so makes and manages the world that we cannot trust the sights we see, the sounds we hear, the thoughts we

tree, and even elaborate boats, wherein lay the starved bodies of strange-featured men, with golden jewels in their ears. No doubt there are limits to human industry, for finite man is bounded on every side ; but, I take it, the Hottentot, the Gaboon Negro, and the wild man of New Guinea, antecedently, would think it impossible that mankind should build the Pyramids of Egypt for royal ostentation, for defence throw up the fortresses of Europe and the wall of China, or for economic use lay down the roads of earth, of water, iron, wood, or stone, which now so swiftly help to develope the material resources and educate the spiritual powers of Europe and America. Still less would they conceive it possible for men to make all the farms, the mills, the shops, the houses, and the ships of civilized mankind. But the philosopher sees it is possible for toil and thought soon to double, and then multiply manifold the industrial attainments of Britain or New-England.

No doubt there may be a limit to mathematic thought, though to me that would seem boundless, and every scientific step therein to be certain ; but the barefooted negro, who goads his oxen under my window, and can only count his two thumbs, is no limit to Archimedes, Descartes, Newton, and La Place, no more are these men of vast genius a limit to the mathematic possibility of humankind. They who invented letters, arithmetic symbols, gunpowder, the compass, the printing press, the telescope, the steam-engine, and the telegraph, only ploughed in corners of the field of human possibility, and showed its bounds were not where they had been supposed. A thousand years ago the world had not a man, I think, who could even dream of such a welfare as New-England now enjoys ! Who shall tell industrious, mathematic, progressive mankind, " Stop there ; you have reached the utmost bound of human possibility ; beyond it, economy is waste, and science folly, and progress downfall ! " No more is the atheistic mocker or the ecclesiastic bigot commissioned to stop the human race with his cry, " Cease there, mankind, thy religious search ! for thousand million-headed as thou art, thou canst know nought directly of thy God, thy duty, or thyself ! Pause, and accept my authenticated word ; stop, and despair ! "

I know too well the atheistic philosopher's bitter mock,

and the haughty scorn of theologic despisers of mankind, who, diverse in all besides, yet agree in their contempt for human nature, glory in the errors of genius, or the grosser follies of mankind, and seek out of the ruins of humanity to build up, the one his palace, and the other his church. But I also know that mankind heeds neither the atheistic philosopher nor the theologic despiser of his kind; but, faithful to the great primeval instincts of the soul, believing, creating, and rejoicing, goes on its upward way, nor doubts of man or God, of sense or intellect.

These three great doctrines I have preached positively, as abstract truth, representing facts of the universe; that might be peaceful work. But they must take a concrete form, and be applied to the actual life of the individual family, community, state, and church; this would have a less peaceful look; for I must examine actual institutions, and criticise their aim, their mode of operation, and their result. The great obvious social forces in America may be thus summed up:—

1. There is the organized trading power—having its home in the great towns, which seeks gain with small regard to that large justice which represents alike the mutual interests and duties of all men, and to that humanity which interposes the affectional instinct when conscience

the periodical press, with its triple multitude of journals—commercial, political, theological—and sectarian tracts. This has no original ideas, but diffuses the opinion of the other powers whom it represents, whose will it serves, and whose kaleidoscope it is.

I must examine these four great social forces, and show what was good in them, and what was ill; ascertain what natural religion demanded of each, and what was the true function of trade, government, a church, and a literature. When I came to a distinct consciousness of my own first principle, and my consequent relation to what was about me, spite of the good they contained, I found myself greatly at variance with all the four. They had one principle, and I another; of course, our aim and direction were commonly different and often opposite. Soon I found that I was not welcome to the American market, state, church, nor press. It could not be otherwise; yet I confess I had not anticipated so thorough a separation betwixt me and these forces which control society, but had laid out work I could not execute alone, nor perhaps without the aid of all the four.

It is not now, my friends, worth while for me to enter on the details of these plans which have come to nothing, and which I shall probably never work out; but I ought at least to name some of the most important things I hoped to do. When I first came to Boston I intended to do something for the perishing and dangerous classes in our great towns. The amount of poverty and consequent immorality in Boston is terrible to think of, while you remember the warning of other nations, and look to the day after to-day! Yet it seemed to me the money given by public and private charity—two fountains that never fail in Puritanic Boston—was more than sufficient to relieve it all, and gradually remove the deep-seated and unseen cause which, in the hurry of business and of money, is not attended to. There is a hole in the dim-lit public bridge, where many fall through and perish! Our mercy pulls a few out of the water; it does not stop the hole, nor light the bridge, nor warn men of the peril. We need the great charity that palliates effects of wrong, and the greater justice which removes the cause.

Then there was drunkenness, which is the greatest con-

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crete curse of the labouring Protestant population of the North, working most hideous and wide-extended desolation. It is as fatal as starvation to the Irish Catholic. None of the four great social forces is its foe. There, too, was prostitution ; men and women mutually polluted and polluting, blackening the face of society with dreadful woe. Besides, in our great towns, I found thousands, especially the poorer Irish, oppression driving them to us, who, save the discipline of occasional work, got no education here, except what the streets taught them in childhood, or the Popish priest and the American demagogue—their two worst foes—noisily offered in their adult years ; it seemed to me not difficult for the vast charity of Boston to furnish instruction and guidance to this class of the American people, both in their childhood and their later youth. That admirable institution, the Warren Street Chapel—well-nigh the most Christian public thing in Boston—and the Children's Aid Society at New York, with its kindred, abundantly show how much can be done, and at how little cost.

Still more, I learned early in life that the criminal is often the victim of society, rather than its foe, and that our penal law belongs to the dark ages of brute force, and aims only to protect society by vengeance on the felon, not

whose crimes are sometimes but a part of their congenital misfortune or social infamy, and who are bereft of the sympathy of mankind, and unconstitutionally beset with sectarian ministers, whose function is to torment them before their time.

For all these, the poor, the drunken, and the ignorant, for the prostitute, and the criminal, I meant to do something, under the guidance, perhaps, or certainly with the help, of the controlling men of the town or State; but, alas! I was then fourteen years younger than now, and did not quite understand all the consequences of my relation to these great social forces, or how much I had offended the religion of the state, the press, the market, and the church. The cry, "Destroyer," "Fanatic," "Infidel," "Atheist," "Enemy of Mankind," was so widely sounded forth that I soon found I could do little in these great philanthropies, where the evil lay at our own door. Many as you are for a religious society, you were too few and too poor to undertake what should be done; and outside of your ranks I could look for little help, even by words and counsel. Besides, I soon found my very name was enough to ruin any new good enterprise. I knew there were three periods in each great movement of mankind—that of sentiment, ideas, and action: I fondly hoped the last had come; but when I found I had reckoned without the host, I turned my attention to the two former, and sought to arouse the sentiment of justice and mercy, and to diffuse the ideas which belonged to this five-fold reformation. Hence I took pains to state the facts of poverty, drunkenness, ignorance, prostitution, crime; to show their cause, their effect, and their mode of cure, leaving it for others to do the practical work. So, if I wanted a measure carried in the Legislature of the town or State, or by some private benevolent society, I did my work by stealth. I sometimes saw my scheme prosper, and read my words in the public reports, while the whole enterprise had been ruined at once if my face or name had appeared in connection with it. I have often found it wise to withhold my name from petitions I have myself set agoing and found successful; I have got up conventions, or mass meetings, whose "managers" asked me not to show my face therat.

This chronic and progressive unpopularity led to another change of my plans, not abating my activity, but turning it in another direction. To accomplish my work, I must spread my ideas as widely as possible, without resorting to that indecency of advertising so common in America. There was but one considerable publishing-house in the land that would continue to issue my works—this only at my own cost and risk. As it had only a pecuniary interest therein, and that so slight, in its enormous business, my books did not have the usual opportunity of getting known and circulated. They were seldom offered for sale, except in one book store in Boston; for other States, I must often be my own bookseller. None of the Quarternlies or Monthlies was friendly to me; most of the newspapers were hostile; the *New York Tribune* and *Evening Post* were almost the only exceptions. So my books had but a small circulation at home in comparison with their diffusion in England and Germany, where, also, they received not only hostile, but most kindly notice, and sometimes from a famous pen. But another opportunity for diffusing my thought offered itself in the Lyceum or public lecture. Opposed by these four great social forces at home, I was surprised to find myself becoming popular in

verse—securing welfare and progress. I saw that these four social forces were advising, driving, coaxing, wheedling the people to take the road to ruin; that our "great men," in which "America is so rich beyond all other nations of the earth," went strutting along that path to show how safe it is, crying out "Democracy," "Constitution," "Washington," "Gospel," "Christianity," "Dollars," and the like, while the instincts of the people, the traditions of our history, and the rising genius of men and women well-born in these times of peril, with still, small voice, whispered something of self-evident truths and inalienable rights.

I knew the power of a great idea; and spite of the market, the State, the Church, the press, I thought a few earnest men in the lecture halls of the North, might yet incline the people's mind and heart to justice and the eternal law of God—the only safe rule of conduct for nations, as for you and me—and so make the American experiment a triumph and a joy for all humankind. Nay, I thought I could myself be of some service in that work; for the nation was yet so young, and the instinct of popular liberty so strong, it seemed to me a little added weight would turn the scale to freedom. So I appointed myself a home missionary for lectures.

Then, too, I found I could say what I pleased in the lecture room, so long as I did not professedly put my thought into a theologic or political shape; while I kept the form of literature or philosophy, I could discourse of what I thought most important, and men would listen one hour, two hours, nay, three hours: and the more significant the subject was, the more freely, profoundly, and fairly it was treated, the more would the people come, the more eagerly listen and enthusiastically accept. So I spared no labour in preparation or delivery, but took it for granted the humblest audience, in the least intelligent town or city, was quite worthy of my best efforts, and could understand my facts and metaphysic reasonings. I did not fear the people would be offended, though I hurt their feelings never so sore.

Besides, the work was well paid for in the large towns, while the small ones did all they could afford—giving the lecturer for a night more than the schoolmaster for a

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month. The money thus acquired enabled me to do four desirable things, which it is not needful to speak of here.

Since 1848 I have lectured eighty or a hundred times each year—in every Northern State east of the Mississippi, once also in a Slave State, and on slavery itself. I have taken most exciting and important subjects, of the greatest concern to the American people, and treated them independent of sect or party, street or press, and with what learning and talent I could command. I put the matter in quite various forms—for each audience is made up of many. For eight or ten years, on the average, I have spoken to sixty or a hundred thousand persons in each year, besides addressing you on Sundays, in the great hall you throw open to all comers.

Thus I have had a wide field of operation, where I might rouse the sentiment of justice and mercy, diffuse such ideas as I thought needful for the welfare and progress of the people, and prepare for such action as the occasion might one day require. As I was supposed to stand nearly alone, and did not pretend to represent any one but myself, nobody felt responsible for me; so all could judge me, if not fairly, at least with no party or sectarian prejudice in my favour; and as I felt responsible only to myself and my God, I could speak freely: this was

at any rate, inquiring and attentive. We sometimes talked on great matters ; I made many acquaintances, gained much miscellaneous information about men and things, the state of public opinion, and, perhaps, imparted something in return. So I studied while I taught.

Nor was this all. I had been ecclesiastically reported to the people as a "disturber of the public peace," "an Infidel," "an Atheist," "an enemy to mankind." When I was to lecture in a little town, the minister, even the Unitarian, commonly stayed at home. Many, in public or private, warned their followers "against listening to that bad man. Don't look him in the face!" Others stoutly preached against me. So, in the bar-room "I was the song of the drunkard," and the minister's text in the pulpit. But, when a few hundreds, in a mountain town of New-England, or in some settlement on a prairie of the West, or when many hundreds, in a wide city, did look me in the face, and listen for an hour or two while I spoke, plain, right on, of matters familiar to their patriotic hopes, their business, and their bosoms, as their faces glowed in the excitement of what they heard, I saw the clerical prejudice was stealing out of their mind, and I left them other than I found them. Nay, it has often happened that a man has told me, by letter or by word of mouth, "I was warned against you, but I *would go and see for myself*; and when I came home I said, 'After all, this is a man, and not a devil; at least, he seems human. Who knows but he may be honest, even in his theological notions? Perhaps he is *right* in his religion. Priests have been a little mistaken sometimes before now, and said hard words against rather good sort of men, if we can trust the Bible. I am glad I heard him.'"

Judging from the results, now pretty obvious to whoso looks, and by the many affectionate letters sent me from all parts of the North, I think I did not overrate the number of thoughtful men who possibly might be deeply and originally influenced by what I said in the lectures. Three thousand may seem a large number ; I think it is not excessive. In the last dozen years, I think scarcely any American, not holding a political office, has touched the minds of so many men, by freely speaking on matters of the greatest importance, for this day and for ages to

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come. I am sure I have uttered great truths, and such are never spoken in vain; I know the effect a few great thoughts had on me in my youth, and judge others by what I experienced myself. Those ministers were in the right, who, years ago, said, "Keep that man out of the lecture room; don't let him be seen in public. Every word he speaks, on any subject, is a blow against our religion!" They meant, against their theology.

Such are the causes which brought me into the lecture room. I did not neglect serving you, while I seemed only to instruct other men; for every friend I made in Pennsylvania or Wisconsin became an auxiliary in that great cause, so dear to you and me. Nay, I did not abandon my scholarly work while travelling and lecturing. The motion of the railroad cars gave a pleasing and not harmful stimulus to thought, and so helped me to work out my difficult problems of many kinds. I always took a sack of books along with me, generally such as required little eyesight and much thought, and so was sure of good company; while travelling I could read and write all day long; but I would not advise others to do much of either; few bodies can endure the long-continued strain on eye and nerve. So, I lost little time, while I fancied I was doing a great

the religious element is the strongest in the spiritual constitution of man, easily controlling all the rest for his good or ill. I wished to educate this faculty under the influence of the true idea of God, of man, and of their mutual relation. I was not content with producing morality alone —the normal action of the conscience and will, the voluntative keeping of the natural law of right: I saw the need also of piety—religious feeling toward the divine, that instinctive, purely internal love of God, which, I think, is not dependent on conscience. I was led to this aim partly by my own disposition, which, I confess, naturally inclined me to spontaneous pious feeling, my only youthful luxury, more than to voluntary moral action; partly by my early culture, which had given me much experience of religious emotions; and partly, also, by my wide and familiar acquaintance with the mystical writers, the voluptuaries of the soul, who dwelt in the world of pious feeling, heedless of life's practical duties, and caring little for science, literature, justice, or the dear charities of common life.

I count it a great good fortune that I was bred among religious Unitarians, and thereby escaped so much superstition. But I felt early that the "liberal" ministers did not do justice to simple religious feeling; to me their preaching seemed to relate too much to outward things, not enough to the inward pious life; their prayers felt cold; but certainly they preached the importance and the religious value of morality as no sect, I think, had done before. Good works, the test of true religion, noble character, the proof of salvation, if not spoken, were yet implied in their sermons, spite of their inconsistent and traditional talk about "Atonement," "Redeemer," "Salvation by Christ," and their frequent resort to other pieces of damaged phraseology. The effect of this predominant morality was soon apparent. In Massachusetts, the head-quarters of the Unitarians, not only did they gather most of the eminent intellect into their ranks, the original talent and genius of the most intellectual of the States, but also a very large proportion of its moral talent and moral genius, most of the eminent conscience and philanthropy. Leaving out of sight pecuniary gifts for theological and denominational purposes, which come from peculiar and well-known motives, where the Trinitarians are professedly superior,

I think it will be found that all the great moral and philanthropic movements in the State—social, ecclesiastical, and political—from 1800 to 1840, have been chiefly begun and conducted by the Unitarians. Even in the Anti-Slavery enterprise, the most profound, unrespectable, and unpopular of them all, you are surprised to see how many Unitarians—even ministers, a timid race—have permanently taken an active and influential part. The Unitarians certainly once had this moral superiority, before the free, young, and growing party became a sect, hide-bound, bridled with its creed, harnessed to an old, lumbering, and crazy chariot, urged with sharp goads by near-sighted drivers, along the dusty and broken pavement of tradition, noisy and shouting, but going nowhere.

But yet, while they had this great practical excellence, so obvious once, I thought they lacked the deep, internal feeling of piety, which alone could make it lasting; certainly they had not that most joyous of all delights. This fact seemed clear in their sermons, their prayers, and even in the hymns they made, borrowed, or “adapted.” Most powerfully preaching to the understanding, the conscience, and the will, the cry was ever, “duty, duty! work, work!” They failed to address with equal power the soul, and did not also shout “joy, joy! delight, delight!” “Rejoice in

verse. But in general they had no theory which justified a more emotional experience of religion. Their philosophy, with many excellences, was sure of no great spiritual truth. To their metaphysics eternal life was only probable : the great argument for it came not from the substance of human nature, only from an accident in the personal history of a single man ; its proof was not *intuitive*, from the primal instincts of mankind ; nor *deductive*, from the nature of God ; nor yet *inductive*, from the general phenomena of the two-fold universe ; it was only *inferential*, from the "resurrection of Christ"—an exceptional fact, without parallel in the story of the race, and that resting on no evidence ! Nay, in their chief periodical, when it represented only the opinions of the leaders of the sect, one of their most popular and powerful writers declared the existence of a God was not a certainty of metaphysical demonstration, nor even a fact of consciousness. So this great truth, fundamental to all forms of religion, has neither an objective, necessary, and ontological root in the metaphysics of the universe, nor yet a mere subjective, contingent, and psychological root in the consciousness of John and Jane, but, like the existence of "phlogiston" and "the celestial æther" of the interstellar spaces, it is a matter of conjecture, of inference from observed facts purely external and contingent ; or, like the existence of the "Devil," is wholly dependent on the "miraculous and infallible revelation." Surely, a party with no better philosophy, and yet rejecting instinct for guide, breaking with the supernatural tradition at the Trinity, its most important link, could not produce a deep and continuous action of the religious element in the mass of its members, when left individually free ; nor when organized into a sect, with the discipline of a close corporation, could it continue to advance, or even to hold its own, and live long on its "Statement of Reasons for not believing the Trinity." Exceptional men—like Henry Ware, jun., who leaned strongly towards the old supernaturalism, or like Dr Channing, whose deeper reflection or reading supplied him with a more spiritual philosophy—might escape the misfortune of their party ; but the majority must follow the logic of their principle. The leaders of the sect, their distinctive creed only a denial, always trembling before the orthodox, rejected the ablest, original talent

born among them ; nay, sometimes scornfully repudiated original genius, each offering a more spiritual philosophy, which they mocked at as "transcendental," and turned off to the noisy road of other sects, not grateful to feet trained in paths more natural. After denying the Trinity, and the Deity of Christ, they did not dare affirm the humanity of Jesus, the naturalness of religion to man, the actual or possible universality of inspiration, and declare that man is not amenable to ecclesiastic authority, either the oral Roman tradition, or the written Hebrew and Greek Scriptures : but naturally communing with God, through many faculties, by many elements, has in himself the divine well of water, springing up full of everlasting life, and sparkling with eternal truth, and so enjoys continuous revelation.

Alas ! after many a venturesome and profitable cruise, while in sight of port, the winds all fair, the little Unitarian bark, o'ermastered by its doubts and fears, reverses its course, and sails into dark, stormy seas, where no such craft can live. Some of the fragments of the wreck will be borne by oceanic currents where they will be used by the party of progress to help to build more sea-worthy ships ; whilst others, when water-logged, will be picked up by the great orthodox fleet, to be kiln-dried in a revival.

with the ecclesiastic supernaturalism which once helped to supply its defects.

Gradually coming to understand this state of things, quite early in my ministry I tried to remedy it; of course I did the work at first feebly and poorly. I preached piety, unselfish love towards God, as well as morality, the keeping of his natural law, and philanthropy, the helping of his human children. And I was greatly delighted to find that my discourses of piety were as acceptable as my sermons of justice and charity, touching the souls of earnest men. Nay, the more spiritual of the ministers asked me to preach such matters in their pulpits, which I did gladly.

You have broken with the traditions of the various churches whence you have come out, and turned your attention to many of the evils of the day; when I became your minister, I feared lest, in a general disgust at ecclesiastical proceedings, you should abandon this very innermost of all true religion; so I have taken special pains to show that well-proportioned piety is the ground of all manly excellence, and though it may exist, and often does, without the man's knowing it, yet in its highest form he is conscious of it. On this theme I have preached many sermons, which were very dear to me, though perhaps none of them has yet been published. But coming amongst you with some ministerial experience, and much study of the effect of doctrines, and ecclesiastical modes of procedure, I endeavoured to guard against the vices which so often attend the culture of this sentimental part of religion, and to prevent the fatal degeneracy that often attends it. When the religious element is actively excited under the control of the false theological ideas now so prevailing, it often takes one or both of these two misdirections:—

1. It tends to an unnatural mysticism, which dries up all the noble emotions that else would produce a great useful character. The delicate and refined woman develops the sentiment of religion in her consciousness; surrounded by wealth, and seduced by its charms, she reads the more unpractical parts of the Bible, especially the Johannic writings, the Song of Solomon, and the more sentimental portions of the Psalms; studies Thomas à Kempis,

Guyon, Fénelon, William Law, Keble; pores over the mystic meditations of St Augustine and Bernard; she kneels before her costly *Prie-Dieu*, or other sufficient altar, pours out her prayers, falls into an ecstasy of devout feeling, and elegantly dishevelled like a Magdalen, weeps most delicious tears. Then rising thence, she folds her idle, unreligious hands, and, with voluptuous scorn, turns off from the homely duties of common life; while not only the poor, the sick, the ignorant, the drunken, the enslaved, and the abandoned are left uncared for, but her own household is neglected, her husband, her very children go unblessed. She lives a life of intense religious emotion in private, but of intense selfishness at home, and profigate worldliness abroad. Her pious feeling is only moonshine; nay, it is a Will-o'-the-wisp, a wandering fire, which

"Leads to bewilder, and dazzles the blind."

She is a voluptuary of the soul, often likewise in the senses; her prayers are worth no more than so much novel-reading; she might as well applaud Don Giovanni with her laugh at the opera, as St John with her tears at church. This woman's religion is internal glitter, which gives nor light nor heat. "Like a fly in the heart of an empyre, who dwells in perpetual sweetness," but also in per-

ism, which now cumbers them worse than Saul's great armour on the stripling shepherd lad. What can such Pachyderms of the Church accomplish that is good, with such an elephantiasis to swell, and bark, and tetter every limb? Their religious feeling runs to shell, and has no other influence. They sell rum, and trade in slaves or coolies. They are remorseless creditors, unscrupulous debtors; they devour widows' houses. Vain are the cries of humanity in such ears, stuffed with condensed wind. Their lives are little, dirty, and mean.

Mindful of these two vices, which are both diseases of the misdirected soul, and early aware that devoutness is by no means the highest expression of love for God, I have attempted not only to produce a normal development of religious feeling, but to give it the normal direction to the homely duties of common life, in the kitchen, the parlour, nursery, school-room, in the field, market, office, shop, or ship, or street, or wherever the lines of our lot have fallen to us; and to the "primal virtues," that shine aloft as stars which mariners catch glimpses of mid ocean's rack, and learn their course, and steer straight in to their desired haven; and also, to the "charities, that soothe, and heal, and bless," and which are scattered at mankind's feet like flowers, each one a beauty the bee sucks honey from, and a seed to sow the world with wholesome loveliness; for it is plain to me that the common duties of natural life are both the best school for the development of piety, and the best field for its exercise when grown to manly size.

II. Partly for your education in true religion, and partly to promote the welfare of your brother man, I have preached much on the great social duties of your time and place, recommending not only "palliative charity," but still more "remedial justice." So I have not only preached on the private individual virtues, which are, and ought to be, the most constant theme of all pulpits, but likewise on the public social virtues, that are also indispensable to the general welfare. This work brought me into direct relation with the chief social evils of our day. In treating these matters I have proceeded with much caution, beginning my attack a great way off. First of all, I endeavoured to establish philosophically the moral principle I should appeal to, and show its origin in the constitution of man,

to lay down the natural law so plain that all might acknowledge and accept it; next, I attempted to show what welfare had followed in human history from keeping this law, and what misery from violating it; then I applied this moral principle of nature and the actual experience of history to the special public vice I wished to whelm over. Such a process may seem slow; I think it is the only one sure of permanent good effects. In this manner I have treated several prominent evils.

1. I have preached against intemperance, showing the monstrous evil of drunkenness, the material and moral ruin it works so widely. My first offence in preaching came when I first spoke on the misery occasioned by this ghastly vice. The victims of it sat before me, and were in great wrath; they never forgave me. Yet, I have not accepted the opinion of the leading temperance men, that the use of intoxicating drinks is in itself a moral or a physical evil. I found they had not only a medical, but also a dietetic use to serve, and in all stages of development above the savage, man resorts to some sort of stimulus as food for the nervous system: for a practice so nearly universal, I suppose there must be a cause in man's natural relation to the world of matter. Accordingly, I do not like the present legal mode of treating the vice, thinking it rests on a false principle which will not long work well; yet public opinion, now setting strong against this beastly vice, required the experiment, which could never be tried under better auspices than now. But I have gladly joined with all men to help to put down this frightful vice, which more than any other concrete cause hinders the welfare and progress of the working people of the North. It was the first public social evil I ever attacked. I have not ceased to warn old and young against this monstrous and ugly sin, and to call on the appointed magistrates to use all their official power to end so fatal a mischief. In a great trading town, of course, such calls are vain; the interest of the few is against the virtue of the people.

2. I have preached against covetousness—the abnormal desire of accumulating property. In the Northern States our civilization is based on respect for industry in both forms, toil and thought. Property is the product of the

two : it is human power over nature, to make the material forces of the world supply the wants of man ; its amount is always the test of civilization. Our political and social institutions do not favour the accumulation of wealth in a few men or a few families; no permanent entails are allowed; it follows the natural laws of distribution amongst all the owner's children, or according to his personal caprice ; in a few generations a great estate is widely scattered abroad. But as we have no hereditary honours, office, or even title, and as wealth is all the parent can bequeath his child, it becomes not only a material power, but also a social distinction—the only one transmissible from sire to son. So wealth, and not birth from famous ancestors, is the thing most coveted; the stamp of the all-mighty dollar is the mark of social distinction ; science may be accounted folly, and genius madness, in the paved or the furrowed towns, but money is power in each. American "aristocracy" rests on this movable basis ; it is plutocracy : every poor white boy may hope to trundle its golden wheels on to his little patch of ground, for the millionaire is not born, but self-made. Hence comes an intense desire of riches ; a great amount of practical talent goes out in quest thereof. Besides its intrinsic character, respect for money is in America what loyalty to the crown and deference to feudal superiors is in England : "the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib," and the Americans the millionaire, the highest product of plutocracy.

Now, on the whole, I do not find this desire of property excessive in the people of the North. I would greateren rather than lessen it, for it is the motive of our general enterprise, the proximate cause of much of our welfare and success. No nation was ever too well fed, housed, clad, adorned, and comforted in general ; poverty, subordination to material want, is still the great concrete barrier to civilization ; "the nations of the world *must*" think chiefly of what they shall eat and drink, and wherewithal be clothed. In this generation, the productive industry of New-England seems vulgar to careless eyes, and excessive to severe ones; but it is yet laying the material and indispensable foundation for a spiritual civilization in some future age, more grand, I think, than mankind has hitherto rejoiced in. For

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often counted a virtue. It assumes many forms, now terrible and then ridiculous. I have dealt with it accordingly, now exposing its injustice or its folly, now satirizing its vulgar indecency, now showing that the ill-bred children of men grossly rich come to a fate no better than the sons and daughters of the grossly poor; that voluntary beggars in ruffles and voluntary beggars in rags, are alike supported at the public cost, paying nothing for what they take, and so should be objects of contempt in a world where he is greatest who does the most and best.

I have often spoken of the tyranny of the rich over the thriving and the poor—our country, State, and town all furnishing grievous examples of the fact. “As the lion eateth up the wild ass in the wilderness, so the rich eateth up the poor,” is as true now in New-England as two thousand years ago in Egypt. But when I have seen a man with large talents for business helping others while he helped himself, enriching his workmen, promoting their education, their virtue, and self-respect, I have taken special delight in honouring such an act of practical humanity. Happily we need not go out of Boston to find examples of this rare philanthropy.

3. As I was a schoolmaster at seventeen, though more from necessity than early fitness, I fear, and chairman of a town school committee at twenty-two, I have naturally felt much interest in the education of the people, and have often preached thereon. But I have seen the great defect of our culture, both in public and private schools; our education is almost entirely intellectual, not also moral, affectional, and religious. The Sunday-schools by no means remedy this evil, or attempt to mend it; they smartly exercise the devotional feelings, accustom their pupils to a certain ritualism, which is destined only to serve ecclesiastical, and not humane purposes; they teach some moral precepts of great value, but their chief function is to communicate theological doctrine, based on the alleged supernatural revelation, and confirmed by miracles, which often confound the intellect, and befool the conscience. They do not even attempt any development of the higher faculties to an original activity at all commensurate with the vigorous action of the understanding. In the public schools there are sometimes devotional exercises, good in

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ments of the age, where justice, philanthropy, or piety is the motive, but it continually retards all efforts to reform evil institutions, or otherwise directly increase the present welfare or the future progress of mankind. The scholars' culture has palsied their natural instincts of humanity, and gives them instead, neither the personal convictions of free, moral reflection, nor the traditional commands of church authority, but only the maxims of vulgar thrift, "get the most, and give the least; buy cheap, and sell dear!" Exceptional men, like Channing, Pierpont, Emerson, Ripley, Mann, Rantoul, Phillips, Sumner, and a few others, only confirm the general rule, that the educated is also a selfish class, morally not in advance of the mass of men. No thoughtful, innocent man, arraigned for treason, would like to put himself on the college, and be tried by a jury of twelve scholars; it were to trust in the prejudice and technic sophistry of a class, not to "put himself on the country," and be judged by the moral instincts of the people.

Knowing these facts—and I found them out pretty early—I have told them often in public, and shown the need of a thorough reform in our educational institutions. Still more have I preached on the necessity that you should do in private for your children what no school in this age is likely to attempt—secure such a great development of the moral, affectional, and religious powers, as shall preserve all the high instincts of nature, while it enriches every faculty by the information given. I need not now speak of what I had long since intended to do amongst you in this matter, when the opportunity should offer; for, alas, when it came, my power to serve you quickly went.

4. I have preached much on the condition of woman. I know the great, ineffaceable difference between the spiritual constitution of her and man, and the consequent difference in their individual, domestic, and social functions. But, examining the matter both philosophically and historically, it seems clear that woman is man's equal, individually and socially entitled to the same rights. There is no conscious hostility or rivalry between the two, such as is often pretended; man naturally inclines to be a little more than just to her, she a little more than fair to him; a man

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part in Republican politics; in a court like that of Louis XV., or Napoleon III., it might be different; but I have demanded that she should decide that question for herself, choose her own place of action, have her vote in all political matters, and be eligible to any office.

In special, I have urged on you the duty of attending to the education of young women, not only in accomplishments—which are so often laborious in the process, only to be ridiculous in the display, and idle in their results—but in the grave discipline of study, and for the practical duties of life. A woman voluntarily ignorant of household affairs and the management of a family, should be an object of pity or of contempt; while the women of New-England incline to despise the indispensable labour of housekeeping, and can neither make wearable garments, nor eatable bread, I have sometimes doubted whether the men of New-England, irritated with their sour fare, would think them quite fit to make laws for the State, or even for the Union. I have also called your attention to those most unfortunate outcasts, the friendless young girls in the streets of your own city, the most abandoned of the perishing class, who will soon become the most harmful of the dangerous class—for prostitution is always two-fold, male as well as female damnation.

It is delightful to see the change now taking place in the popular idea of woman, and the legislation of the Northern States. This reform at once will directly affect half the population, and soon also the other half. I am not alarmed at the evils which obviously attend this change—the growing dislike of maternal duties, the increase of divorces, the false theories of marriage, and the unhappy conduct which thence results; all these are transient things, and will soon be gone—the noise and dust of the waggon that brings the harvest home.

5. The American people are making one of the most important experiments ever attempted on earth, endeavouring to establish an industrial democracy, with the principle that all men are equal in their natural rights, which can be alienated only by the personal misconduct of their possessor; the great body of the people is the source of all political power, the maker of all laws, the ultimate arbiter of all measures; while the special magistrates, high and

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is sure to become an idol if he will but serve the passions of his worshippers : so with us, a great man of that stamp has a more irresponsible power than elsewhere among civilized men ; for he takes the place of king, noble, and priest, and controls the public virtue more. The natural function of a great man is to help the little ones : by this test I have endeavoured to try such as I must needs speak of. Not responsible for their vice or virtue, I have sought to represent them exactly as I found them, and that, too, without regard to the opinion of men, who only looked up and worshipped, not asking what. If I were an assayer of metals, I should feel bound to declare the character of the specimens brought before me, whether lead or silver ; shall I be less faithful in my survey of a great man, "more precious than the fine gold of Ophir" ? I am no flatterer, nor public liar-general ; when such a one is wanted he is easily found, and may be had cheap ; and I cannot treat great men like great babies. So, when I preached on Mr Adams, who had done the cause of freedom such great service, on General Taylor and Mr Webster, I aimed to paint them exactly as they were, that their virtues might teach us, and their vices warn. Still further to promote the higher education of the people, and correct an idolatry as fatal as it is stupid, as dangerous to the public as it is immediately profitable to wily rhetoricians, I have prepared lectures on four great famous Americans—Franklin, Washington, Adams, and Jefferson. The last, however, was not delivered when my present illness laid me low. I wished to daguerreotype these great, noble men, and place true pictures before the people.

Perhaps no part of my public labours has been condemned with more noise and violence than this attempt at historic truth. Certainly I did depart from the panegyrical custom of political and clerical eulogizers of the famous or the wealthy dead ; but I have confidence enough in the people of the Northern States to believe they will prefer plain truth to the most rhetorical lies.

I have not quite disdained to turn your eyes to little, mean men, when set in high office, that you might get instruction from their folly or wickedness. So, when the chief magistrate of the city was notoriously the comrade of drunkards, and of the most infamous of humankind, and

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make war against the peaceful people of another land; nay, in New-England, the most democratic country, we have too much neglected the military art, I fear—a mistake we may bitterly regret in that strife between the Southern habit of despotism, and the Northern principle of democracy, which any day may take the form of civil war, and one day must. For America will not always attempt to carry a pitcher of poison on her left shoulder, and one of pure water on her right; one or the other must soon go to the ground.

7. I have spoken against slavery more than any concrete wrong, because it is the greatest of all, “the sum of all villainies,” and the most popular, the wanton darling of the Government. I became acquainted with it in my early childhood, and learned to hate it even then, when, though I might not comprehend the injustice of the principle, I could yet feel the cruelty of the fact. I began to preach against it early, but used the greatest circumspection, for I knew the vulgar prejudice in favour of all successful tyranny, and wished my few hearers thoroughly to accept the principle of justice, and apply it to this as to all wrongs. But even in the little meeting-house at West Roxbury, though some of the audience required no teaching in this matter, the very mention of American slavery as wicked at first offended all my hearers who had any connection with the “democratic” party. Some said they could see no odds between claiming freedom for a negro slave, and “stealing one of our oxen,” the right to own cattle including the right to own men; they thought slavery could ride behind them on the same pillion with “democracy,” according to the custom of their masters. But, as little by little I developed the principle of true democracy, showing its root in that love of your neighbour as yourself, which Jesus both taught and lived, and of that eternal justice, which comes even to savage bosoms, and showed how repugnant slavery is to both—gradually all the more reflective and humane drew over to the side of freedom; and they who at first turned their faces to the floor of their pews when I announced slavery as the theme for that day’s sermon, ere many years turned on me eyes flashing with indignation against wrong, when I told the

tale of our national wickedness ; they have since given me the heartiest sympathy in my humble efforts to moralize the opinions and practice of the people.

MY FRIENDS,—Since I have been your minister, I have preached much on this dreadful sin of the nation, which now threatens to be also its ruin ; for, while in my youth slavery was admitted to be an evil, commercially profitable, but morally wrong, an exceptional measure, which only the necessity of habit might excuse, but which nothing could justify, of late years it is declared a "moral good," "the least objectionable form of labour," fit for Northern whites not less than African negroes, one of those guide-board instances which indicate the highway of national welfare. For some years slavery has been the actual first principle of each Federal Administration ; to this all interests must bend, all customs and statutes conform, and the nation's two great documents, containing our programme of political principles and of political purposes, must be repudiated and practically annulled ; the Supreme Court has become only the jesuitical propaganda of slavery.

For some years, while busied with theological matters, and with laying the metaphysic foundation of my own scheme, I took no public part in the anti-slavery movements outside of my own little village. But when I became your minister, and had a wider field to till, when the ambition of the slave power became more insolent by what it fed upon, and the North still tamer and more servile under the bridle and the whip of such as were horsed thereon, a different duty seemed quite clear to me. I have seldom entered your pulpit without remembering that you and I lived in a land whose church members are not more numerous than its slaves, as many "communing with God" by bread and wine, so many communing with man by chains and whips ; and that not only the State, press, and market, but also the Church takes a "South-side view of slavery," as indeed she does of each other wickedness presently popular, and "of good report!" Since 1845, I have preached against all the great invasive measures of the slave power, exposing their motive, the first principle they refer to, and showing that they are utterly hostile to that democracy which is justice ; and all tend to establish

a despotism, which at first may be industrial and many-headed, as now in Louisiana, but next must be single-headed and military, as already in France, and finally must lead to national ruin, as in so many countries of the old world.

In due time the Fugitive Slave Bill came up from seed which wicked men had sown and harrowed into the Northern soil; Boston fired her hundred cannons with delight, and they awoke the ministers, sitting drowsy in their churches of commerce, mid all the pavements of the North, who thought an angel had spoke to them. Then I preached against slavery as never before, and defied the impudent statute, whereto you happily said *Amen* by the first clapping of hands which for years had welcomed a sermon in Boston; how could you help the natural indecorum? When, roused by these jubilant guns, one minister, so generous and self-devoted, too, in many a noble work, called on his parishioners to enforce that wicked act, which meant to kidnap mine, and declared that if a fugitive sought shelter with him he would drive him away from his own door; when another uttered words more notorious, and yet more flagrant with avaricious inhumanity, which I care not now to repeat again; and when the cry, "No higher law!" went down from the market, and, intoned by the doctoral leaders of the sects, rang through so many commercial churches throughout the Northern land, I did not dare refuse to proclaim the monstrous fact as one of the unavoidable effects of slavery, whose evil seed must bear fruit after its kind, and to gibbet the wrong before the eyes of the people, to whom I appealed for common justice and common humanity. When two men, holding mean offices under the Federal Government, one of them not fit by nature to do a cruel deed, actually stole and kidnapped two innocent inhabitants out from your city of Franklin, and Hancock, and Adams, and attempted, with their unclean, ravenous jaws, to seize yet others, and rend the manhood out of them, I preached against these jackals of slavery and their unhuman work; and have now only to lament that my powers of thought and speech were no more adequate fitly to expose the dark infamy of that foul deed, against which I asked alike the people's justice and their wrath; I knew I should not ask in vain. And when a

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agony, at which the elect continually rejoice. Hence, they derive their Devil, absolutely evil, that ugly wolf whom God lets loose into his fold of lambs; hence their total depravity, and many another dreadful doctrine which now the best of men blind their brothers' eyes withal, and teach their children to distrust the infinite perfection which is nature's God, dear Father and Mother to all that is. Hence clerical sceptics learn to deny the validity of their own superior faculties, and spin out the cobwebs of sophistry, wherewith they surround the field of religion, and catch therein unwary men. Hence the Jews, the Mohammedans, the Mormons, draw their idea of woman, and their right to substitute such gross conjunctions for the natural marriage of one to one. There the slaveholder finds the chief argument for his ownership of men, and in Africa or New-England, kidnaps the weak, his mouth drooling with texts from "the authentic word of God;" nay, there the rhetorician finds reason for shooting an innocent man who but righteously seeks that freedom which nature declares the common birthright of mankind. It has grieved me tenderly to see all Christendom make the Bible its fetish, and so lose the priceless value of that free religious spirit, which communing at first hand with God, wrote its grand pages, or poured out its magnificent beatitudes.

Christendom contains the most intellectual nations of the earth, all of them belonging to the dominant Caucasian race, and most of them occupying regions very friendly to the development of the highest faculties of man. Theirs, too, is the superior machinery of civilization, political, ecclesiastical, domestic, social. Nowhere on earth does the clerical mass so connect itself with the innermost of man. Christendom is the bold leader in all intellectual affairs—arts of peace and war, science, literature, skill to organize and administer mankind. But yet the Christian has no moral superiority over the Jews, the Mohammedans, the Brahmins, the Buddhists, at all commensurate with this intellectual power. In the sum of private and public virtues, the Turk is before the Christian Greek. For 1500 years the Jews, a nation scattered and peeled, and exposed to most degrading influences, in true religion have been above the Christians! In temperance, chastity, honesty, justice, mercy, are the leading nations of Christendom be-

lack of it? Because they goodness He relied upon, an which maketh free from all with its vicarious atonement piety, only by belief in abs witched the leading nations c mischief. A false idea has ritual faculty, leading men to ness," and undervalue pers missionaries visit many a far thens to Christ." Small good teach industry, thrift, letters, h mercy, with rational ideas of version there would be of the thousand Christian ministers ar all "consecrated to Christ;" mai est and devoted, but, their eyes h chained by their theology, what scarce lessen any vice of the S ket. They are to "save souls

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cant of so great a man and of such natural emotions, ideas, and actions, as are of priceless value to mankind. I know well the errors, also, of the doubters and deniers, who in all ages have waged war against the superstitious theology of their times, and pulled down what they could not replace with better. I have not sat in the seat of the scornful; and while I warned men against the snare of the priest, I would not suffer them to fall into the mocker's pit. I have taken exquisite delight in the grand words of the Bible, putting it before all other sacred literature of the whole ancient world; to me it is more dear when I regard them not as the miracles of God, but as the work of earnest men, who did their uttermost with holy heart. I love to read the great truths of religion set forth in the magnificent poetry of psalmist and prophet, and the humane lessons of the Hebrew peasant, who summed up the prophets and the law in one word of LOVE, and set forth man's daily duties in such true and simple speech! As a master, the Bible were a tyrant; as a help, I have not time to tell its worth; nor has a sick man speech for that, nor need I now for my public and private teachings sufficiently abound in such attempts. But yet, to me the great men of the Bible are worth more than all their words; he that was greater than the temple, whose soul burst out its walls, is also greater than the Testament, but yet no master over you or me, however humble men!

In theological matters my preaching has been positive, much more than negative, controversial only to create; I have tried to set forth the truths of natural religion, gathered from the world of matter and of spirit; I rely on these great ideas as the chief means for exciting the religious feelings, and promoting religious deeds; I have destroyed only what seemed pernicious, and that I might build a better structure in its place.

Of late years a new form of Atheism—the ideal, once thought impossible—has sprung up; perhaps Germany is its birth-place, though France and England seem equally its home. It has its representatives in America. Besides, the Pantheists tell us of their God, who is but the sum-total of the existing universe of matter and of mind, immanent in each, but transcending neither, imprisoned in the two; blind, planless, purposeless, without consciousness,

or will, or love ; dependent upon the shifting phenomena of finite matter and of mind, finite itself ; a continual becoming this or that, not absolute being, self-subsistent and eternally the same perfection : their God is only law, the constant mode of operation of objective and unconscious force ; yet is it better than the churchman's God, who is caprice alone, subjective, arbitrary, inconstant, and with more hate than love. I have attempted to deal with the problem of the Pantheist and the Atheist, treating both as any other theological opponents : I have not insulted them with harsh names, nor found occasion to impute dis-honourable motives to such as deny what is dearer than life to me ; nor attempted to silence them with texts from sacred books ; nor to entangle them in ecclesiastic or metaphysic sophistries ; nor to scare with panic terrors, easily excited in an atheistic or a Christian's heart. I have simply referred them to the primal instincts of human nature, and their spontaneous intuition of the divine, the just, and the immortal ; then, to what science gathered from the world of matter, and the objective history of man in his progressive development of individual and of social power. I have shown the causes which lead to honest bigotry within the Christian Church, and to honest atheism without ; I hope I have done injustice neither to this nor that. But it was a significant fact I could not fail to make public, that, while the chief doctors of commercial divinity in the great American trading towns, and their subservient colleges, denied the higher law, and with their Bibles laid humanity flat before the kidnappers in Cincinnati, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, the so-called Atheists and Pantheists over all the Northern land revered the instinctive justice of the soul, and said, "Thou shalt not steal, nor lie, Thou shalt do no wrong ; 'tis Nature's self forbids !"

Preaching such doctrines in a place so public, and applying them to life, I am not surprised at the hostility I have met with from the various sects. In no country would it have been less, or tempered more sweetly ; no, nor in any age ; for certainly I have departed from the fundamental principle of the Catholics and the Protestants, denied the fact of a miraculous revelation, given exclusively to Jews and Christians, denied the claim to super-

natural authority, and utterly broke with that vicariousness which puts an alleged revelation in place of common sense, and the blood of a crucified Jew instead of excellence of character. In the least historic of the New Testament Gospels it is related that Jesus miraculously removed the congenital blindness of an adult man, and because he made known the fact that his eyes were thus opened, and told the cause, the Pharisees cast him out of their synagogue. What this mythic story relates as an exceptional measure of the Pharisees, seems to have founded a universal principle of the Christian Church, which cannot bear the presence of a man who, divinely sent, has washed in the pool of Siloam, and returned seeing and telling why.

I knew at the beginning what I must expect : that at first men younger than I, who had not learned over much, would taunt me with my youth ; that others, not scholarly, would charge me with lack of learning competent for my task ; and cautious old men, who did not find it convenient to deny my facts, or answer my arguments, would cry out, "This young man must be put down !" and set their venerable popular feet in that direction. Of course I have made many mistakes, and could not expect a theologic opponent, and still less a personal enemy, to point them out with much delicacy, or attempt to spare my feelings ; theological warfare is not gentler than political or military ; even small revolutions are not mixed with rosewater. The amount of honest misunderstanding, of wilful mispresenting, of lying, and of malignant abuse, has not astonished me ; after the first few months it did not grieve me ; human nature has a wide margin of oscillation, and accommodates itself to both torrid and frigid zones. But I have sometimes been a little surprised at the boldness of some of my critics, whose mistakes proved their courage extended beyond their information. An acquaintance with the historic development of mankind, a knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, familiarity with the metaphysic thought of the human race, is certainly no moral merit ; but in theologic discussions it is a convenience which some of my opponents have not always paid quite sufficient respect to, though they were not thereby hindered from passing swift judgment. Criticism is the easiest of all arts, or the most difficult of all.

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received ; all I asked was a hearing ; that has been abundantly granted. You opened wide the doors, my opponents rang the bell all Saturday night, and Sunday morning the audience was there. I think no other country would allow me such liberty of speech ; I fear not even England, which has yet so generously welcomed every free thought.

Of late years the hatred against me seems to have abated somewhat ; old enemies relaxed their brows a little, and took back, or else denied, their former calumnies ; nay, had kind words and kind deeds for me and mine. "Let bygones be bygones," is a good old rule.

"The fondest, the fairest, the truest that met,
Have still found the need to forgive and forget."

I think few men in America have found sympathy in trouble from a greater variety of persons than I, in my present disappointment and illness, from men and women of all manner of ecclesiastical connections. I could not always thank them by private letters, but I need not say how grateful their kindly words have been, for—I may as well confess it—after all, I am not much of a fighter ; my affections are developed far better than my intellect. It may be news to the public ; to you it is but too well known.

Yet let it not surprise you that in some quarters this theologic odium continues still, and shows itself in "revival meetings" by public prayers that God would go to my study, and confound me there so that I could not write my sermon ; or meet me in your pulpit, and put a hook in my jaws so that I could not speak ; or else remove me out of the world. Such petitions, finding abundant Biblical example, are not surprising when they come from such places, on such occasions, and from men whose mind and conscience are darkened by the dreadful theology that still haunts many such places. But other instances must find a different explanation. Less than two years ago, the senior class in the Cambridge Divinity School, consisting, I think, of but four pupils, invited me to deliver the customary address before them and the public, the Sunday before their graduation. The theological faculty, consisting of three Unitarian Doctors of Divinity, interposed their veto, and forbid me from speaking ; such a prohibition, I think, had never been made before. These doctors were

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and friends, husband or wife, nay, their own children also, and remembering that such suffering is endless, "and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever." Let them triumph in this; but let them expect no other or greater result to follow from my death. For to the success of the great truths I have taught, it is now but of the smallest consequence whether I preach in Boston and all the Lyceums of the North, or my body crumbles in some quiet, nameless grave. They are not *my* truths! I am no great man whom the world hinges on; nor can I settle the fate of a single doctrine by my authority. Humanity is rich in personalities, and a man no larger than I will not long be missed in the wide field of theology and religion. For immediately carrying a special measure, and for helping this or that, a single man is sometimes of great value; the death of the general is the loss of the battle, perhaps the undoing of a state; but after a great truth of humanity is once set a-going, it is in the charge of mankind, through whom it first came from God; it cannot perish by any man's death. Neither State, nor press, nor market, nor Church, can ever put it down; it will drown the water men pour on it, and quench their hostile fire. Cannot the Bible teach its worshippers that a grave is no dungeon to shut up truth in; and that death, who slays alike the priest and the prophet, bows his head before her, and passes harmless by? To stone Stephen did not save the Church of the Pharisees. A live man may harm his own cause; a dead one cannot defile his clean immortal doctrines with unworthy hands.

In these tropic waters not far off, in time of strife, on a dark night, but towards morning, an English ship-of-war once drew near what seemed a hostile vessel under sail; she hailed the stranger, who answered not, then hailed again, no answer, then fired a shot across the saucy bows, but still there was no reply; next fired at her, amidships, but got not a word in return. Finally the man-of-war cleared for action, began battle in earnest, serving the guns with British vigour, but found no return, save the rattle of shot rebounding and falling back into the heedless sea. Daylight presently came with tropic suddenness, and the captain found he spent his powder in battering a great rock in the ocean! So many a man has fought

long against a truth which he fancied was but a floating whim, bound to yield to his caprice; but, at last, the dawning light has shown him it was no passing ship, of timber and cordage and canvas, driven by the wind and tossed by the undulations of the sea, but a SAIL-ROCK, resting on the foundations of the world, and amenable neither to the men-of-war that sailed in the wind, nor yet to the undulation of the sea whereon they came and went. It is one thing to rejoice at the sickness and death of a short-lived heretic, but it is another and a little different, to alter the constitution of the universe, and put down a fact of spontaneous human consciousness, which also is a truth of God.

When I first came amongst you, and lived in a trading town where a great variety of occupations lay spread out before me all the time, and preached to such crowds of men as offered a wide diversity of nature, character, and conduct, I found not only an opportunity to work, but also to learn and grow. You say I have taught you much; I hope it is so, but you have been a large part of your own schooling, for I have also learned much from you, the audience has always furnished a large part of the sermon and the prayer. I have received much direct instruction, and that in matters of deep concern, from some of you, by

the great universe that folds it on every side, are still more wonderful, complex, and attractive, to the contemplating mind. But the universe of human life, with its peculiar worlds of outer sense and inner soul, the particular faunas and floras which therein find a home, are still more complex, wonderful, and attractive; and the laws which control it seem to me more amazing than the mathematic principles that explain the celestial mechanics of the outward world. The Cosmos of matter seems little compared to this Cosmos of immortal and progressive man; it is my continual study, discipline, and delight. Oh, that some young genius would devise the "novum organum" of humanity, determine the "principia" thereof, and with deeper than mathematic science, write out the formulas of the human universe, the celestial mechanics of mankind.

In your busy, bustling town, with its queerly mingled, heterogeneous population, and its great diversity of work, I soon learned to see the unity of human life under all this variety of circumstances and outward condition. It is easy for a simple-hearted man, standing on a central truth, to reduce them all to one common denomination of humanity, and ascertain the relative value of individuals in this comparative morality. The huckster, with a basket, where apples, pea-nuts, candy, and other miscellaneous small stores are huddled together, is a small merchant; the merchant with his warehouse, his factory, or bank, his ships on many a sea, is a great huckster; both buy to sell, and sell to gain; the odds is quantitative, not in kind, but in bulk. The cunning lawyer, selling his legal knowledge and forensic skill to promote a client's gainful wickedness; the tricksy harlot, letting out her person to a stranger's unholy lust; the deceitful minister, prostituting his voice and ecclesiastical position to make some popular sin appear decent and Christian, "accordant with the revealed word of God"—all stand in the same column of my religious notation. In the street I see them all pass by, each walking in a vain show, in different directions, but all consilient to the same end!

So, the ambitious vanities of life all seem of nearly the same value when laid side by side on this table of exchange. The poetess, proud of her superiority over other "silly

women" in the "vision and the faculty divine," or in but the small "accomplishment of verse;" the orator, glorying in his wondrous art, longer than other men to hold the up-looking multitude with his thread of speech, and thereby pour his thought or will into the narrow vials of so many minds; and the scavenger, who boasts that he "can sweep round a lamp-post better than any man in the gang"—all seem alike to an eye that looks beneath and above the rippling tide of phenomenal actions, learning its whither and its whence, and knowing the unseen causes which control this many-billowed sea of life. The diamonds of many-skirted Empress Eugénie at Versailles, and the Attleborough jewellery of the bare-footed charwoman Bridget, at Cove Place, are symbols of the same significance, and probably of the same value to their respective occupants. The man not winged with talent, whom a political party cranes up to some official eminence he could not reach by the most assiduous crawling; and the dawdling woman, who can make neither bread to eat nor clothes to wear, nor yet order any household even of only two, whom an idle hand, and a pinkish cheek, and a lolling tongue, have fastened to another, but bearded fool—these seem wonderfully alike to me; and I say to both, "May God Almighty have mercy on your souls!" So,

is to be wrought out by all—huckster, merchant, lawyer, harlot, minister, poetess, orator, Eugénie, and Bridget, unworthy officer, and idle, helpless wife, Dinah on Negro Hill, Paul at the Areopagus, and Jesus on Mount Tabor; and it is not of such future consequence to us as men fancy, whether the tools of our work be a basket or a warehouse, a mob or a cross; for the divine justice asks the same question of each, “What hast thou done with *thy* gifts and opportunities?” Feeling the democracy of mankind, and preaching it in many a form, I have learned to estimate the worth of men by the quality of their character, and the amount of their service rendered to mankind. So of each I ask but two questions, “What are you? What do you do?” The voluntary beggar in rags, and the voluntary beggar in ruffles, alike answer, “Nought.”

In my preaching I have used plain, simple words, sometimes making what I could not find ready, and counted nothing unclean, because merely common. In philosophic terms, and in all which describes the inner consciousness, our Saxon speech is rather poor, and so I have been compelled to gather from the Greek or Roman stock forms of expressions which do not grow on our homely and familiar tree, and hence, perhaps, have sometimes scared you with “words of learned length.” But I have always preferred to use, when fit, the every-day words in which men think and talk, scold, make love, and pray, so that generous-hearted philosophy, clad in a common dress, might more easily become familiar to plain-clad men. It is with customary tools that we work easiest and best, especially when use has made the handles smooth.

Illustrations I have drawn from most familiar things which are before all men's eyes, in the fields, the streets, the shop, the kitchen, parlour, nursery, or school; and from the literature best known to all—the Bible, the newspapers, the transient speech of eminent men, the talk of common people in the streets, from popular stories, school-books, and nursery rhymes. Some of you have censured me for this freedom and homeliness, alike in illustration and in forms of speech, desiring “more elegant and sonorous language,” “illustrations derived from elevated and conspicuous objects,” “from dignified personalities.” A good man, who was a farmer in fair weather and a shoe-

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Using plain words and familiar illustrations, and preaching also on the greatest themes, I have not feared to treat philosophic matters with the rigour of science, and never thought I should scare you with statistic facts, which are the ultimate expression of a great principle doing its work by a constant mode of operation, nor by psychologic analysis, or metaphysical demonstration. Ministers told me I was "preaching over the heads of the people;" I only feared to preach below their feet, or else aside from their ears. Thus handling great themes before attentive men, I have also dared to treat them long, for I read the time not on the dial, but the audience. I trust you will pardon the offence, which I perhaps shall not repeat.

MY FRIENDS,—I said that in my early life I feared the temptations that beset the lawyer's path, and, trembling at the moral ruin, which seemed so imminent, turned to the high ecclesiastic road. Alas! the peril is only different, not less. The lawyer is drawn to one kind of wickedness, the minister to another: their sophistry and cunning are about equal, only in the one case it is practised in the name of "law," and for an obvious "worldly end," and in the other in the name of "Gospel," and professedly to secure "salvation." Learning to distinguish sound from significance, I have not found the moral tone of ministers higher than that of lawyers, their motives purer, their behaviour more honest, or their humanity more prompt and wide, only their alms are greater in proportion to their purse. In choosing the clerical, not the legal profession, I think I encountered quite as much peculiar peril as I shunned. The Gospel-mill of the minister is managed with as much injustice as the law-mill of the other profession.

It is not for me to say I have succeeded in keeping any portion of my youthful vow. Yet one thing I am sure of; I never appealed to a mean motive nor used an argument I did not think both just and true, I have employed no conscious sophistry, nor ever disguised my ignorance.

Together we have tried some things, which did not prosper, and so came to an end.

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Christian era, and show how the Christianity of the Christians, alas! not the more humane and natural religion of Jesus, developed itself in ideas — the doctrines of the Biblical and Patristic books; in institutions—the special churches, each a Republic at first, with individual variety of action, but gradually degenerating into a despotic Monarchy, with only ecclesiastical unity of action; and finally, after compromising with the Hebrew and Classic schemes, how it became the organized religion of the civilized world, a new force in it both for good and evil, the most powerful organization on earth. In my sleepless nights last autumn, I sketched out the plan and arranged the chief details; but it must now pass away, like other less systematic visions of a sick man in his sleep.

When a young man, it was a part of my original plan to leave the practical work of continual preaching, a little before I should be fifty years old, and devote the residue of my life to publishing works which I hoped might be of permanent value, separating the two periods by a year or two of travel in the American tropics and the Mediterranean countries of the Old World; so I thought I might be most useful to mankind, for I did not anticipate or desire long life, and did not originally rate very high my ability to affect the mass of men by direct word of mouth, and made no pretensions to that most popular of intellectual attainments, that eloquence, which, like other beauty, is at once a pleasure and a power, delighting whom it compels. But, when I found the scholarly class more unfriendly than the multitude, I began to think I had chosen the wrong audience to address; that it was the people, not the scholars, who were to lead in philosophic thought; and when you gave me a chance to be heard in Boston, and I preached on from year to year, great crowds of men, who were not readers but workers in the week, coming and continuing to listen to the longest of sermons, wherein great subjects were treated without respect to popular prejudice, ecclesiastical, political, or social, and that, too, without sparing the severest attention of the hearers; when I found these multitudes seemed to comprehend the abstractest reasoning, and truths most universal, and appeared to be instructed, set free, and even elevated to higher hopes both here and hereafter, and to noble character; when,

in the legislation of New-England States—I thought it not ~~c~~
early purposes were a little
tinue some ten years more
about sixty, then retire, not
camel under his load at night
quiet autumn of twenty years
plish my philosophic and literary
provender for future time with
grass, and then mowed down
have now left, alas! either still
loosely raked together, not yet
the long winter, or even stacked
immediate spoiling by a sudden

Besides, I felt quickened by
exigencies of the nation, the
already going on between des-
fugitive slave bills, New-Engla-
nd in bar or pulpit, and democrac-
y evident truths, inalienable rights,
educational developments—a
but destined to grow hot and
confidence I have always felt in
right and true, the beautiful
encouraged in my course by the
my bodily frame, not stony, no
ble ~~as~~—

little on the capital stock. But what wise man even is always wise? The duties were so urgent, the call for help so imploring, the labour at once so delightful in its process and so prophetic of good results, and I felt such confidence in my bodily power and ancestral longevity, that I did not sufficiently heed the gentle admonition; till, last year, in March, nature at once gave way, and I was compelled to yield to a necessity above my will. I need not tell the fluctuations in my health since then, rather, my friends, let me again thank you for the prompt and generous sympathy you gave then and ever since.

Immediately after my present illness, I left your pulpit empty for a day. You wrote me a letter signed by many a dear familiar name, and but for the haste, I know it had been enriched with the signatures of all; it was dated at Boston, January 11th. Your affection wrote the lines, and a kindred wisdom kept them from me till I was able to bear this unexpected testimonial of your sympathy and love. On Sunday, the 6th of March, while you were listening to—alas! I know not whom you looked to then—my eyes filled with tears as I first read your words of delicate appreciation and esteem. My friends, I wish I were worthy of such reverence and love; that my service were equal to your gratitude. I have had more than sufficient reward for my labours with you; not only have I seen a good work and a great prosper in my hands as you held them up, but in public, and still more in private, you have given me the sweetest, best of outward consolations—the grateful sympathy of earnest, thoughtful, and religious men. If my public life has been a battle, wherein my head grows bald, my beard turns grey, and my arm becomes feeble, before their time, it has been also a triumph, whose crown is not woven of the red-flowered laurels of war, but of the olive, the lily, the violet, and the white rose of peace. I have no delight in controversy; when assailed, I have never returned the assault; and though continually fired upon for many years from the bar-room and the pulpit, and many another “coigne of vantage” betwixt the two, I never in return shot back an arrow, in private or public, until in the United States Court I was arraigned for the “misdemeanor” of making a speech in Faneuil Hall against that kidnapping in Boston, perpetrated by the

make the constitution of t
men, illustrating my thou
from the world of matter
from the world of man, fro
and everlasting hopes—th
Your pulpit has been my
press and state, market a
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audience in America, save th
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devout and so humane, and
quence, that is akin to both
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land hills, and to the lovelin
given you my sermons in re
delight. My life is in them, a
and ill; thereby you know me
self—for a man's words and I
mon and in prayer tell all he
has done. Sermons are never
sickness brings on me the cons
to do, its most painful part, i
will take this form; and the
tropics, their fiery skies so b
lit too with such exceeding ba
tering s

mother's blows, amid black swine, hens, and uncounted dogs ; the never-ceasing clack of women's tongues, more shrewd than female in their shrill violence ; the unceasing, multifarious kindness of our hostess ; and, overtowering all, the self-sufficient, West Indian Creole pride, alike contemptuous of toil, and ignorant and impotent of thought—all these common things turn into poetry as I look on or am compelled to hear, and then transfigure into sermons, which come also spontaneously by night and give themselves to me, and even in my sleep say they are meant for you. Shall they ever be more than the walking of

"A sick man in his sleep,
Three paces and then faltering?"

The doctors cannot tell ; I also know not, but hope and strive to live a little longer, that I may work much more. Oh, that the truths of absolute religion, which human nature demands, and offers, too, from the infinitely perfect God who dwells therein, while He transcends the universe ; oh, that these were an idea enlightening all men's minds, a feeling in their hearts, and action in their outward life ! Oh, that America's two-and-thirty thousand ministers, Hebrew, Christian, Mormon, knew these truths, and to mankind preached piety and morality, and that theology which is the science of God and his twofold universe, and forgot their mythologic and misguiding dreams ! Then what a new world were ours ! Sure I would gladly live to work for this.

I may recover entirely, and stand before you full of brown health, equal to the manifold labours of that position, live to the long period of some of my fathers, and at last die naturally of old age. This to me seems most desirable, though certainly not most probable.

Or, I may so far recover, that I shall falter on a score of years or so, one eye on my work, the other on my body, which refuses to do it, and so urge my weak and balky horse along a miry, broken road. If this be so, then, in some still, little rural nook, in sight of town, but not too nigh, I may finish some of the many things I have begun, and left for the afternoon or evening of my days ; and yet, also, from time to time, meet you again, and, with words of lofty cheer, look on the inspiring face of a great congre-

"... and be at rest!" Yet
blessings; the joyous seed I
and I wished to tear it from me;
fair, and bore a sweeter, sound
what I set in earth. As I look
appointment and no sorrow
cloudy morning has turned out
of my enemies have done me;
human life, not ruled by fate, but
dom married unto Love, each
may be. If I recover wholly,
sources of power beside these
stooped at; I shall not think I
valley of Baca" in vain, nor
have lingered there, seeming idly
seed the ground. One thing I
the wealth and power of the great
men, as I knew them not before
so rich. High as I have thought
not quite done justice to the pre-
tiful faculties. Here and now,
found more treasure than I dre-
looked.

But if neither of these hopes I
cord part soon above the fountain
broke, let not us complain; a
cord shall serve us.

tearful now—it has its bitterness to one not eighty-four but forty-eight. To undo the natural ties more intimately knit of long-continued friendship and of love—this is the bitter part. But if it be my lot, let not you nor me complain. Death comes to none except to bring a blessing; it is no misfortune to lay aside these well-loved weeds of earth, and be immortal. To you, as a congregation, my loss may be easily supplied; and to me it is an added consolation to know that, however long and tenderly remembered, I should not long be missed; some other will come in my place, perhaps without my defects, possessed of nobler gifts, and certainly not hindered by the ecclesiastical and social hostility which needs must oppose a man who has lived and wrought as I. It will not always be unpopular justly to seek the welfare of all men. Let us rejoice that others may easily reap golden corn where we have but scared the wild beasts away, or hewn down the savage woods, burning them with dangerous fire, and made the rich, rough ground smooth for culture. It was with grimmer fight, with sourer sweat, and blacker smoke, and redder fire, that the fields were cleared where you and I now win a sweet and easy bread.

What more shall I say to sweeten words of farewell, which must have a bitter taste. If I have taught you any great religious truths, or roused therewith emotions that are good, apply them to your life, however humble or however high and wide; convert them into deeds, that your superior religion may appear in your superior industry, your justice, and your charity, coming out in your house-keeping and all manner of work. So when your

“Course
Is run, some faithful eulogist may say,
He sought not praise, and praise did overlook
His unobtrusive merit; but his life,
Sweet to himself, was exercised in good,
That shall survive his name and memory.”

Let no fondness for me, now heightened by my illness, and my absence too, blind your eyes to errors which may be in my doctrine, which must be in my life; I am content to serve by warning, where I cannot guide by example. Mortal, or entered on immortal life, still let me be your minister, to serve, never your master, to hinder and command. Do not stop where I could go no further, for,

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after so long teaching, I feel that I have just begun to learn, begun my work. "No man can feed us always ;" welcome, then, each wiser guide who points you out a better way. On earth I shall not cease to be thankful for your patience, which has borne with me so much and long ; for your sympathy, nearest when needed most, and the examples of noble Christian life, which I have found in some of you,

"To whom is given
The joy that mixes man with Heaven :
Who, rowing hard against the stream,
See distant gates of Eden gleam,
And never dream it is a dream ;
But hear, by secret transport led,
Even in the charnels of the dead,
The murmur of the fountain-head :
Who will accomplish high desire,
Bear and forbear, and never tire—
Like Stephen, an unquench'd fire,
As looking upward, full of grace,
He prayed, and from a happy place
God's glory smote him on the face ! "

Here they add to my joy ; perhaps their remembrance will add to my delight in Heaven.

May you be faithful to your own souls ; train up your sons and daughters to lofty character, most fit for humble duty ; and to far cathedral heights of excellence, build up the being that you are, with feelings, thoughts, and actions, that become "a glorious human creature," by greatly doing the common work of life, heedful of all the charities, which are twice blest, both by their gifts and their forgiveness too. And the Infinite Perfection, the Cause and Providence of all that is, the Absolute Love, transcending the time and space it fills, OUR FATHER, and OUR MOTHER too, will bless you each beyond your prayer, for ever and for ever. Bodily absent, though present still with you by the immortal part, so hopes and prays

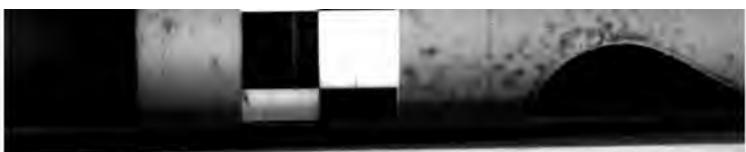
Your Minister and Friend,
THEODORE PARKER.

*Fredericksted, West-End, Santa Cruz.
April 19th, 1859.*

END OF AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

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